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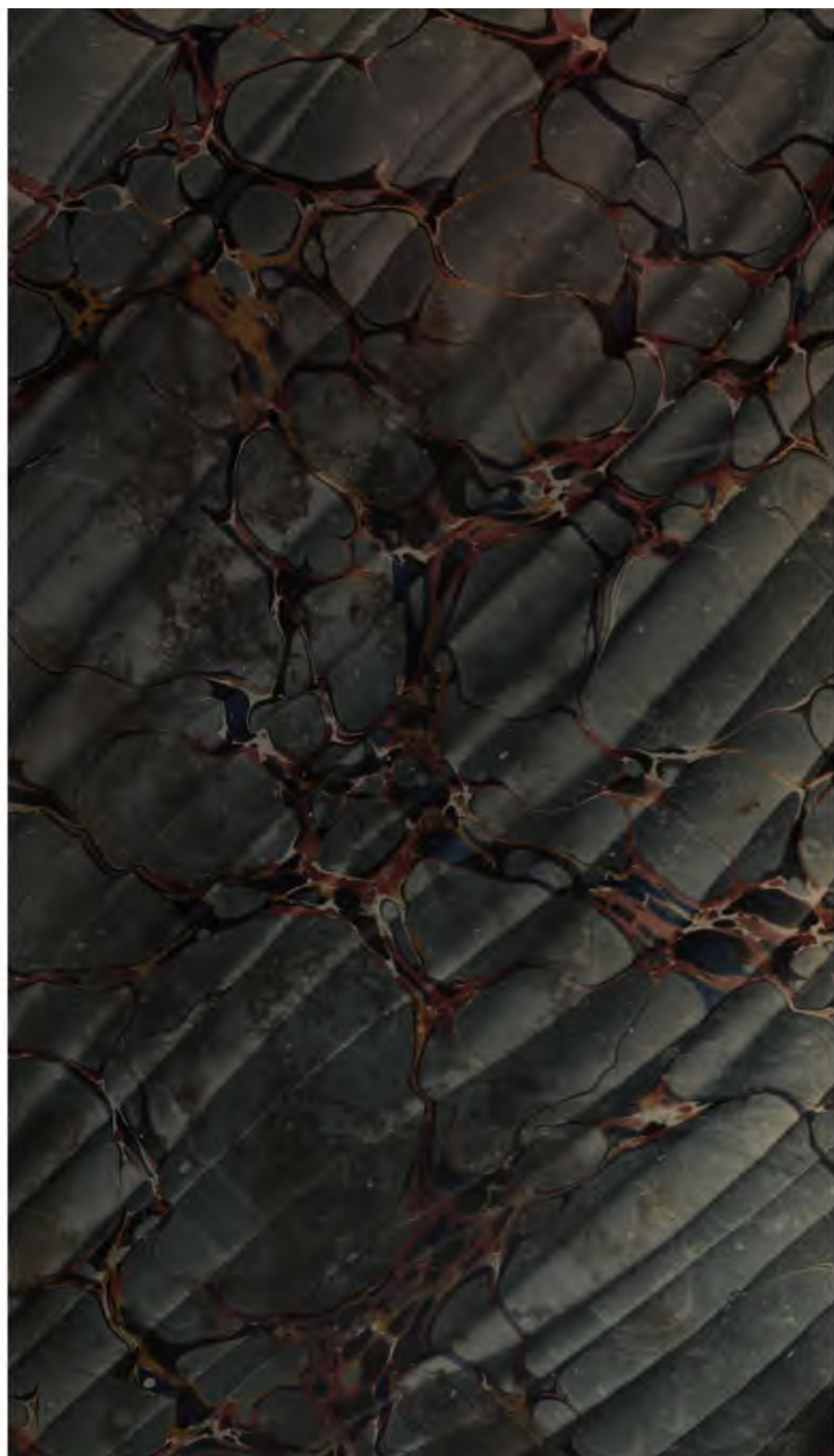
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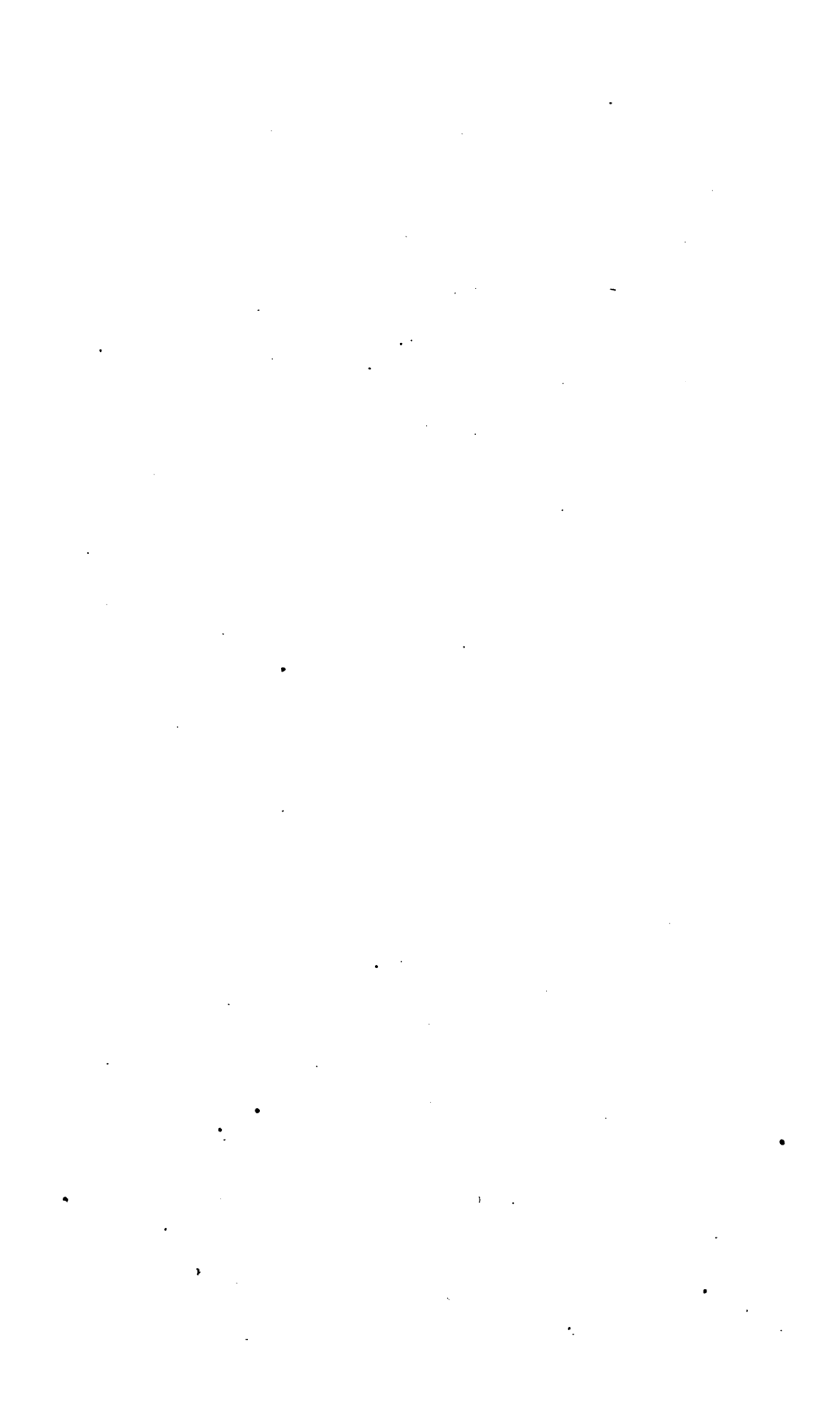
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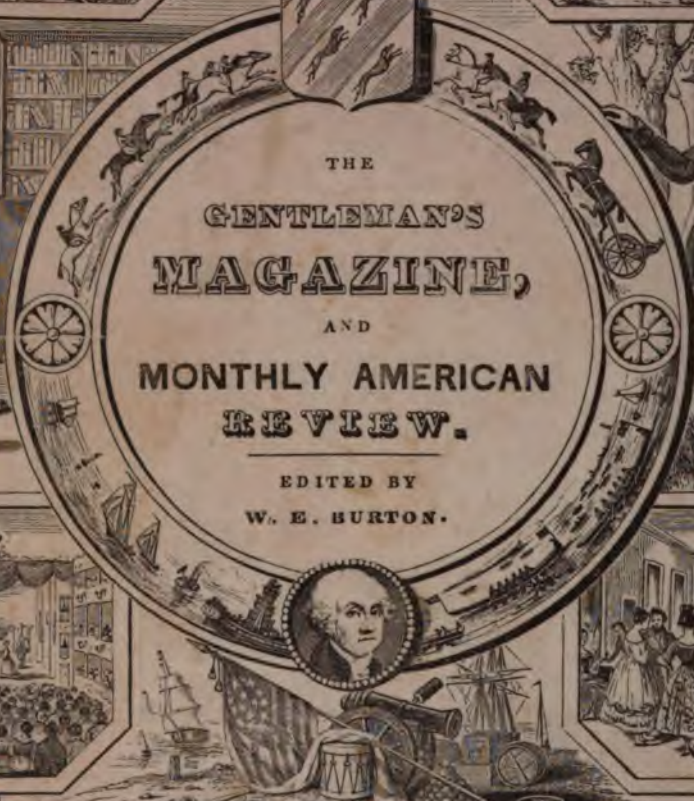












THE
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EDITED BY
W. E. BURTON.



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EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.



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GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1839.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND THEATRICAL CAREER

OF

JAMES W. WALLACK.

I have known
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
Shakespeare.

It is with considerable pleasure that we present to our readers an original biography of a gentleman whose popularity as a man, a comedian, and a manager, has attained a height seldom reached in the short space of time allotted to mortal life. Mr. Wallack, as a man, commands the friendship of a host of acquaintances both in the old world and in the new; his upright demeanor and cordiality of purpose win the esteem of all who know him; and he stands an acknowledged and conspicuous link between the realities of social life and the evanescent glories of dramatic fame. The ignorant fanatic and tender-bred fopling may repudiate the standing of a profession which requires, in its followers, abilities beyond their power to move—the malevolent may prate of the debasing nature of the stage, and the vitiated lives of its professors: the enlightenment of the age laughs the fools to scorn—we point, with a proud consciousness of their deserts, to the many eminent names now gracing the pillars of theatric fame; in putting forward Mr. Wallack as a happy combination of the gentleman and the player, we quote the words of the celebrated Sheridan, who, in answer to the bullying effrontery of a certain lawyer, employed in a suit wherein Sheridan was witness, objected to the term gentleman as applied to the dramatic M. P. “A what! a gentleman! pooh, pooh; I have heard of various grades of gentlemen, but an actor-gentleman I never yet beheld.” “Sir,” said the author of *The School of Scandal*, with a polite bow, “*I trust you see one now.*” The legal bully was unable to answer the modest firmness of the player, whose position was readily allowed.

As an artist of high rank in both branches of his arduous profession, Mr. Wallack deservedly enjoys the greatest popularity. As a manager, he has long been conspicuous for his knowledge of the detail of stage arrangement, and the construction of situation and by-play. Many an indiffer-

ent piece has experienced a partial success, under his power of production; and many a bad actor has been surprised at the visitation of a round of applause bestowed upon some point suggested by the fertile brain of the manager. His continuous success in the stage direction of the principal theatre in Europe will be fully exhibited in the following pages—his present unparalleled prosperity in the managerial conduct of the National Theatre, in New York, is another evidence of his aptitude and skill. He has convinced the public that *education* is not the chief ingredient in a theatre's prosperity—that liberality, industry, and talent must eventually conquer opposition, and uproot the growth of long existing prejudice. His theatre is, in every respect, a model for all managers; and while he earns the suffrages of the audience, he does not forfeit the good will of the performers under his direction. The members of the Beef Steak Club, a social institution connected with the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, presented him with a golden token of their esteem, on the occasion of one of his visits to America. The gridiron, the badge of the society, was gracefully encircled by a floral wreath, and the dramatic architect, Samuel Beazley, happily produced the following appendage to the necessary inscription:—

“A *Steak* in both countries—a *Broil* in neither.”

This brief but explicit comment on Wallack's partiality to America, and his ingratiating conduct both on and off the stage, is deserved by the comedian to this day.

JAMES W. WALLACK was born on the seventeenth of August, 1794, in the immediate vicinity of Astley's Amphitheatre, in Westminster Road. On the night previous to this event, the outside of the theatre had been illuminated, and a grand display of fireworks given, in honor of the anniversary of the Duke of York's birth day; from some cause connected with these excitable events, midnight had scarcely passed before the theatre was discovered in flames. This untoward affair doubtless hastened the production of the little Wallack, who made his first appearance on the stage of life somewhat prematurely; but his sanguine mother augured favorably from the circumstance of the great theatrical bonfire, and prognosticated that the child born under such *flaming* auspices would prove a *shining* character. Her predictions have been fulfilled, and the old lady, with a proud consciousness of the success of her prophecy, smiles at each new triumph of her son, and says, with a smile, “I told you so.”

Mr. Wallack, senior, was a distinguished actor in his day, and excelled in the delineation of sailors. On one of his benefit nights, our hero, James, then about seven years of age, made his first bow to an audience, and delivered an occasional address, at the Royal Circus, now the Surrey Theatre, Blackfriars' Road. He was allowed the benefit of an irregular system of education, under the direction of Richard Vyse, the author of various well-known works for the use of schools; in fact, for many years, this gentleman devoted his care and voluntary attention to young Wallack's studies, and thereby earned the good will of the boy and the gratitude of the man.

When he was nearly nine years old, the Marine Orphan Society resolved to hazard a night at Astley's Amphitheatre, in hopes of benefitting their treasury by the receipts. Sir Sydney Smith, then in the zenith of his popularity, and other distinguished naval heroes, graced the theatre with their presence. Young Wallack was selected to deliver an appropriate address, and won the good will of the audience by his masterly conduct. Mr. Lacy, the son of Garrick's partner, had taken the little theatre at Richmond, Surrey; young Wallack was placed under his care, and lived with him in the house adjoining the theatre, which has since been famous as the death-scene of the erratic Kean. “Boy acting” was then the prevalent mania; Master Betty was running his precocious career, and the sage citizens were running an asinine race with much apparent pleasure to themselves and profit to the managers. Little Wallack obtained his meed of admiration, and attracted several full houses to witness his performance of Edward in *Every One has his Fault*, Frederick in *Lover's Vows*, and Young Norval in *Douglas*—which parts, previously practised in a barn at Kingston-upon-Thames, gave much satisfaction to the lieges of Richmond.

Lacy was a tall ungainly fellow, who painted his own scenery because his length of limb prevented the necessity of a scaffold, and played all the principal parts in his own theatre because he liked. Instead of being gratified by the success of his protégé, he reviled the taste of the public, who suffered a talented manager, of six feet four inches altitude, to do Othello and Macbeth to a few stray bumpkins, while “the little boy” never failed to attract a respectable auditory. Instead of fulfilling his contract with the parents of Wallack, wherein he covenanted to educate, clothe, and feed the boy, with due regard to the excellence of all articles provided, he suffered the lad to run about the village, badly clothed and poorly fed. On one occasion, irritated at the boy's demand for dinner, he struck young Wallack a violent blow. On Richmond Green, opposite the theatre, stands one of the lions of the place—an old tree, said to have been planted by queen Elizabeth, whose palace of Sheen was immediately contiguous to the spot. To this tree, the boy Wallack hastened, upon receiving the indignity of the blow; and, scorning to repose beneath the roof of his tyrant master, remained all night in the branches of the tree. About noon the next day, he was driven by hunger to get down and solicit the assistance of old Lacy's cook, a kind-hearted Irish girl, who gave him a cold veal pie, and several slices of bread and butter. With this ammunition, he

returned again to his fortress, and after a hearty meal, once more fell asleep. At night-fall, he was disturbed from his slumbers by the loud voice of the long Lacy, who, standing on tiptoe, with his lengthy arms extended upwards, promised every thing if his pupil would but descend the tree.—“Come down, dear James—it is time to dress for young Norval, you know—*your favorite part!*—and I want you to be measured for a new suit of clothes—*green jacket and trowsers, James, with double rows of sugar-loaf buttons.* Come down, my dear boy, or you will be too late for the play.” Young Wallack endeavored to insist upon certain stipulations; and Lacy, who dreaded the disappointment of the audience, readily promised every thing, till he perceived the remains of his much-prized veal pie in the hands of the rebellious boy, when his tone suddenly changed, and with many oburgations, he endeavored to climb the tree, to pull the little rogue from his perch in a large hole which communicated with the inside of the aged and hollow trunk. As the long tragedian ascended on the outside, the little tragedian descended on the inside, and, leaving his manager in the tree, ran to the theatre, and began to don his theatrical dress. Lacy was not long behind him, and, boiling with rage, threatened awful vengeance after the play. In the course of the performance, Young Norval, whilst espousing the cause of his scenic mama, was surprised at the sight of his *ipse facto* brother, Henry Wallack, who had just returned from the West Indies, and was standing at the wing in his natty-looking jacket and trowsers, the incarnation of a sea wonder in the eyes of the admiring James. On the other hand, the Scotch dress, claymore, and target, with the jewelled cap and flowing plume, struck the young navigator with an equal share of respect. Lacy, sneering at the expression of feeling between the brothers, rudely ordered the sailor boy to leave the stage; and in answer to James’ remonstrance that his brother had walked from London, and was very tired, replied, “Then let him rest himself in your favorite tree.” The last act of Norval was played with tearful eyes, and a heart overcharged with real wo. The curtain fell; the young tragedian, still in his stage attire, dragged the sailor boy to the kitchen—possessed himself of a bottle of milk, a loaf, and a lump of cheese, through the connivance of the cook, and hurried off to “his favorite tree.” The two brothers were soon ensconced in the choicest nook, and made a hearty supper, detailing to each other their little miseries and resolves of life. They talked of their mother’s love, and wept over the melancholy situation of their father, who was then lying helpless in a state of mental derangement. The boys, the eldest not twelve years old, cried themselves asleep, and passed the night amongst the branches of the tree.

In the early morning, Henry Wallack returned to London, and James, sore and stiff, and somewhat ashamed of his stage finery in the daylight, went back to his tyrant’s abode, but experiencing an increase of brutality from the lanky Lacy, he dropped from the window of his room during the following evening, and walked to his mother’s residence in London. He found the household in sad affliction; his father had died during the previous night, whilst his sons were sleeping in the tree.

The passion for juvenile acting continuing its force, a company of children was embodied for the purpose of giving public theatrical performances at the Academical Theatre, in Princes Street, Leicester Square. This building has experienced a mutation of occupiers that almost defies enumeration; it was originally built, in a very superior style, for the private performances of various noble amateurs; the celebrated Diblin delivered his *Sans Souci* entertainment there for several years—it was afterwards occupied by a French company of comedians; then the London Corresponding Society, an organised opposition to the Government, held its seditious meetings on the stage, with closed doors. It was afterwards used as a Conventicle, as a Theatre for the advancement of juvenile performers, as a Roman Catholic Chapel, as a Concert Room, a School for the Blind, a Lecture Room for itinerant philosophers—the eccentric Miss Macauley gave her “*Regalio*” there with her usual lack of success.* The surgeons of the neighborhood formed an anatomical society, and engaged the theatre for their dissecting room—dead bodies again appeared upon the stage, but the *cutting-up* of subjects by the doctors was scarcely equal to the *mangling* by the amateur performers. Then the whole of the extensive premises, with the adjoining house, once occupied by Foote, passed into the hands of Messrs. Cope, extensive army clothiers. The pit was boarded over to a level with the stage, and formed a roomy shop. The tiers were turned into stalls for the workmen—a tailor sat in every box—and the goose went merrily round without annoyance to the performers. The peace of Europe preventing any demand for coarse red cloth coverings for the sons of glory, Messrs. Cope retired from business, and the theatre was restored to its pristine state. After undergoing various changes, and ruining various tenants, it fell into the hands of Mr. Benjamin Smithson, a theatrical agent, who suffers young ladies and gentlemen to exhibit their inability in various mutilations of the drama for a certain consideration in pounds, shillings, and pence.

But we are keeping young Wallack waiting at the door of this temple of change. He was engaged to act the principal tragedy in conjunction with Miss Lydia Kelly, who afterwards gained considerable fame in the United States. The amusements were patronised by queen Charlotte, and all the performers were under thirteen years of age. A juvenile company of Germans exhibited on alternate nights with the English *troupe*.

*See Gentleman’s Magazine, page 181, vol. iii, for a full account of the life of this extraordinary lady.

Master James Wallack, although only twelve years of age, gained much fame by his performances at this Academical Theatre; he felt his position as *principal tragedian at a metropolis theatre*, and evinced great indignation when the audience laughed at the agony of the small *Stranger* and the petite Mrs. Hafler about their *family of little ones*! In his representation of Hamlet, he attracted the notice of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who introduced him to the stage of Drury Lane theatre, where he recited scenes from his favorite parts, in the presence of Sheridan, Elliston, Bannister, Mathews, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. H. Siddons, and others of the *corps dramatique*. He was pronounced superior to Master Betty, but the public was getting tired of infant Rosciii, and Sheridan considered it unwise to push young Wallack in the same career. The Academical Theatre did not prove very prosperous; the queen, as queens will, confined her patronage to the foreigners, and the English actors were allowed to return to their parents. Wallack was engaged at Drury Lane, to enact the various children required in the drama's range.

Sheridan behaved with great kindness to his young friend; during the long summer vacation, he was always invited down to the lessee's country seat, Randal's Park, Surrey, and shared the attentions of the tutor with the youngest son of Sheridan, Charles.

During Wallack's first year at Drury Lane, the celebrated pantomimist, D'Egville, produced a splendid ballet of action called *Caractacus*, in which little Wallack, as a wild boy, wrestled for a prize horn, with another juvenile "ancient Briton," personated by Miss C. Bristow, to music of a bold and dashing character. Every position was framed in the most classical taste, and the struggle was truly gladiatorial. This scene was generally *encored*! and Mr. Wallack has been heard to declare that he deemed the instruction then conferred upon him by D'Egville was the foundation of the knowledge he possessed in stage arrangement and picturesque effect. In the same season, he acted a very important part in an operatic drama, called *The Siege of St. Quintin*, the joint production of Theodore Hook and Thomas Sheridan. Wallack personated the son of a venerable couple, represented by Elliston and the beautiful Mrs. H. Siddons. A remarkable instance of the variable taste of the public was evidenced in this piece—Braham sang a song to an assemblage of soldiers, beginning "Spaniards, who so oft have bled," arranged to the now well-known air of "Scots wha hae." The song was severely hissed, and withdrawn after the second night. Braham now commands a certain *double encore* in the same air, with almost the same words, and has done for the last twenty years.

Henry Wallack, two years older than his brother James, had been appointed midshipman, and the sight of his uniform, exhibited during a flying visit to London, inflamed James's mind with a desperate desire to become a sailor. Three weeks after Henry quitted his friends to join his ship at Sheerness, James started off, with five shillings in his pocket, and after walking all night, reached Gravesend in the morning, a distance of twenty-one miles from London. A smack or sailing boat conveyed him to Sheerness, where the presence of his brother, and the sight of H. M. S. Africa, 64 guns, and her fine crew, confirmed his nautical resolves. His cousin, George Allen Field, commanded the Desperate gun brig, then lying at Sheerness; he consented to receive James on board, and allow him to wear the dress of a middy, although he was not rated on the ship's books or returned to the Admiralty in the officers' list. In this vessel, he made two short cruises on the French coast, fancying himself Nelson the second, and prouder of his oyster-knife of a dirk that hung by his side than ever he had been of Hamlet's foil or Norval's broad sword.

His mother was seriously grieved at his absence from home, and followed him to Sheerness, but the truant was in blue water, and nothing was left her but the chance of intercession with the admiral of the port, to whom she related the certainty of success attendant on the progress of the young player, with the importance (to her) of the superior payment awarded to gentlemen of figure who strut on the boards of a theatre royal, to the reward allowed to those who pace the planks of a king's ship. The admiral (Wells) was a kind-hearted man, and promised his intercession. Scarcely had the Desperate returned to port, ere a plan was settled between the admiral and the captain, to wean the would-be middy from his newly-formed resolve. An application was made to young Wallack to perform the part of Hamlet at the Sheerness theatre, for the benefit of one of the actresses; he received the flattering proposal with delight, and obtained his captain-cousin's permission; but, the admiral, whose consent was also necessary, seemed to grant "a slow unwilling leave." But he was at length induced to patronize the play on the night in question, and attend, with all the naval officers in port. The house was crowded; the play went off with the utmost enthusiasm; and the actor-middy received such shouts of tumultuous applause that he became rather intoxicated with his success. He retired to bed, almost bewildered with excitement, and half resolved to return to the stage, but the thoughts of his dirk and his uniform made him waver in his resolve. It was a strange and dreamy mixture of hatchways and trap-doors, whistlings from prompters and boat-swain's mates, side scenes and studding sails—while Othello and the ship's cook, Nelson and Mrs. Siddons, Peg Woffington and Sir Sidney Smith, Shakspeare and the purser's sub, with Irish Johnstone and the admiral, were all dancing sailor's hornpipes about the room, to the music of the Sheerness band of three.

In the morning, the admiral, the captain, and the other officers, quieted all remaining scruples,

by insisting upon the return of so excellent an actor to the station he was destined to adorn. He went back to his joyous mother, and, after a severe reprimand from Mr. Sheridan, was reinstated in his old place at Drury Lane.

Edmund Kean was a member of the Sheerness company of comedians, when young Wallack performed the character of Hamlet, and enacted on that night, the part of Laertes. Mr. Wilkinson, the comedian, Mr. J. Browne, now belonging to the National theatre, New York, Mr. J. Russell, afterwards stage manager of Drury Lane, and Mrs. C. Jones of Covent Garden, were also members of the establishment; and the manager was the father of the distinguished writer, Douglas Jerrold, the author of the drama of *The Rent Day*.

Mr. Wallack remained at Drury Lane till the year 1809, when that magnificent structure was destroyed by fire. The company removed to Mr. Arnold's theatre, the Lyceum, now the English Opera House, when Wallack, who was becoming "too old for boy's parts, but too young for men's," left his colleagues at the end of the summer season, and went to Dublin with Mr. Harry Johnston, where, at the Peter street theatre, a sort of unlicensed opposition house to the legitimate shop in Crow street, he acted any part he could obtain. He made some stand in Shuckaback in *Blue Beard*, Isidore in *Tebeli*, Varbel, with a song, in *Lodoiska*. The company soon removed to a new and licensed theatre in Patrick street, Cork, where the legitimate drama being permitted, our hero appeared in his favorite part of Young Norval. Mr. H. Johnston, whose excellent performance of the same character, had obtained him the name of the Scotch Roscius, honored the young aspirant by performing Old Norval, on the night in question. Miss Macauley was the Lady Macbeth, and Glenalvon was enacted by Mr. Wheatley, formerly of Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, and latterly a teacher of singing in that city.

Wallack remained in Ireland for about two years, eagerly seizing every opportunity of practice in all the branches of his profession; and the manager intrusted a large portion of the stage direction to his care, although he was under seventeen years of age. In 1811, he accompanied the Scotch Roscius, Mr. Johnston, in a professional trip to Scotland; at Glasgow, they were joined by Mr. George Bartley, and Miss Smith, afterwards Mrs. Bartley, who subsequently gained much fame and some money in the United States. The male trio made a pleasant and a profitable tour of the Highlands during the summer, giving readings and recitations, in appropriate costumes, in all the considerable towns.

In 1812, Mr. Wallack returned to London, and was engaged by Mr. Arnold, for the summer season, at the English Opera House, at a salary of three pounds per week. In September of the same year, the splendid new Theatre Royal, Drury Lane opened under the direction of a sub-committee; Wallack was engaged at an advance of salary, but without any great prospect of good parts; but chance turned in his favor, and gave him a lift at starting. Hamlet was selected as the opening play—Elliston *did* the Dane, and Pope the Ghost, Dowton sustained Polonius, Bannister the grave digger, and the Miss Kelly enacted Ophelia. Mr. Decamp was cast Laertes, but objected to the part as an inadequate opportunity for a first appearance in a new theatre, and wished to wait for a chance in comedy as more peculiarly his forte. Wallack was requested to study the part by the following night; he did so, and played it well. The managers saw his worth, and the critics appreciated his readiness and skill. The farce was *The Devil to Pay*, wherein Miss Mellon, afterwards Mrs. Coutts, afterwards the Duchess of St. Albans, performed the part of Nell.*

The new theatre proved but a miserable speculation, notwithstanding the beauty of the building, and the enormous host of talent embodied in the company of performers; upwards of twenty names graced the bills of the day, each of whom would rank as a star of the first magnitude in these degenerate times. In 1814, Edmund Kean burst upon the dramatic world in a blaze of surpassing splendor; his unparalleled attraction saved the theatre from bankruptcy, and restored a healthy tone to the drama's constitution. Wallack played Tressel, Macduff, Richmond, and other conspicuous characters, with a success that gratified the public, but did not advance him with the managers, who forgot their promise, and placed other actors over his head, in parts which he had played. The revival of *The Iron Chest*, for Mr. Kean, in 1817, gave him an opportunity in the character of Wilford, of which he made the most; he divided the applause of the house with the great man himself. This performance caused the sub-committee to raise his salary, and place him in several parts which had been previously held by Mr. Rae and Mr. Pope. His enactment of Iago in this year, stamped him as a tragedian of acknowledged merit.

When Raymond, the stage manager of Drury Lane, died, the chief members of the profession resolved to unite their talents, and give his widow and children a benefit bumper. But each great creature seemed resolved to act only such character as would exhibit him or her to advantage, instead of increasing the general attraction of the bill; the brilliant promises were found unavailable, and the old tragedy of *Oroonoko* was selected for the play. Kean had personated the royal slave during the season, but being taken ill the day before the benefit, Wallack was requested to study the part, in the short space of twenty-four hours before the rising of the curtain. He undertook this extraordinary feat, and created such a sensation by his performance, that Kean refused to continue his representation of the character.

* See Gentleman's Magazine, page 270, vol. i. for an original biography of this lady

Mr. Wallack now began to feel his value. In genteel comedy he had been equally successful; his performance of Bassanio, Colonel Lambert, and Captain Absolute, received the approbation of the audience, and incited him to bolder flights. Mr. Stephen Price, who had witnessed Wallack's acting in a melo-drama called *D'Anglade*, offered him excellent terms for a visit to his theatre in New York, but our hero was bound for two years longer to the sub-committee, who were not likely to quietly give up a willing and popular actor. Lord Byron, an active member of the sub-committee, had always interested himself in Wallack's welfare; and, appreciating his taste in the study of picturesque costume, presented him with several volumes of scarce prints relative to that subject; he heard of the actor's wishes, and promised him, if he would give the affair a calm consideration for the ensuing three months, to use his interest with his fellow committee men, for the annulment of the engagement, if Wallack should then desire it. To this proposal, the actor gave a glad assent.

In the course of this year, 1817, Mr. Wallack, while listening to the lively sallies of the celebrated John, or as he was generally termed, Irish Johnstone, was requested by him to step to the door, and occupy the attention of his daughter, who was waiting for him in a carriage. Wallack assented, and engaged the lady in a lively chat; it was a momentous evening for him, for he lost his heart, and although he gained the lady's fond consent, he was positively refused by the father, who imagined that his heiress deserved a noble husband, at the very least. The only concession which the pleadings of an honest love could obtain, was a proposal that Wallack should refrain from all intercourse with Miss Johnstone for one year; and if, at the expiration of that time, his feelings were as warmly interested as he then professed them to be, the father promised to offer no farther obstacle to their union. To this proposal Wallack readily assented—the term was religiously observed—at its expiration, he wrote an honest statement of his feelings to Miss Johnstone, and transmitted his letter, unsealed, through the agency of the father. The lady returned a candid avowal of her feelings of preference and acceptance to the faithful lover, which was sent to him by the father in a blank envelope. Wallack then wrote to Mr. Johnstone for his consent to the marriage, and received in answer, a stern and positive refusal. Having punctually obeyed the proposition made by Johnstone himself, and being assured of the lady's love, Wallack very properly persuaded her to elope, and in a few days from the receipt of the father's refusal, Miss Johnstone became his wife. The old gentleman continued stubborn in his opposition; and, although he received his daughter, and delighted, in after years, to play with her children, he refused to recognize his son-in-law, or exchange a word or even a glance of recognition when they met. For nine years, this obstinacy affected his resolve, when, one day, walking on the sands at Margate, in company with several friends, he espied at a little distance, his daughter, her husband, and her children. Leaving his company, he advanced with out-stretched arms to Wallack, and seizing his son-in-law's hands, exclaimed, "This is what I ought to have done nine years ago. I am glad to see you. I rejoice in your alliance. And now, let us go 'to the beautiful maid's at the foot of the hill,' and in a mug of her whiskey punch, forget all animosity."

On the twelfth of March, 1818, Mr. Wallack formed his matrimonial connection, and resolved to break his theatrical engagement, if Lord Byron still remained his friend. This nobleman, in conjunction with the celebrated Monk Lewis, exerted himself in Wallack's behalf, and obtained a remission of the balance of his engagement from the sub-committee of Drury Lane. In July of the above year, Mr. and Mrs. Wallack sailed for New York, having made an engagement with Mr. Price for a few nights at the Park Theatre. When he arrived, he was questioned respecting the part in which he intended to appear. He mentioned Hamlet, and was answered that Cooper's excellence in that part rendered the success of a stranger more than doubtful. Richard the Third—nobody had succeeded in *that* character since Cooke's elaborate display. Othello—if there was one part more than another wherein Cooper had made a strong impression, it was in Othello. Wallack became annoyed, and inquired which of Cooper's delineations had drawn the most money, or had been the most frequently performed. He was answered, Macbeth. "Very well, then—I had hoped to have avoided all comparisons, for I mean no opposition, but if I must be judged, not by my own merits, but by the standard of another actor's qualifications, I will make my first appearance in Macbeth." The American public well know his extraordinary success. His benefit, which took place on the seventh night of his performance, amounted to *one thousand, eight hundred and fifty dollars*, which sum he received for his engagement, as per agreement.

The same success attended him in all the Atlantic cities, to which he confined his exertions for the period of his first visit—Charleston being the extent of his southern travel. He came over to the United States with one engagement only, of a week's duration, yet such was his success, that he occupied two years in three or four cities, with a profit that would make some of the stars of the present day to stare. His wife presented him with a son, John, during his first sojourn in America; and it is but honest to Mrs. Wallack to remark that her lady-like demeanor and accomplished manners, won her a host of friends during this, her only visit to the United States. Notwithstanding the frequency of her husband's transits to and fro, and we believe that he has, at the present date, crossed the Atlantic nineteen times, Mrs. Wallack could never again be induced to forsake the *lures* of her domestic life, or resign the care of her children to strangers, while she braved the terrors of the deep.

Mr., Mrs. and Master Wallack returned to England in the same vessel that brought them out—the Atlantic, of three hundred tons. Elliston, then lessee of Drury Lane, journeyed from Leamington to Birmingham, for the purpose of engaging Mr. Wallack to lead the business in the absence of Kean, who intended visiting the United States. Having a few weeks to spare, Wallack visited Dublin and York, and played the alternate nights with the celebrated Charles Mathews. In 1820, he opened at Drury Lane, in Hamlet, and met with the highest success. Richard the Third, Coriolanus, Rollo, and Brutus, also confessed his triumph. During the next season, he was severely attacked in the Times newspaper, for a supposed insult to the audience, in resenting an outrage which he had suffered, by being pelted with oranges from the gallery, because the national anthem was not instantaneously accorded to the cries of some half-dozen ragamuffins, who discovered queen Caroline in one of the side boxes. Mr. Wallack merely remonstrated against this cowardly method of attack; it was Elliston who rudely addressed the audience, and vaped about the cause of clamor. The Times censured Wallack's conduct, but refused to insert his explanation or denial of the offence imputed to him. This paper was then the organ of the friends of the misguided woman who sought to embroil the land in civil war, and rendered herself the tool of the enemies of the government. Wallack published his statement of the affair in the Morning Chronicle, after vainly calling on the editor of the Times for an honest exposition of the truth. For a month, the circumstance seemed to have met the oblivion it deserved; when, on the night of his benefit, a flight of handbills circulated through the theatre, calling on the audience to demand an apology from Wallack, for an insult offered to the *rightful and legal* Queen of England. The actor, who was to have performed Shylock, in the trial scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, after the manner of Kean, had scarcely appeared upon the stage, before a shout of "apology," "apology," rendered the actors inaudible. Wallack stepped boldly forward, and in a manly and positive style, contradicted the assertions of the editor of The Times, and related *verbatim* the speech made by him, when demanding an explanation of the insult offered by the occupants of the gallery. The audience cheered him at the conclusion of his address, and the play went off in quiet.

Mr. Wallack received another addition to his family this year, 1822, in the person of his son James, who was born at his country residence at Cheam, in Surrey. In September, he again sailed for the United States, where he arrived in due time, and played at the Park theatre with his usual success. Kean, having affronted the Philadelphia audience, Messrs. Wood and Warren, the managers of the Chestnut Street theatre, wrote to Wallack, and pressed him to come immediately to their relief. He started from New York in the month of November, to proceed to Philadelphia by the mail. He was induced to ride a short distance with the driver, and while crossing the bridge at New Brunswick, in Jersey, the stage was upset, and Wallack's leg was very badly broken. For upwards of four months, he was compelled to keep his bed in the tavern at New Brunswick, and when able to leave his room, he was carried down the Raritan in a sloop, for there were no steam packets in those days, and when he arrived at New York, he was confined to his house for nearly three months. The bone, having been badly set, had twice to be ruptured by main force, before the knitting was allowed to remain.

Mathews, then in America, was also suffering from the effects of a fall from a gig, in the Strand, in company with Terry, when he seriously injured his hip, and contracted a lameness that he carried to the grave. He used to remark, that he never intended in future to sit behind a horse who would not allow the reins to get beneath his tail without noticing the inconvenience. Constitutionally nervous to an excessive degree, Wallack's accident rendered him doubly so; and having to perform the same journey, he inquired of the driver if he was the man who had mutilated Mr. Wallack, and when satisfied upon that head, he insisted upon being informed when they approached New Brunswick, that he might get out and walk for half a mile before they came to the fatal place, and half a mile after it had been passed. Every ten minutes, he popped his head out of the stage window, and inquired, "Driver, are we approaching the scene of Mr. Wallack's horrible accident? I have a presentiment that I shall not pass over that awful spot without some frightful occurrence. Driver, be sure you tell me when we are within half a mile of that dreadful scene." The driver promised, and poor Mathews sat fidgetting in anxious expectation of a smashing upset. At last, after rattling over a bridge and passing through a town, the stage drew up at an inn door, and the driver proceeded to change the horses. Mathews made the usual inquiry—"Driver, are we near the place where Mr. Wallack broke his leg?" "We past over it, sir, some two hundred yards back." Mathews was vociferously indignant at being *cheated*, as he termed it, and performed the rest of the journey in sullen abstraction.

Having played but one short engagement, Wallack began to feel the effects of his long illness in the atrophy of his purse. Price recommended him to study Captain Bertram, in Dunlap's version of Kotzebue's Birth Day, called *Fraternal Discord*. The accident had caused much sensation amongst the theatrical public, and the announcement of Wallack's name in a play bill excited unusual sympathy. The house was crowded. Wallack was received with enthusiasm, and played the gouty, irritable, but warm-hearted old officer with characteristic effect. His broken leg, encased in tin and flannels, did very well for a gouty limb, and assisted the reality of the scene. He also gave Readings, at a table on the stage, and cleared, altogether, about thirteen hundred dollars by the

scheme. He then went to Philadelphia, hired the Walnut Street theatre, fiddlers, lumps, and door-keepers, and gave, unassisted, a night's entertainment, similar to those presented at New York. He made above five hundred dollars by the trip, after paying all expenses.

He returned to England as soon as he was able to undergo the worry of the removal; but did not relinquish his crutches for a period of fourteen months after the accident. Elliston offered him the stage management of Drury Lane, allowing him, while lame, to direct the business from his chair upon the stage. But Wallack had promised not to act any where but on the Park boards, and after an absence of seven months, he discarded his crutches, and once more sailed for the United States. There was a little peculiarity attending his first appearance this season, at the Park, that deserves mentioning. Wallack was announced immediately he arrived; the public had not seen sufficient of their favorite to be convinced of the cure of his lameness, and the selection of Captain Bertman for his opening part, satisfied them that he was still hanging between his crutches; the addition of the farce of *My Aunt*, under these circumstances, was thought to be an unnecessary and painful infliction. Wallack was well received; the affectation of the gouty leg was considered the necessary consequence of his broken limb; but when he appeared as Dick Dashell, and paced the stage with sound and rapid strides, a shout of surprise and applause rose from every portion of the house.

An incident occurred during his last mentioned passage across the Atlantic, which may serve many venerable ladies with an evidence touching the old saw, "Out of evil cometh good." A lady passenger, once a distinguished belle in New York, and now the wife of a certain major in Canada, experienced a severe fall in the cabin of the packet ship, and broke her leg. Wallack, who from his sad experience, had frequently declared that he believed himself capable of setting a broken limb, volunteered his services, and as there happened to be no surgeon on board,—no unfrequent thing in all the packet lines,—his offer was gladly accepted. The captain began cutting splints with a carving knife, the female passengers tore linen articles into binding strips, and Wallack, with becoming gravity and care, set the leg with an ease and perfection seldom exceeded by any veteran practitioner. The lady is now alive, and feels not the slightest inconvenience from her accident. The various members of her family expressed their gratitude to Mr. Wallack for his promptitude and skill, and the rest of the passengers talked of sending him a diploma from Scotland, the only place where the honors of an M. D. are to be purchased.

After playing his usual engagements in the Atlantic cities, he returned to England early in the spring. He was instantly secured for a star engagement at the English Opera House, and opened in Rhoderick Dhu, in *The Knight of Snowdon*, a version of the *Lady of the Lake*. His usual success attended his exertions; he was engaged for twenty nights, but at the manager's suggestion, extended his term to forty-five. The extraordinary drama of *Frankenstein* was produced that season, and ran for many nights: Wallack played the student, and T. P. Cooke figured in the monster with unusual success. Elliston secured our hero, just as he was arranging another trip to America, and engaged him for Drury-Lane Theatre, for a term of three years. When Kean was acting, Wallack played the best seconds, if Edgar, Iago, and other parts of that calibre may be termed seconds; when Kean was absent, Wallack filled his place with credit to himself and satisfaction to the audience. One night, knowing that he was announced for Richmond to Kean's Richard, he proceeded to the theatre about eight o'clock, in due time to dress for the fifth act. As the coach nosed the stage door, he observed Elliston, with his gray hair streaming in the wind, his coat unbuttoned, and his whole appearance exhibiting the wildest disorder. "Is that Wallack?" "Yes." "Thank God! Come out—come in—come here." "What's the matter? I am in good time." "No, no; I have been looking for you this last hour, in a state of unutterable anxiety." "Can I be late? my watch must be wrong," said Wallack, "but I'll put on Richmond's dress in five minutes—" "Richmond be d—! there's a five hundred pound house, and Kean is spitting blood. Dress for Richard instantly, and do the two last acts, or we are dished." Wallack did the two last acts, and did them with such effect, that the newspapers advised Kean not to spit blood again, if he could help it.

Faustus was now produced, and Wallack's reading of the scholar's language assisted his fame. At the expiration of the term of years for which he had been engaged, Elliston renewed his articles, and promised to resign the chiefest portion of the light comedy into his hands; but the veteran found it difficult to give up the parts he had played with such effect for many years, and absolutely played Charles Surface in his own gray locks, and with a gouty shoe upon his sinister leg.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

AN ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

HURRAH! hurrah! 'tis the season of mirth,
The time of goodwill and peace on earth—
Hurrah! hurrah! let the bowl go round,
With the myrtle wreath and the olive crowned;
Let the tabor speak, and the feast be spread,
And the smoke go reeking above your head
From the odorous pudding with plumbs beset,
Like a crown of gold bestudded with jet—
Let care and trouble be banished away,
And mirth and melody rule the day—
Let the scattered tribes of the family meet
And beguile the time with converse sweet—
Let the father, whose head with age is hoar,
Bring round him his sons and his daughters once
more,

And talk of the days that have long gone by,
And give them his blessing before he die—
Let those who have long in enmity dwelt,
Forget the griefs and the wrongs they felt,
And here, to their better emotions true,
The feelings of friendship and peace renew—
Let all that would grieve or harm the soul,
Be drowned in the depths of the wassail bowl,
That the heart of him who its wave would quaff,
May echo its glee in a joyous laugh—
Let the old be young, and the young be gay,
For this is the good-fellow's holiday!
Then hail the free jest and the antic trick,
And hurrah for the reign of the good St. Nick!

Now, rosy-cheeked boy, come tall to me
What has St. Nicholas brought for thee?
Was the stocking hung duly above thy head
On the peg in the wall by the side of thy bed?
That when the small monarch came rattling by,
He might throw in the treasures, and onward fly?
Did'st thou go to bed early that wished-for
night,
And wake in the morning before it was light,
And creep from thy nest, tho' thy bare feet were
chilled,
To feel if thy stocking with "goodies" was
filled?"
Was it filled?—Yes, I see by thy bright, sunny
look,
It was crammed with rich treasures—a nice pic-
ture-book—

A store of good apples, and nuts, and cakes—
An Eden of sugar, where young fancy wakes
From a dream of delight to a transport of joy—
With many a useful and beautiful toy—

O, well in thy lightness of heart hast thou
smiled,
For St. Nick has been lavish to thee, my child.

Now, lady, fair lady, that laughest in glee,
Pray, what has St. Nicholas brought for thee?
Eh! a bonny new dress for the New Year ball,
That will make thee the gay and "observed of
all!"

And a gorgeous book for thy table, too,
The "Pearls of the East," in silk and blue—
And over thy neck a chain of gold,
Whose value to thee may not be told—
O, lady—fair lady, there's something more
That thou hast not named in thy New Year
store—

Thou need'st not blush, nor dissemble so
What soon to the world thou'lt be proud to
show;

For, by all these fair tokens, I now discover
His jolly, small saintship has brought thee a
lover!

Then laugh and throw back thy dark, raven hair,
St. Nick has been kind to thee, lady fair.

Now, man of trade, let thy words be free,
Tell me, what has St. Nicholas brought for thee?
Thou art silent!—What! has he passed thee
o'er,

And left no gift at thy open door?
Or is it because thy spirit grieves,
Thou wilt not look for the gift he leaves?
Come, rouse thee! No matter if trade be flat,
Thou'lt make the fewer bad debts by that—
If specie be scarce, and it make thee fret,
There's plenty of paper—that's comfort yet;
If thou can'st not go on and enlarge thy gains,
Why, take and enjoy the good that remains;
Tho' thou dost not heap up thy ten thousand a
year,

Thou still hast enough left for New Year cheer;
Then once more thy heart to blithe merriment
set,
For St. Nicholas has not deserted thee yet.

Blessings, hoary-haired sire, on thy "frosty pow"
be!

Say, what has the jolly saint brought unto thee?
Peace, dearest of treasures, O, yes, it is thine,
And the kindness of children to watch thy de-
cline—

A tranquil old age, free from sorrows and cares,
Apart from the world, with its toils and its
 snares,

A heart full of love to the friends that are near,
A soul that thro' mercy has nothing to fear,
But that watches afar, as the shadows arise,
And patiently waits for the rest of the skies.
If these are thy gifts, set thy heartiness free,
For St. Nick, in thy old age, is gentle with thee.

Then hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the season of mirth,
The time of good-will and peace on earth;

And while you are hailing the joyous day,
We bring our carol to greet your way—
And hope while you gather good thoughts and
 good cheer,

We may wish to your homesteads a Happy New
 Year!

'Tis the time of kind feeling, of mirth and glee,
The hour of feasting and revelry:
Let the old be young, and the young be gay,
For this is the good-fellow's holiday!
Then hail to the blithe sport, and the fair, merry
 trick,

And hurrah for the reign of the jolly St. Nick!

MOTHER AND CHILD, EXPOSED TO THE SEA.

FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

This admired fragment of the most plaintive of the Greek poets, which reminds us of the passage in the *Tempest* where Prospero speaks of the like misery to which he had been subjected with his infant daughter, has been frequently translated; and perhaps, had I seen some of the later versions, I should not have attempted another. Some of the passages have been variously read by scholars, and therefore I have ventured upon one or two interpretations of my own, such as appeared to me most natural to the occasion; as in the instance of attributing the night-light to a lamp, and not to the shining of the moon or of lightning. Those who have been at sea, know how dismal is the look of lamp-light in a dark, stormy night; and it is not unnatural to suppose that the chest, coffer, or whatever it was in which the mother and infant were exposed, was furnished with one. It even suggests an additional circumstance of the pathetic, in leading us to conclude that they were thrust forth to sea at night-time, and cruelly (or kindly, as it might happen) furnished with an apparent help accordingly. It is a consolation, even in a fable, when fable is so like truth, to know that the voyagers saved their lives, and that the infant became no less a man than the hero Perseus. It is impossible, in reading such fragments as these, not to regret that we possess so few remains of a poet, whose writings Catullus has designated by the title of "tears."

Οτε λαρνακι εν δαίδαλας ανιμος
Βρεμη πνευστ, κινηθισα δε λιμνα
Διματι κριπτον, υτ' αδιανταισι
Παρμας, αμφι τε Περσιν βαλλε
Φιλει χιρα, υπεν τε, Ω τιεκτορ,
Οισι εχω πονον συ δ' αυτε γλαδισθω
Ητορι κινωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
Χαλχιουρομφω δε, πυκτιλαμπε,
Κυκτω τε δροφω, συ δ' αυλαλει
"Υπερδε τετα κομαι βαδων
Παριοντος κυματος εκ αλσους
Ουδ' ανιμ φθογγαν, πορφυρια
Κυμινος εν χλωιδι προσωπον καλον.
Ει δε τοι δεινοι το γε δεινον ηι,
Και κεν εμωι ρηματων λεπτων
"Τρωχες κας. Κιλομαι, αυδη, ερφος,
Ευδεται δε ποντος, αυδωντα αμετρον καπον.

And now the wind beginning to blow fierce
'Gainst the rude box in which these two were
 thrust,

Threatening their instant drowning, Danaë,
Huddling her baby closer to her bosom
With her dear hand, and bursting into tears,
Said, "O, my poor baby! 'Tis hard indeed
To bear,—this misery! Yet here thou sleepest
Soundly, with thy sweet little milky soul,
Breathing away against thy mother's breast,
In this strange cradle, with its ugly nails,
And dismal lamp that makes the night more ter-
 rible.

The waters leap over thy head at me,
And the winds roar; yet thou, poor pretty-cheek,
Car'st not, all dry beneath the fine red cloak!

Ah! did'st thou know dreadful when dread-
 ful comes,

Too sharply would'st thou lend thy little ear.
Sleep on, sleep on:—do as thy mother bids thee,
Baby!—O! would that I could bid the seas
Sleep also, and my immeasurable grief."

HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

(Continued from page 134, vol. iii.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who work'd his wantonness in form of law;
Long war without, and frequent broil within,
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but the signal to begin.

Lara.

THE suddenness with which this transformation was wrought in my situation, and the bewildering peril into which the incident of a moment thus unexpectedly plunged me, so stunned and distracted my senses with amazement and doubt that I was for several minutes unable to realize the condition in which I found myself. My being seemed swathed in the fictions of a dream, and I stood for a while in a strange irresolution of mind which compelled so strong a remembrance of the scenes which I had passed through as denied to consciousness the ability to familiarize itself with the results that were consequent to those scenes. Such mental torpor amid circumstances that demand peculiar vigor of invention and concentration of design, is well known to those, who, like myself at that period, are more accustomed to the use of the faculties of reflection than practised in the exercise of those energies that attend on action; and the secret of the infirmity is, that the imagination is so absorbed in contemplating what has elapsed and what is present that the reason cannot grapple with what is future.

I quickly dashed this weakness from my thoughts, and turned my faculties to the consideration of the means of delivering myself from the prison in which I was fettered, or at least of warding off the fearful doom which seemed to be so nearly impending. It surprised and mortified me, as I reviewed what had occurred, that I had not discovered the true nature and intentions of Prince Menitzzen, and that I had suffered the conclusions of severer judgment, dishonoring and even dishonorable as they might be, to be sapped and set aside by a womanish delicacy of feeling and a boyish generosity of confidence. To recur to the earliest and most rooted impression on the subject, I had heard from Helena how unworthy was the person to whom the passions or necessities of her brother had consigned her hand; and the mere feeling which she had towards him should have convinced me of his vileness, for, in the bosom of a pure and virtuous woman, aversion and affection are, alike, "their own justification." And though this instruction was neglected, there were other warnings equally weighty and direct which it now seemed madness to have neglected. The parade of honor and obtrusion of sentiment which his note exhibited, bore upon their front the marks of speciousness, and ought not to have deceived me for an instant. Indeed, my first impulse had been one of distrust, when I had read the letter, and the false gloss by which more curious consideration had perverted its sense, furnished an instance of the truth, that in all problems of morals and of motives, the first feeling is that which reason should adopt, and which experience will sanction. The treatment which the prince had shown to the peasant who had only asked what he had a right to have answered, in driving over him so inhumanly, should have revealed his whole character at once, for he that is cruel to his inferiors will be false with his equals. But, in fact, the breathless rapidity with which that scene passed by and we were hurried forward to the castle, and the alarm which the instant assembling of the mob, inflamed against all who were connected with one obnoxious individual, excited, prevented my viewing his conduct as I should have done. Besides the resentment

caused in my mind by the daring insolence of the bold arrest, which was indeed not to be justified in its violence for even the most rightful purpose, hindered my observing that, however improper was the proceeding that gave offence, the act which punished it was in no sort to be vindicated. I farther wondered, particularly at my blindness, in not perceiving the thought which was uppermost in Prince Menitzen's mind, when, with a taunting humor that despised concealment, and sported with the helplessness of its victim, he directed my attention to such pictures in the gallery as seemed to prefigure my condition or his character. As I ran these matters rapidly through my mind, the goad of self-accusation quickened the earnestness with which I bent my thoughts to the contrivance of some method of escape, and the stimulus of revenge was added to the eagerness of self-preservation.

I turned to examine the circumstances of the place in which I was confined, and to see what prospect of liberation might be discovered. The portion of the room in front of the curtain was circular, and contained two grated windows. I looked from them, and saw that the apartment I was in, as well as the gallery we had traversed, and other rooms at the side of it and beneath it, were included in a round massive tower that extended from the rear of the castle into the sea. The enormous rock upon which the castle was built, and which might originally have presented a circular base to the ocean, appeared to have been channelled out by some great natural convulsion in the form of a sector, of which the spot where I stood might be the centre. The boundaries which enclosed and defined this wedge-shaped opening, were the steep, smooth sides of the natural rock, upon which, following their direction accurately, and extending off to where they descended into the water, the broad blank walls of the castle rose to a vast height. I had, therefore, no other scene before me, as I gazed from the window of my secluded chamber, than two large diverging shields of stone, and the vacant face of the sea extending between them as far as the eye could reach. Whatever hope of relief might on this quarter be entertained from the possibility of aid from passing vessels, was cut off by a ledge of rocks which ran from the extremity of one of the walls to the end of the other, a little above the surface of the waves, and seemed to have been sunk there by the hands of man for the purpose of cutting off all approach from the sea to this tower. It certainly accomplished this prevention effectually. Next to the circular structure in which I was confined, and very close to it, was another tower of similar shape, but smaller size; and on the same level with the window I was looking from there was a door in it, which gave upon a little railed platform, or portico, that surrounded the tower, with a width of three or four feet, and at its termination met another of the same sort, which ran around the turret which I occupied, a little below my windows, so that a person might easily have stepped from one to the other. The sea was but a few feet below these platforms. Besides this door and the windows which lighted the little apartment which was my prison, there seemed to be no other opening from the castle upon that side. Whether the door which stood behind the curtain in the opposite side of the room, opened directly on this little portico, or gave admission, as seemed more probable, into a narrow entry that ran back into the interior of the building, I had no means of determining by the eye.

The only hope in which I ventured to indulge, of escaping from the fate which frowned so nearly upon me, was founded on the possibility of the mob being successful in storming the castle of Prince Menitzen. The attempt was doubtless proceeding at that moment, although the secluded position which I occupied and the intervention of the enormous walls which rose beside me almost to the sky, prevented my hearing anything that occurred on the opposite side. This hope, however, was but a feeble one, for the observation which I had given to the nature of the defence by which art and nature had combined to fortify the place, led me to be sufficiently certain that nothing but some very rare and remarkable accident could ever enable an undisciplined and ill-armed crowd, however numerous, to triumph over the obstacles which the wall alone offered to their entrance, even if those within employed none of the abundant means which they possessed of repelling or preventing that sort of assault to which an unregulated multitude must necessarily be compelled to resort. I waited anxiously for a considerable time in the hope that some evidence might be given that the assailants had been successful; but there came to the solitude of my narrow prison, no sound that spoke of any encouragement to that expectation. I listened for the sound of voices beyond the walls, but nothing penetrated their massive breadth; I listened for the sound of footsteps in the gallery through which we had passed, but all was as silent as a chamber of the dead, save the low hoarse gurgling of the waters as they were swayed against the sides of the turret beneath me, nothing relieved the stillness of the scene. An hour elapsed without any intimation of the result of the contest, and I then surrendered all thought of relief, and prepared myself to encounter the fate which seemed to be at hand. There appeared to be no way of shunning the vindictive cruelty of the man whose power was now as triumphant as his purpose had always been treacherous; but I determined that to the gratification which he would feel in destroying whom he hated, should not be added the pleasure of humbling a struggling and reluctant foe.

The time which I have indicated had barely passed when the iron door in the opposite end of the cell was opened, and a man of rough and savage aspect entered. Though not unusually large, his frame was well-knit and sinewy, his countenance was dark and determined, and his whole appearance was that of a resolute and unhesitating agent of evil. I saw at a glance that he was the person

whose conduct at Baffa had excited my suspicions, and concluded that he was the unscrupulous servant of the prince to whom I was indebted for that discovery of my movements which enabled my perfidious rival to approach me as he did, and who was now selected to consummate the destruction which he had prepared. He wore a frock of black linen bound round him by a hempen girdle, in which were inserted a pair of pistols and a huge dagger. He walked towards the curtain which was partially withdrawn, and drew it wholly aside with a professional composure; he then rolled up the sleeves of his garment above his elbows, and untying the rope which held up the axe and had been bound around an iron pin in the frame, he held it tightly in his hand, and turning towards me for the first time, stood looking upon me coldly and carelessly. As I scanned his thin and callous features, to which an unusual sharpness and prominence of the bones of the cheek and jaw gave an air that was repulsive and displeasing, I felt an unutterable disgust at being the victim of an instrument so vile.

I turned towards him haughtily.

"Is it the will of your master, sirrah, that I should die by your hand?"

He merely nodded and stood still.

"Then do your work as speedily as possible," and I walked over to the guillotine to place myself in the fatal couch which lay in readiness to receive its victim. There stood upon the platform of the machine of death, a huge instrument furnished with straps, hooks, and wheels, and apparently designed to force down and bind to the block the predestinated sufferer, if any unwillingness to submit should be found. I had no disposition to give my malignant foe a double triumph by attempting resistance where I was so completely overmastered; but if any such weakness had possessed me, it would have been effectually put to flight by the demonstration thus furnished of the utter futility of all opposition.

I never felt calmer or more composed in my life. The smothered hatred and scorn for Prince Menitszen with which my bosom was filled drove away all shadow of feebleness and fear, and developed that strength of temper and energy of feeling which afforded the best resistance to the force of the terrors which might else have waited on a scene so momentous and impressive. The moral advantage which his disgraceful and dishonorable course gave me more than overweighed the inferiority which the fact of defeat always throws over him who fails; and while in this case there could be no shame in being subdued where there had been no struggle, there existed for him who died as abundant eminence in all that was elevating in virtue and dignity, as the proudest heart could have desired. I took from my pocket a couple of guineas, and handed them to the executioner.

"Accept this trifling acknowledgment," said I, "of the service you do me by affixing upon my greatest enemy, the infamy of destroying by force the man whom he has ensnared by fraud."

He took the money with a grim smile, that seemed to indicate that he regarded the whole matter as a very diverting practical jest. I took my place upon the frame which was appointed to receive the body in such a way that the neck of the recumbent should be brought directly under the broad axe which glittered on high, and folding my arms upon my bosom, gazed firmly upon the shining steel, and dismissed all thoughts of earthly interests from my mind, while my whole vigor and attention were concentrated upon the change which was about to rush upon my being. There may be terror in the expectation of death, but there is none in its certainty. While there is doubt of the fact or irresolution in the feeling, we contemplate not the form and figure of the event, but its image gleamingly reflected in sudden flashes from the mirrors of hope and fear; but when we look steadily at the object as a thing unavoidable, and determine to meet it with what fortitude we may, calmness gives us courage, and the frown of fate is no longer forbidding.

Some delay, whether from accident or intention, occurred in the falling of the axe, and I turned my head towards the officer to see what occasioned the difficulty. It happened that he stood with his back turned towards the outer circular wall of the cell, and the effort which I made to look at him brought the prospect from the little window which I have spoken of, directly before my eyes. In the moment in which my glance fell upon the little bay of water which washed the foot of the turret, and widening outwards was separated from the sea by a rough ledge of rocks, I saw a small and narrow bark shoot rapidly around the most distant point of the diverging walls, and make directly in for these rocks. The moment it reached this barrier which had seemed insurmountable, a man sprang from the boat, and, lifting it up on his shoulder, carried it across the bar, and launched it in the inner gulf. The dress and aspect of the man, so far as I could judge from a look as keen as it was brief, was the same person who had seized the bridle of Prince Menitszen's equipage as we were riding together to the castle. His attire and attitude were alike peculiar, and not easily mistaken, and his absence from the throng of besiegers, which had attracted my notice as I had looked back upon the assembling company, confirmed the opinion that this was he. Doubtless a more intimate acquaintance with the localities of the building had induced him to separate himself from his fellows and seek this more cunning method of effecting an entrance. The smallness of the distance between the water and the balustrade which surrounded both turrets, showed that the doors which opened upon the latter, might thus be reached without any difficulty.

In a moment, there flashed upon me the prospect of being yet delivered from the fate which till then had seemed inevitable. Nothing could be easier than for this man to reach the room in which

I was, and lend me his assistance in overmastering the force to which I now submitted; and I might aid whatever scheme of revenge he meditated, or, with him, escape as he had come. My bosom beat with excited joy as I saw the little bark urged swiftly forward till it was hidden from view under the wall of the tower, and I knew that a moment might free me from the terror that encompassed me. What madness of horror darted through my brain, when I raised my eyes and saw by the descending motion of the axe above me, that that moment, pregnant with infinite results to me was about to be struck off, and life dashed into darkness in the first instant that a promise of safety spread before me. With the hope of life rushed its keen desire, and with the desire of life rushed the dread of death. My sense fainted beneath the impetuous terror which invaded it for the first time in the strength of a realized impression; my thoughts were overwhelmed with confusion; my sight failed, and all my efforts were ineffectual to articulate a command or entreaty to the officer to stay his hand, were in vain. Crowded ages seemed to whirl by me, and the sufferings of centuries to roll over my spirit. I thought that I should expire under the intensity of anguish with which my soul was tortured; but the paroxysm passed as violently as it came, and regaining the command of my powers, I cried earnestly to the executioner, in the name of God, to pause for a moment.

The mind even in mortality hath in it so much of the temper of eternity that its exertions are apart from time. The feelings which had seemed protracted almost to infinity, had, in fact, occupied but a few seconds, and though before they came upon me, I had seen the dreadful sword of death moving on its descending course, yet the tardiness with which it at first left its sheath, enabled the attendant to catch the rope while it was in its descent, which he did, perhaps unconsciously. A moment's recollection seemed to cause him regret that he had done so, and raised the axe again quickly to the roof that another blow might be given. But I started from my place in time to prevent that catastrophe and gain what alone I sought—delay.

"It is of the utmost moment," said I, as I ran my mind over the various devices that presented themselves to my thoughts, and selected what seemed the fittest, "it is of the utmost moment that I should see Prince Menitzen. I have something to say which concerns him as nearly as it does me. I beg that you will convey to him my particular wish for his presence a few minutes in this cell."

"My orders," replied the man, "were to execute but a single command, and that was death."

"And my orders to you," said I, fixing my eye upon him with a stern authority, "are to summon your master to this spot without loss of time."

"It is wholly impossible; Prince Menitzen is otherwise occupied. There has been some disturbance outside the castle, and the prince, who dislikes noise, has determined to execute some of the rioters, and is now engaged in selecting the individuals."

"If I die without saying what I have to say, your master will not soon forgive you for refusing to interrupt his engagements with information such as I should communicate. Orders may be obeyed too literally as well as too laxly; and if you are the means of extinguishing what I would reveal, depend upon it you will suffer for it."

"I cannot listen to this," replied the other, shaking his head with a decided air; "I am directed to have the guillotine ready by twelve o'clock for those who follow you, and it is now upon the stroke of noon. I cannot on any account be unpunctual. You must choose between willingness and the wheel;" and he laid his hand upon the machine which stood by, and began to arrange it for exercise.

"Do not imagine that I have any unwillingness to die," I replied; "you might be certain on that point from the manner in which I submitted before. I am neither a coward nor a trifler, but before I yield to a fate which I am perfectly ready to encounter, I insist on having an interview with Prince Menitzen. We have met as foes in former years, and it is equally important to both of us that one matter, still unsettled, should be explained. There can be no danger to you in complying with what I wish, but it will be at the peril of your master's severest anger that you refuse."

"It is idle to talk thus," said the headsmen. "How do I know that the prince would think this matter so important? I have such requests from almost every man that comes here."

I saw that it would be needless to debate any longer, and that command and entreaty would be alike ineffectual. I listened for the arrival of the fisherman, but could hear nothing of his movements, and I knew that if he was near, he could not fail to distinguish our voices, and to learn the subject of our conversation. To protract the time yet farther, and, if possible, to procure the absence of the executioner were matters of vital concern, and I resorted to the last plea which remained to me bearing any promise of success. It is one that rarely fails to prevail, whether the cause it is enlisted in, be guilty or good.

"Hark ye, fellow!" said I, "it is, indeed, needless to talk; but I can offer a better inducement than words. If you will convey my message to the prince, the contents of my pocket-book shall be yours. It is no trifling sum."

"That would, indeed, be worth while," said he, with a sneer. "When your head is cut off, your pocket and your pocket-book both will be mine. Prince Menitzen always gives us those things for perquisites."

I took from my pocket a note, and retreating towards the opposite end of the cell, as he approached me, I held it towards him.

"Here is a bill upon the richest banker in Cyprus, for two thousand francs, payable in Chephali, and accepted by him. If you convey my request to Prince Menitzen, it is yours; if you refuse to do so, I tear it into a thousand pieces."

"Upon the honor of a man of honor, you will give it me if I ask the prince!"

"If you bring the prince," said I, anxious to secure as prolonged an absence on his part as might be possible, and also thinking that with the assistance of the boatman it might be practicable to seize the person of Menitzen, and either retain him for judicial punishment, or take revenge by putting him to instant death.

The headsman paused for a moment as if pondering the advantages of complying and refusing. His gray eye twinkled with a sensual lustre, and his sallow countenance seemed to glow with a gross delight, for a few instants, when he nodded his head slightly and left the room, turning the key behind him. I waited motionless till I supposed that he had advanced too far to prevent my being heard, and then applying my utmost strength to the enormous machine that stood near the centre of the room, I moved it close against the door, certain that its weight would present an irresistible obstacle to every attempt to enter from the outside. When this was accomplished I ran to the window to look for the boatman, who, I felt sure must, ere that, have reached the wall of the turret, if he had continued in the same direction under the balcony of the adjoining tower, and the door by which the tower was entered from it was open. It was plain that he had reached the wall so silently that the earnestness of my conversation within the room had prevented my hearing him, that he swung himself noiselessly up upon the terrace, and had gone into the castle by an entrance which could not have been very firmly fastened. What was the precise intention which he expected to accomplish by this bold effort I could not know; nothing but a well-grounded hope of gaining some decisive advantage could justify any one in assuming so perilous a risk as being detected in the interior of the castle necessarily implied. The course, however, which this man had taken, in separating himself from his comrades and adopting probably the only method which existed of approaching the building successfully, indicated on his part an unusual familiarity with the character of the place, and suggested the probability of his having in some capacity or other, already explored the way which he had now adventured on. I awaited with intense anxiety the result of an undertaking on which all my hopes of life depended. If the fisherman intended to fire the building within, or do some other act of vengeance, and then return to his bark and escape I might hope that he would re-appear before the arrival of the man whom I had sent off, and that I might avail myself of his assistance to escape. If he designed to seek the presence of the prince and assassinate him on the spot, with whatever consequences to himself and his own life the blow might occasion, it was probable that the destruction of the master would suspend the execution of his orders, and that my deliverance might eventually take place. If, however, the design of this fearless intruder was to make his way to the opposite side of the castle, in order to give admittance to his companions who were there assembled, or take some other action in concert with them, or to conceal himself in the interior of the building, till at a convenient hour he might take some important step—upon either of these suppositions, and they both were likely, I could entertain no hope of reaping the benefit I had striven for, but must resign myself to a death rendered more shameful by the efforts of delay I had needlessly degraded my honor to effect.

Fettered from doing anything for my own relief, and distracted by the doubtful issues which were darkly depending on the few brief instants, I awaited the event with an irresistible nervous agitation, which made every rapid moment mark its passage by a pang. I listened for something that might give me intelligence of the boatman, and with uncontrollable eagerness my senses instinctively bent themselves to elicit from the maddening stillness a sound of hope; for attention, wildly excited, could find no other purpose for its passion; and the vivid keenness of this vain intentness made the consciousness of the scene around me almost to fade away, and in the earnestness of the inward effort to wring a satisfaction from the dumbness of the time, I forgot the situation where I was and what was depending on the knowledge that I sought. Ere long I was roused from this vague reverie by the sound of a door thrust violently open in the passage or apartment which was in the adjoining turret. A confused noise of feet succeeded, and the door was again closed as vehemently as it had been opened. A struggling ensued, as of persons scuffling and of some one borne along against his will. It grew nearer and nearer, and, in a few moments, the athletic figure of the boatman issued upon the balcony, bearing in his arms the diminutive form of Prince Menitzen.

He closed the door behind him and turned the key, and the injured father stood with his powerless victim alone above the depths of the chafing waves. No voice had broken the stillness of the scene; the prince, in the madness of his pride, had disdained to call for aid while it might have availed, and it was now too late. The boatman, leading the sullen peer before him, walked along the terrace till he reached the end of it, where it joined with that which surrounded the tower from which I looked. He took from his pocket a rope, and swinging himself up on the balustrade, he secured one end of it to a bar which ran from one of the towers to the other, at the distance of three or four feet from the point where they touched, and at an elevation of five or six from the rails.

He then sprang down and twisted a noose upon the other extremity of the cord, and I perceived that he was about to hang his victim on the spot. In a few moments the simple apparatus was prepared, and fastened about the neck of the prince, who stood motionless with a countenance that flamed with a wild vehemence of scorn: the fisherman then raised him in his arms, and lifting him over the balusters, with a strength that it was idle to combat, flung him off towards the water. The unhappy man made no resistance to his efforts, nor sought to stay himself against the frame, but just as he was thrown off, sprang upwards, and catching the rope in his grasp, held himself up by his hand in the air.

At that instant his eye met mine as I gazed through the iron bars of the window upon the progress of this extraordinary scene. His frame started and quivered, a deep throbbing convulsed his bosom, and several inches of the rope, which he held with a nervous gripe, passed through his fingers, ere he recovered himself enough to sustain his weight again; but in a moment his features resumed their frigid immobility, and their former haughty ferocity settled more deeply upon them. The rude avenger of so many wrongs gazed upon the feeble refuge to which the instinctive terror of this wretched man had resorted, in the last moments of his failing life, and knowing how idle it was, and that it only added the stings of protracted remorse to a death which nothing could prevent, he looked upon him without making any attempt to strike down his hand from the hold which he had taken. Leaning upon the edge of the grated window of my prison, which was not separated by more than three feet from the person of the prince, I looked with breathless interest and awe upon the stern and fearful retribution that was so marvellously brought upon this cold and cruel hater of all that opposed his wicked selfishness. On the opposite side, at about double that distance from his injurer, the boatman was leaning on the balusters with his arms folded under him; and with a passive hatred in his face, and a calm deadliness of determination in his glance, was gazing on the countenance of the man whom he was sending to his last account. His features, though controlled and still, bore the marks of deep excitement, mastered and smothered; the veins about his temples were swollen and distended; his eye-balls strained and enlarged, but unflinching in their keen and steady fixedness upon those of the prince; and his lips, which were somewhat compressed, were flushed by the agitation of his bosom, but composed and motionless as if they had been marble. The face of Prince Menitzen was marked by a thousand wild and opposing passions, that met and wrestled within his spirit ere the bitter hour of his latest agony; but the stern and commanding brow told that self-possession still held its sway. His dark and lustrous eye, whose strength might have outglared a lion, sometimes fell with its unflinching fire, upon my countenance, and sometimes on that of his fatal foe, and sometimes rested, in a musing mood, on vacancy. Gradually, his breathing grew harder and harder, as his strength waned, and he felt that the period of possible endurance grew nearer to its close. Not a word had been spoken, and now, save the deep respirations of the prince, and the washing of the waves beneath, no sound was heard while these three stood together waiting for the moment which would consign one of them to an eternal world. Presently the hand of the miserable man slipped along the rope as his grasp grew feebler; his fingers became purple and almost black, and his arm trembled with a nervous violence which showed that the member had passed beyond the limits of control: the hand slipped again—and again—and again. When the last instant of mortal being had arrived, his face re-assumed a wild and hellish shape that retained no likeness of the human countenance; he then uttered a deep yell of horror, that smote upon the ear like the shriek of a fiend plunged into a shoreless lake of fire; and flinging off his hand from the hold which it had kept, in the next moment he was a stiff and livid corpse.

CHAPTER XIX.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mighty heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws, conquerors should have,
But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their thoughts were not less dark, their souls as brave.
Childe Harold.

THE licentiousness of despotic power, darkened and depraved by the jury of despotic passion, which I have described Prince Menitzen as exhibiting, may occasion wonder or incredulity in the minds of those who have never trod those shores on which the constitutional vehemence and violence of Asiatic blood begins to taint the steadier purposes of European selfishness. But those who have witnessed the boundless passion, on the one hand, and the submissive acquiescence on the other, which in every Mahomedan country marks the sovereign and his slave, will be at no loss to comprehend the possibility of a far greater tyranny being practised than that which has been portrayed. Inhabiting various quarters of the mountainous regions of Cyprus, are to be found men who secluding themselves in their impregnable castles, admit a nominal dependence on the supreme

authority, but exert an autocratic sway of sanguinary power which none will question, and none can resist. The principles of fatalism which pervade the Moslem creed, and which find a natural acceptance in the human breast that makes them prevail wherever they are introduced, show the force of their influence in nothing more strongly than in the recklessness of life which they quickly induce; and if Christianity had wrought no other good than in placing a check on the irresponsible exercise of capital jurisdiction, by proving the value of life on earth by the conditions of life hereafter, it would have wrought a greater temporal blessing to society than any other agent that has been applied to ameliorate the state of mankind.

When the catastrophe described in the last chapter, was consummated, the boatman stood a few instants, regarding the countenance of the prince with an earnest scrutiny, until he had persuaded himself that that eye of force and fierceness was forever closed in night; he then turned away slowly, and stopping over the baluster, sprang down into his skiff. The interest into which a single absorbing passion had wrapped his thoughts, had apparently prevented his being at all conscious of my presence. I called to him from the window, and demanded his assistance in escaping from the dungeon in which I was confined. He started at the sound of my voice, and gazed for a little while in surprise and curiosity, and at the same time preparing to urge his bark in the direction he had come from.

"Wait," said he, after a moment's consideration, to apprehend the claim which I put forth; "wait, I will return. You can be in no immediate danger," inclining his head towards the lifeless form of Prince Menitzen.

"The executioner is at the door," cried I, "and will be an assassin that he may be a plunderer. Bring assistance as soon as possible."

The boat, impelled by the powerful arm of its master, glided rapidly towards the open sea. The boatman drew it, as before, over the rocky ledge that bounded the little harbor, and directing it around the southern wall, was quickly out of sight. I waited, in strong anxiety, the issue of the efforts on which my life was placed. If the headsman of Prince Menitzen, either learning the fate which had befallen his master, or finding that his efforts to discover him were unavailing, were to return to my prison, he would, in the one case, be obedient to the order which he had been prevailed on to suspend, and in the other, would be earnest to destroy whom he might afterwards despoil. I entertained some hope of being able to exclude him by means of the huge machine which I had placed against the door; but, even if that availed to prevent him from reaching the apartment from that quarter, there was another entrance, the one by which I had come in was blocked by no such barrier. If that was such as to give admission to any one upon that side, and was not secured by a key which was removed by the prince, my last hope of safety was struck down.

Some time passed by, and I neither saw any token of the arrival of the fisherman, nor heard any indication of the return of the executioner. The apprehension which one delay might alleviate, was heightened by the other. At length, the rude tones of the headsman, as he pushed against the barricaded door and demanded admission, indicated the arrival of the crisis which I so deeply dreaded. I made no reply to his call, but planted myself firmly against the guillotine, in a manner which I felt confident would enable me to prevent the opening of that door. With violent threats and oaths he continued for some minutes to beat upon the iron panels and insist on being admitted. I remained profoundly silent. Presently, he desisted from his efforts, and apparently left the spot. I flattered myself that other duties which might await him elsewhere, obliged him to relinquish his purpose in respect to me. While I was looking intently in the direction where he had endeavored to come in, a creaking noise from some part of the room behind me, smote suddenly upon my ear, and turning round I beheld the door by which I had entered the apartment, swung wide open, and the object of my dread standing before me with a frowning and savage aspect. He drew from his belt a pistol, and scowling with a ferocious glare, came within a foot of where I stood, and gazed upon me for a moment without speaking, with an air of resolute and deadly hate. In that moment which seemed to be the end of all earthly hope to me, for anger and interest were combined to urge my destruction, there flashed upon my sight a spectacle which kindled my bosom with the gladness of triumph.

The headsman raised his hand to seize me by the neck and lead me to the guillotine from which my escape had once been so narrow. "Behold," said I, elevating my arm and pointing to the window through which the figures of more than twenty men, headed by the fisherman, were visible, crossing the ledge of rocks with their light caïques, and hastening with their gleaming weapons toward the castle. "Behold my avengers!"

The officer started with momentary amazement, but quickly recovered his composure.

"They will be in time," said he, with a sardonic smile, "to receive your corpse through the window and convey it to the grave. Fool! how can they enter?"

"By the same door that he came out," said I, pointing through the other window to the form of Prince Menitzen which was suspended beneath.

The face of the executioner blanched with a deadly paleness as he gazed upon the fearful sight. In a moment, he darted his fiery glance upon me, and clasping his pistol, exclaimed, "I must have my money!"

Quick as the spring of lightning, I rushed past him through the open door, and dragged it to behind me. It fastened itself by a huge steel catch, and, shielded from my imprisoned foe, I stood alone in the picture gallery.

I knew that the other door was fastened, and that there was no possibility of the headsman's escape. As soon as I felt myself relieved from impending danger, the duty of preserving the castle from the sack of an infuriated mob, presented itself strongly to my mind. The fisherman was entitled to explore the pile in search of his daughter, who was probably concealed within it; but I determined not to be accessory to the admission of a lawless rabble, who should in no case be the judges of right or the punishers of wrong. I immediately hastened round to the passage which led to the door of the adjoining turret, through which the invaders were about to enter. When I reached the platform, the boats were just beneath, and their excited occupants were preparing to spring up upon it, and rush into the building. I raised my hand, and ordered them to pause.

"It is in my power," said I, placing my hand upon the door, and standing within its frame, "by closing this entrance, to exclude you from this castle. I admit you upon condition. Vengeance," pointing as I spoke to the form of the prince, "has already gone far enough. Promise me that if I give you passage, you will abstain from all attempt to injure or despoil the building, and that one of your number will immediately convey me to the village of Chephali."

The boatman, seeing that I was in a condition to render their hopes abortive, and annihilate the advantage they had seemed to gain, looked at one another with apprehension and doubt.

"We will!" they at length exclaimed.

"Swear!" cried I.

"We swear."

I at once flung open the door, and stepped down into one of the boats, which pulled up for the purpose of giving me passage. The sturdy arm of the waterman quickly brought me to the beach beneath Chephali.

[To be continued.]

THE PROPOSAL:

A SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PLAY.

BY MRS. FANNY KIMBLE BUTLER.

A Garden. Enter JAMES FORRESTER and MARY.

Mary. And so, you never heard of the flower angels?

James. Never: are you one of them?

Mary. Oh, you are mocking me?

James. Believe me, not—But, for whene'er I see you,
Be't morn or ev'n, mid noon, or starry night,
A flower still hangs on your breast, or in your hand,
I thought perhaps you were a flower angel.

Mary. No, truly; but they're always near about me.

James. What are they?

Mary. Happy spirits, whose charge it is
To walk unseen about all garden paths,
And live in the fragrant neighborhood of flowers.
No bud or blossom but hath such a keeper;
In dim, damp wood, or on wide, windy common,
By loneliest marsh, where'er a flower may blow,
Nursed in close gardens of man's fashioning,
Or sown by that wandering seedsman, the free air,
These angels haunt: the maid that on her casement

Sets a flower pot, hath one still watching there,
And she that wears a flower in her vest,
Keeps a good spirit hovering o'er her breast.
I make you smile; this is not city talk.

James. Give me that rose you wear, for I believe
Partly in what you say,—so give it me,
That I may have an angel near to me.

Mary. So you take mine from me; well, 'tis no matter.

James. Alas, you do not need such guardianship.
But when this fades, then whither goes the spirit?

Mary. I do not know, I ne'er did think of that;
Perchance to some new-blown bud of the same kind.

James. My angel then would leave me: I could wish,
To have some flower growing ever near me,
That should live as long as I did; some sweet flow'r,
Whose loveliness and bloom would last my days,
And whose good angel should be mine till death;
Know you of any such?

Mary. No, sir, of none.
The dews begin to fall, 'tis growing evening.
Shall we go, sir?

James. O, 'tis not evening yet;
The air is warm and balmy, and the light
Is bright on all the tree stems yet, dear Mary.

Mary. Nay, but look yonder, how the sober sky
Hath suited all itself with modest gray.
And see, where the moon uplifts her pearly brow
Over that soft brown cloud.

James. Ay, but look yonder,
On my side of the garden, gentle mistress;
The western heaven is full of rosy light,
And on yon slope, where the fallow deer stand gazing,
How red the sunset falls.

Mary. Look at the shadows,
They're very long.

James. They will grow longer, Mary,
And night will come; and after it to-morrow,
When I must go from hence.

Mary. Shall we go in?

James. One moment stand beneath this blossoming tree,
That drops its snowy stars to crown thy head,
And let me, while I yet am at thy side,
Gaze on that happy place that I must leave.

Mary. Nay, speak not thus,—these melancholy words,
And the stealing twilight, fill my heart with sadness.
Must you indeed be gone?

James. I must indeed.
The business I came hither to despatch
Is all accomplished, all things quite cleared up;
One blessed week has passed like one short day,
And all is over.

Mary. I am sorry! What?

James. What are you sorry for?
That you must go:
Shall you never come again?

James. Will you give me leave
To come again?

Mary. O yes, most gladly!

James. Mary,
We are not speaking to each other truly:
The words that from thy innocent lips I draw,
Might seem to some men warrant of a hope
Which yet I have not, for I know thy thought
Touches not mine.

- Mary.* I do not understand you.
 I'm very sorry you must go, I would
 Your cause had been much harder to unravel,
 Then you had staid here longer; I'd have shown you
 Then, other walks, and favorite paths of mine,
 And we should have seen the roses bloom together.
 What is the matter, that you cover your eyes
 And sigh so? have I vex'd you, Master Forrester?
- James.* Hush, hush, thou fairy! this is all too much!
 O lay this little hand upon my breast,
 And feel the tempest thou hast wrought in me.
- Mary.* You frighten me! O, pray let go my hand!
 'Tis evening now, quite evening, let's go in.
- James.* Nay my heart's bursting, I must speak it all.
 Mary, I love you! O, maiden, words can't utter
 How much I love you! O no, do not leave me,
 Don't tremble; dost thou fear me, I, who'd give
 My soul, to save thee from the smallest harm?
- Mary.* Let me go to my brother! Sir, this is not well;
 You—you—you—should not have said this to me,
 I can scarce breathe or stand—
- James.* O, sit down here,
 I will not breathe another word of love;
 Forgive me, but for pity's sake stay here;
 Don't fear, I will not touch thy hand, I will not
 E'en sit beside thee. May I stand here, Mary?
- Mary.* Yes, sir.
- James.* The moonlight shines into your eyes,
 And makes them look like two soft streams of light;
 Listen—far down in the dark, from yonder thickets,
 What sound is that?
- Mary.* It is the nightingale:
 Is it not sweet?
- James.* Most melancholy sweet!
 Yet O, not half so sweet as thy sweet voice.
- Mary.* I'm better now, so pray let me go in.
- James.* Shall your brother know of all this secret talk?
 Shall I tell it him, and ask him if he'll give thee
 To me, to be my wife? Speak, Mary, shall I?
- Mary.* Ask what thou wilt, I will stay here no longer. *(She runs out.)*
- James.* For mercy's sake don't leave me! She is gone!
 Like some light vision of unearthly beauty,
 She's vanish'd! But the charm she shed around
 Remains. O blessed sward her feet have pressed,
 Be ever green! Thou happy, happy mound,
 That did'st receive her beauteous form, may flow'rs
 Cover thee sweetly all the live-long summer!
 And thou, delicious curtains of fresh blossoms,
 May autumn crown thee with a glorious bearing.
 Ye lovely ministrants to man's delight,
 That seem so full of kindly sympathy
 With human joy, a lover's blessing on ye!
 And be this place for ever hallowed ground,
 First left by winter, by the summer's sun first found! *(Exit.)*

THE UNWEDDED BRIDE.

A TRUE STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY EZRA HOLDEN, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the early history of the colony of Virginia, that Edward Farnsworth came from Lincolnshire, England, to settle upon an immense inheritance of landed property, which descended to him as the eldest of "the House of the Farnsworths." His father was one of the most reputable as well as most wealthy men of the old world, and was eminent in his day for the high political trusts reposed in his hands. By the law of entailment—a law which has for centuries disgraced the statutes of the mother country—Edward, junior, the eldest son of the "House of the Farnsworths," came into possession of almost all the family property, which thus rendered him, when he came to Virginia, one of the richest men in the colony. It was long subsequent to the French encroachments upon the ancient colony when he arrived, but it was at a period when the events were in agitation which produced the sanguinary struggles that proved the patriotism of many of the most noble men Virginia ever claimed. The immortal Washington, with his wisdom-guided compeers, had given her a dignified stand, ranking her high among the colonies of the western world. They had early developed those principles which gave a constellation of true patriots to the war of the American revolution. Mr. Farnsworth soon caught the spirit of the days in which he lived, and amid the fearful issue which ultimately drove back the misguided authority of monarchical power, he was ever found where duty and patriotism demanded his ready service. He was a courageous and distinguished officer of the revolution, and shared the victory and glory of one of the most fearful battles of that eventful fight.

Edward was the favorite son of this patriot sire. He was a remarkable young man, and as the father looked to him to support the future dignity of his house, and the high renown of the family, every advantage which influence and wealth could impart were freely extended to prepare him for his future greatness in the "House of the Farnsworths;" and, accordingly, he was sent over the waters to complete his education at the university of Oxford. He had scarcely finished his education, when the mournful intelligence was sent him that his patriot sire had, from his labors in the Congress of the new world, been followed to the tomb, mourned by the American nation, as one who had freely offered up his time and treasure in the sacred cause of universal liberty.

From the early history of the colony of Virginia, the ancient family of the Musgraves had been planted upon her territory. They had preceded the Farnsworths in settling themselves upon their plantation, which was in the immediate neighborhood of the immense possessions of the former. From the first, the two families were intimately knit together in the bonds of social intercourse. They formed, we may almost say, one family, for the members of each participated in the pleasures and enjoyments of the other. Helen Musgrave was the only daughter, but the third child, of the Musgraves. The two sons had become settled in life, the wealthy parent having given them their portion of the family wealth, and Helen was looked to by both parents as the heiress of all the other property, excepting the mother's life estate, if she should survive her husband.—This feeling was fostered much by the education of their early lives; and it was, therefore, with great gratification that they early discovered a growing affection between Helen and Edward, whom they looked upon as evidently deserving of her hand, heart, and fortune. In fact, long before Edward returned to America from the university of Oxford, it was well understood that she was betrothed to him.

Soon after this, on coming into the full possession of his immense estate, he purchased the desirable spot known as the "Oaklands," and built one of the most charming cottage ornés which Virginia could boast, as the future home of himself and the adorable Helen.

Edward was not only a most excellent young gentleman, but highly appreciated. His wealth, the high pedigree of his family, and above all, the great good sense, the estimable qualities of his

mind, superadded to a warm heart and a most finished education, made him a young gentleman of high consideration among his fellow men. He was elevated to represent his district in the popular branch of the legislature of Old Virginia, the year he could take a seat by his age; and in the year but one afterwards, so great was the admiration of his virtues and his talents, he was sent to the upper house, a political elevation which, at that day, in dignified and elevated Virginia, was as high an estimate as could have been tendered to his eminent qualifications by his fellow-citizens. In a word, we may say, that few men ever won and enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-men to so great an extent as Edward Farnsworth, and in no trust reposed in his hands did he betray his constituents or disgrace himself—a remark which we wish we could in conscience make respecting more of those who are entrusted with public duties in the days in which we live.

CHAPTER II.

It has been well said, that "great minds often have great weaknesses." It was the spring of the year, if our chronicler has written it correctly, about the first of May, when Edward Farnsworth was returning from the "Oaklands," with his fast and most intimate friend, Wortley Allison.

"Well, Wortley, our nuptials are fast approaching."

"Not so fast, Edward, as I could wish them, were I the happy man."

"You think so, no doubt, Wortley, but *you* have never approached so nearly to this fearful bend in the stream of life."

"No, Edward, that's very true; but I would soon turn voyager on the crystal lake of matrimony, if I could win the heart of one so justly loved and admired as Helen Musgrave."

"That may be so, Wortley; but *you* know nothing of what you are talking about; and I have long lacked courage to ask even you a question, which is all the world to your friend. Wortley, smile not in derision, when I ask *if you think Helen loves me for myself alone?*"

"My life upon it, Edward, she does."

"I'm glad you think so, and I would not have you think that *I* think otherwise. It was a foolish whim that crossed my mind, Wortley, and I beg you will never bestow upon it a second thought."

"Indeed, Edward I shall not, for I do not think it was worthy of a *first* one."

"Well, Wortley, I thank you for your pleasantry, for I feel it is well deserved."

Great preparations were made for the nuptials. The union of two such houses as these was no ordinary occurrence. No nuptials had at that day been solemnized in Virginia, that had ever been looked to in their approach with so much interest, both in consequence of the universal esteem in which the parties were held, and the distinction and extent of their respective families.

The good ship *Atlantis*, at that period in our commercial intercourse with Liverpool, employed mostly as a merchant ship, on its return to America, brought over many of the relatives of both houses, who had determined to visit their friends in Virginia, and have the double pleasure of attending the wedding and visiting their relatives besides.

Among those who thus came in the *Atlantis*, was Eleanor Churchill, a sweet little cousin to Helen Musgrave, by her mother's side. Eleanor Churchill was at that witching time of life, "sweet seventeen," when she arrived. She was five feet six inches in height, of symmetrical form, with blue eyes, auburn tresses, and a face of "roseate hue and pearly white;" of winning manners, well educated, intelligent, open-hearted, frank, generous to a fault, and in short, one of the sweetest girls which the imagination of even the poet can conceive. She soon became a very great favorite wherever she went, and none appeared more delighted with her than her own relatives.

It was a matter of course that so pleasant an event as a visit from so many kind relatives from over the water would be hailed with much hilarity and rejoicing. Magnificent levees rapidly followed; all the Musgraves and the Farnsworths displaying no little rivalry to see which should eclipse the others.

On Tuesday evening, the mansion of the Musgraves was thrown open to an immense crowd. It was not only one of the largest levees, but one of the most brilliant, that had ever occurred at the mansion of Pleasant Ridge. All the world was there. The rich, the intellectual, the refined, and the beautiful, the sweetest of the sweet maidens of Virginia; but of them all, Eleanor, the handsome, vivacious, fascinating little sylph, who had recently come from the high courts of fashion in the old world, was the universal theme of admiration.

It was late ere the immense throng withdrew, and when they did, the beautiful Eleanor gracefully encircled her arm within the proffered one of Edward, who waited upon her to her carriage, to drive home with his mother, with whom he insisted she should pass a few days, at "the villa of the Farnsworths."

When Helen retired to her room that night, she discovered that she had unintentionally retained upon her finger the brilliant diamond ring which Eleanor usually wore, and which she had sportively placed upon the wedding finger. In the morning about twelve, Helen ordered her carriage, and drove to the villa.

Edward was still there, to welcome his betrothed one. After the pleasant salutations of the morning, Helen, gently taking Eleanor's snow-white hand within her own, said, "My dear, did you not miss your brilliant? let me restore it to your hand."

"Why, Helen, if you hav'n't put the ring upon my wedding finger! That's an omen! Now I shall *supplant* you," half uttered she, as she skipped like a fairy across the room, and commenced playing, "Whilst with village maids I stray," accompanying the piano with her sweet but plaintive voice.

"There are stranger truths than that uttered in jest," said Edward, as the servant brought in the cards of the Misses Wingate, which put an immediate stop to the conversation.

The Wingates belonged to the dignified and wealthy families of Virginia. They never gave a party without its being a jam of the caste, fashion, and beauty of those days. All the world was there, and since the charming Eleanor was to be "the lion," (or "lioness," perhaps we ought to say,) of the occasion, Edward told her he thought it far better that he should go with her early, and without first calling for Helen, as had previously been arranged. The carriage was ordered, and they accordingly drove to the Wingates. When they arrived, they found great numbers already there. Many had not yet had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Eleanor, and Edward found himself much occupied in introducing his fair charge, as she hung upon his arm, passing around amid the gay assemblage, as they poured into the brilliant saloons of the Wingates.

The evening began rapidly to advance, when Julia Wingate passed Edward, who was still bearing the "observed of all observers" upon his arm, remarking as she went, "Pray, where is Helen? Did you call for her?"

"No, we did not," said Edward; "but I must send the carriage for her at once."

"You will go in it, Edward," said Eleanor.

"It will make no difference, Eleanor, if I do not; and, since it is so late, I think I will not."

The carriage soon arrived within the court at the mansion of the Musgraves. The footman announced that Edward had sent the carriage for Helen.

"Is Edward there, mother?" asked Helen.

"The footman, my dear, says he could not leave the party, there were so many to introduce to our charming cousin."

"Mother," said Helen, I do not feel so well as usual, and I beg you would go to the Wingates without me."

"If you are not well, Helen, let the carriage go back without either of us, for I cannot go unless you do."

"Then, mother, let us both go; perhaps I shall feel better when I get into the air."

As the nuptials between Edward and Helen were to take place early in the following month, of course the wedding was the theme of conversation among many of the most intimate acquaintances of Helen, at the party.

"How I envy you, Helen," said her intimate friend, Josephine Wingate, smilingly.

"You need not," said Helen, "for the nearer I am to this important event of my life, the sadder grow."

"That's for joy," retorted Josephine; "sure I am, it can be for nothing beside."

"What would I give to be the wife of him who is not only the handsomest man in this assembly, but the one of all others who is best qualified to fill here the office of gallant to the most charming belle from the high courts of fashion and etiquette in the old world?"

It was quite late ere the levee began to dissolve, when Edward, having been exclusively devoted to the fair Eleanor, the beautiful, vivacious and charming attraction of the evening, gave the other arm to Helen, and they walked to their carriage to return to their respective homes. They alighted but a moment at the home of the Musgraves, and then Edward and Eleanor re-entered the carriage to depart for the villa of his worthy mother.

As the outer door turned upon its hinges, and Helen and her mother walked into the little back parlor, they threw themselves upon the couch, Helen remarking that she never felt so depressed at a party in her life, as she had that evening.

In the morning, a note came from Edward, asking Helen if she would join in a party that had just been concluded on, to visit the Virginia Springs, the spot of most fashionable resort at the time. "I will call at eleven to-day, with my carriage, for you, Helen." Helen returned a note, saying she did not feel well enough to go that day on so long a journey of pleasure, but urged Edward to go with "our cousin, by all means." Immediately on the receipt of this note, Edward drove to the home of Helen, and stated that he would not go on the party of pleasure, if she did not go with them. But Helen made the sweetest entreaties that he would, averring that it would not be gratifying to her if he did not.

"What shall I do," said Edward to himself, as he left the mansion, after a few hours' stay; "must I go without Helen; and yet how can I *test* the affection of her who is to be mine for life, if I do not go? Yes, I will go, though Wortley did laugh at me for my doubts. No, no, I do not doubt Helen, I doubt *myself*, and I'll go with our friends to the Springs, to get rid of my foolish whims, amid the gay pleasures of that fashionable spot."

ALL readers who have visited fashionable resorts, know well enough the "sayings and doings" of such places, and it is therefore unnecessary to recount here the monotonous occurrences of the pleasure-party. Eleanor was, of course, the "foreign lady of distinction," whom all sought to become acquainted with; and if Edward had no other motive than a mere gratification of his pride of gallantry, to be the constant attendant of such a lady might have been allowed to that self-approbation of which all men in fashionable life are susceptible.

Eleanor, in the happy enjoyment of the most congenial temper, embarked with unreserved cheerfulness in the pleasures of chastened and elevated conversation. Surrounded, as she often was, by many of the first minds of Virginia, it was surprising to witness the familiarity with which she spoke of the charms of the ancient classics, or of the people, scenes, manners, and history of the modern states of the old world; and yet she appeared free from the burden of thought, and evinced the fluency of her colloquial powers through the extent of the subjects which came up for conversation. Edward, however, in the midst of the gaieties that surrounded him, was occasionally oppressed with meditations, as unlike those which had come over him at other critical periods of his life, as was the builder of the temple of Ephesus unlike the mad incendiary who destroyed it. He wrote to Helen on the morning but one after they reached the Springs, saying that he would go up for her if she felt inclined to join the party. "Pray, say you will come, Helen, to witness the unbounded admiration with which our charming cousin is welcomed here. She is regarded as the most accomplished and beautiful lady who has ever been the wonder at the Springs, or has ever visited these shores."

"Mother," said Helen, after she had perused the letter of Edward, evidently with great emotion, "see how kindly Edward speaks of our sweet little cousin. He wants me to go down and witness the homage of all hearts to her beauty and accomplishments; but, I cannot tell how it is, yet I never felt so averse to joining in a pleasure-party; and I know I should cast a shade over their pleasures if I went. I cannot go, mother;" and she seated herself at her escritoire, to tell Edward so in a hasty note.

The reader can better conceive than we can describe the emotions with which Edward received the letter of one whom he loved to adoration, and to whom he was to be so soon united in the bonds of matrimony. He felt that he had assumed a part from which the better feelings of his nature rebelled, and this, too, on the eve of his wedding-day. "Have I planted a pang of distress in the bosom of the angel of my affections! O! I will wipe away every glimmer of distrust by a life of entire devotion to my Helen. And yet gracious God! I may have gone too far in this masquerade of my feelings. What if?—No, no, I must not recede, for then I should acknowledge my suspicions, and consider myself unworthy of the sweetest angel that ever lavished love on so fastidious and foolish a heart."

"Why, Edward," said Eleanor, entering the apartment unobservedly, "how gloomy you look—
are you unwell?"

"Only sad, that, with your buoyant spirits, you had absented yourself so long."

"Is that all, Edward?—well, I hope the piano is not so much out of tune as your face appeared to be when I came in," she remarked, as she seated herself at the piano, and commenced a sweet melody, running in these words:

From stem to stem the wild bee sips
Its honey from the bloom,
And robs the blossom's leafy lips,
And revels in perfume,
But when the flowret yields its dyes,
He comes not to its cup,
But leaves the heat of parching skies,
To drink its sweetness up.

O! this is Love, that beauty knows,
Which tends it for a while,
Then round a newer image glows,
And wears another smile:
When youth is rife with maiden charms,
The heart no claim denies,
But when distrust the soul alarms,
It joys in other eyes.

"I pray you, Eleanor, sing some more sportive air. I believe I do need a little rousing of my spirits this morning."

"Excuse me, coz, for a short time, as I promised to step into the parlor of the Perleys," said Eleanor, as she skipped across the room like a sylph, singing in most merry mood as she went:

I do not well know, and I never could tell,
 Why gallants so oft are untrue,
 Why always some evil the suitor befel,
 Who doubted the maiden he knew.

And, in a short time afterward, as she returned, she skipped in, singing more light-heartedly than before, if possible :

How sweet is the valley, and green is the glen,
 Where the cottage of Ellendale stands,
 Where, away from the wiles and the praises of men,
 Lives the lass of the wild forest lands.

"I like that song, Eleanor; sing it to the close, will you?" said Edward.

"Oh, I do not recollect it all now, and this verse only recurred to my memory while the Misses Perley and their mother were portraying the romantic situation of their cottage home at Ellendale, to which they insist we must accompany them, on their return home on Thursday morning, to pass a week with them."

"I would go, Eleanor with all my heart, but you know our nuptials are to take place on Monday week, and it would not be possible for us to reach home in season to prepare."

"Well, that's true; I did not think of that. How I should like to go to Ellendale with the Perleys. Let me manage, Edward. I will write to my dear Helen, and I know she will put off the wedding a week on my account. Don't object, Edward," seeing that he appeared quite averse to this proposition, added the light-hearted girl; "I will tell Helen that I make you go with me to the Perleys, and all will be right;" and so saying, before Edward had a chance to utter scarcely a word, she had written the note, and despatched a servant with it to the post-office.

It would be impossible to picture the emotion with which the devoted Helen opened the note from Eleanor. She read and re-read its contents, and yet she doubted that she had read them right. "Gone with Eleanor, to the Perley's and the wedding must be put off!" She re-opened the note, and read it again—"Not a line from Edward. We were to be wedded on Monday week. Well, Eleanor says she 'made him go.' He would not have gone, if she had not over-persuaded him. No, I know he would not; and yet, why did they not think to postpone their visit to the Perley's till after the nuptials, and we might all have gone together to Ellendale?" And she sunk down upon her couch, every fibre of her system convulsed with the deepest emotions, at the extraordinary contents of the note she had so often read.

On the morning following, she received a letter from Edward, corroborating what Eleanor had written, and making a thousand apologies, laying all blame upon Eleanor, who had persuaded him to do what he must ask her to forgive. Helen appeared more solemn on the perusal of Edward's letter, but it was obvious that it was the calmness of deep disappointment, at so unexpected a delay in the most important event that could occur in her life.

CHAPTER III.

ELLENDALE was all the romance and beauty that the Perleys had described, and Eleanor enjoyed herself much, as she did everywhere. All was gaiety and hilarity. But Edward was unhappy, and although he attempted to stifle his feelings, at the end of the second day he begged that his kind hostess would permit him to leave Ellendale.

"Eleanor must not go so soon," said Mrs. Perley, to which the daughter warmly responded.

"Then," said Edward, "I will go and prepare for the wedding, and return for Eleanor, as she is to be bridesmaid."

"That must do, Edward, if you will go;" they all exclaimed at once; and the servant in a few moments brought his carriage, and he was on his way to the home of his adorable Helen. He drove at once to the mansion; but, as he crossed the threshold, he felt as if a spell were upon him, and as he entered the little back parlor, he found Helen, with his letter from the Springs upon her table, but she instantly attempted to conceal it, by placing over it the book which she had in her hand.

"I could not stay, longer, Helen, as you did not join our party at the Springs."

"Why, Edward, where is Eleanor? did she not come with you?"

"No, my Helen, the Perleys would not let her leave so soon, and I have come without her, to ask forgiveness for having staid so long. It was all the fault of Eleanor, Helen."

"So she wrote me, Edward, and I must forgive her for doing so, for our charming cousin is the attraction that wins all hearts," added Helen, in a half-suppressed tone:

"But, Helen, you desired me, or I should not have gone; and now let us think no more of that, but prepare for another event."

"Perhaps," quickly replied Helen, "Eleanor may have another Ellendale to visit first."

Edward felt the rebuke in the depth of his soul, for he knew it was deserved; but rallying his afflicted feelings, he said that he would ask Wortley to see that all should be ready for Thursday evening week, "if you do not object, Helen!" he added, glancing at the face of her who was the world to him, as he felt conscience-struck that he had not taken the most justifiable steps of late towards the sole object of his affections.

It was now only eight days to the wedding, and although all things had been once arranged, still, now that the nuptials had been postponed, the great numbers of friends were to be re-advised of the evening upon which it was to take place. The intervening time was expended, as the reader will conceive, in those steps which always precede a wedding, and which it will be of no importance to allude to here. This was a coming event that had been looked to with great interest by the vast number of friends of both Helen and Edward, and the beautiful, the wealthy, and the elite of Virginia were on the wing of expectancy for the brilliant and happy nuptials between two of the most respected houses of the "old dominion."

Thursday night came, and the halls of the Musgraves were thrown open to as brilliant an assembly as ever convened in Virginia. At an early hour, they commenced pouring in, from all the surrounding region, and many from a considerable distance, filled with the most joyous anticipations, to witness the bestowal of the heart and the hand of the pride of her sex in Virginia, upon one who was equally admired for his elevated talents, and manly virtues.

Helen Musgrave was that night to be given away in marriage. One of the most beautiful damsels of the fair daughters of a region which has been celebrated for the perfection of its "angels of life," and the richest heiress in America was to become a bride. Decked in her bridal dress, the chasteness and beauty of which were outrivalled only by the symmetry of her person, the mildness of her lovely face, and the gentle modesty of her deportment, she was at last prevailed upon by her most intimate friends, to come from her dressing room, and mingle with the brilliant throng. It was by much over-persuasion that she did so, as her heart, now that the great event of her life had arrived, was not at all in unison with the gaiety of the throng that she must pass amongst, to become the "observed of all observers."

"Where is Edward, dearest Helen?" inquired Josephine Wingate.

"Gone for Eleanor, sister," quickly replied Margaretta Wingate, who had before understood that fact from the mother of the bride-to-be.

"When did he go, Helen?" resumed Josephine.

"On Tuesday morning, my dearest Jose," said Helen, and as she locked arms with her to walk into the back parlor, she added with deep emotion, though with an evident attempt at concealment, "I hope she has not again run off with him to the Springs. *He was to have been back yester eve.*"

The guests were all too busy with each other, in seeing and being seen, to think much of the unexpected absence of Edward, in the first part of the evening; but as the evening began to wane away, his absence alone became the theme of every heart, although, from the deep struggle that was evidently raging in the bosom of Helen, all appeared anxious to avoid any inquiry.

"Why I do not doubt they are at the Oaklands," said Miss Ellison.

"Yes, Helen, Wortley will go up to see, and hurry them down," added Josephine.

"No, no," said Helen, "they will be here soon; they *must* be."

Wortley, however, stole from the throng, and rode to the Oaklands. It was an hour afterwards when he returned; and, the first moment he could catch the eye of his sister Anna, he walked towards the window with her, to impart the mysterious intelligence which he heard at the Oaklands, that Edward had been persuaded by Eleanor to ride upwards of forty miles out of their way, to visit the Churchills, at Bloomingdale; and when they turned from the window, they saw Helen turning away also, quivering with emotion. She made a convulsed effort to appear calm to the company, and locked in the arms of Josephine and Anna, her most intimate female companions, she passed from the great saloon; and when she reached the large hall of the entry, she begged them to return, and permit her for a little time to retire to her room, to let her maids re-adjust some portion of her bridal dress, which was unpleasant in its fittings.

Hour after hour had now passed away, and the evening was far advanced. Anxiety and disappointment were depicted upon every countenance. The noble and high-minded mother of Helen sat in the midst of taste, fashion, and beauty, with a fond smile upon her lips, her heart ready to burst with fearful anticipations. None could tell aught of their forebodings; and some even thought of retiring in the bitterness of disappointment, at the extraordinary absence of one whom all loved and admired. At that instant, a carriage drove into the court-yard, when Edward and Eleanor passed into the front hall in great haste.

"I know you will forgive me, Jose," said Eleanor, catching her friend in her arms. "I ran away with Edward, to Bloomingdale. It's all my doings; but Helen will forgive me, in her joy at the return of her Edward. Where is my dearest Helen? We will now atone for all. Let us fly for the bride to the nuptials." And so saying, she ran up the front stairs to the room of Helen, accompanied by Josephine and Anna, with the quickness of thought.

Joy and gladness now beamed forth from every countenance, and all hearts were beating high for the return of the absent one, and in the bright anticipation of the happy termination of all their forebodings. The immense throng was one unbroken scene of pleasure and merriment, which was alone interrupted by loud laughs from above, causing many of the most familiar friends, accompanied by Edward, to run up stairs, in the buoyancy of their feelings, and in their anticipation of felicity, to meet the sweet smiles of the almost bride, at the return of him who was to make her his for life.

"Helen, dearest girl, open the door," said Eleanor; "we are all here in waiting for the bride."

No answer was made from within.

"Now, Helen do not keep us longer in suspense. Pray do not pay our long delay in jest, though we do deserve it. I alone am to blame. Edward is guiltless."

"She serves us right," said Edward; "but," he added, raising his voice, "it is your Edward that asks forgiveness, Helen. She that could never chide, will forgive one who feels that he ought to ask for pardon."

Still there was no answer. Many of the party had clustered about the door, with light hearts and merry faces.

"Force open the door," said Eleanor; "coz is carrying her joke too far." Edward placed himself almost unconsciously against the door, which yielded to the pressure, and the party rushed into the bridal chamber.

"Forgive and forget, dearest Helen," said Eleanor, as she clasped Helen in her arms, at the same instant impressing a kiss upon her snow-white face, when she uttered a convulsive scream, that thrilled to the very soul of all, and fell insensible on the floor, exclaiming, "O! God! **HELEN IS DEAD!**"

The unwedded bride sat by the side of the bridal bed, not one bracelet of the bridal dress had been removed; the smile of forgiveness, playing upon her lips, but her pure spirit had gone to Him who doubts not the constancy and love of the pure in heart.

It is impossible to describe the scene of anguish that ensued. The imagination of the reader alone can draw that picture, nor would it be in the power of any delineator to portray the remorse of Edward. It is not many years since he occupied one of the highest offices in the gift of the people of his native State; and he never returned from his public toils, without visiting the grave of his departed bride, whose memory yet appears as fresh in his heart as though his head were not silvered o'er by the whiteness of years. He expects to meet his Helen in heaven, and speaks with unbounded joy of the forgiving smile that played upon her sweet lips, as she reposed upon the wedding bed, on the night of his brideless nuptials, in proof to his spirit that she will be his angel in the world that shall never pass away!

Eleanor, the heretofore light-hearted and joyous Eleanor, returned to her native land, "with a broken spirit and a contrite heart," betook herself to a convent; and it was within the last two years, that she bequeathed an estate, left her by her brother, one of the most wealthy merchants of London, to found an Orphan's Asylum, where those whom the world looked coldly upon, might have a home of comfort and of joy.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MISS CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

A mother's love, the fadeless light
That glimmers o'er our weary way,
A star amid the clouds of night.
An ever-burning quenchless ray.
A guarding power, thro' good and ill,
Where'er the truant footsteps rove,
A ceaseless, flowing, sparkling rill,
A fount of hope, a mother's love.

A mother's love, it whispers first
Above the cradled infant's head,
And when those human blossoms burst,
Her bosom's still the floweret's bed.

When their bright summer day has past,
And autumn clouds hang dark above,
It lingers round us to the last,
That dearest boon, a mother's love.

And yet how oft our footsteps roam,
Thro' pleasure's bright, alluring maze,
Forgetful of the ties of home,
And all the joys of earlier days.
But, there's a charm to lure them back,
And like the weary, wandering dove,
The heart retreads its childhood's track,
To that one ark, a mother's love.

THE WARRIOR OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR, PHILA.

He stood a rock amidst the storm,
On whom its rage had burst,
And thousands gather'd round his form,
In deep and anxious trust;
And long he stood, with bleeding veins,
Through battles lost and won,
Upon his pure and native plains,—
The wild's unconquer'd son.

'Twas vengeance nerv'd his valiant heart,
And fir'd his fearless eye;
That pois'd his deadly-pointed dart,
And rous'd his battle-cry.
With soul of high heroic aim,
Unmatch'd in war or chase,
His deeds had made his martial name,
The champion of his race.

He led his warriors forth to fight,
In silence and unseen,
And in the skirmish and the flight,
Blood stained the trampled green;
He knew the race that red men wrong'd
Were gathering in his land,
And where their legions thickest throng'd,
He fought with boldest hand.

He met them on the everglades,
And chose his battle ground,
And in the swamps and forest shades,
Their weltering dead were found.
He lur'd them round his marshy camp,
Beneath a burning sky,
That scath'd them with its sickly damp
Before their ranks could fly.

He chas'd them on the barren sands—
He fell'd them on the shore—
He scalp'd them by his savage bands,
And left them in their gore.
He sent his war-whoop from the wood,
And swept the tented plain,
Then hied him back in solitude,
To plot revenge again.

Untam'd he struggled wild and tried,
Entrench'd in Indian art,
Till mesh'd he bow'd to foes defied,
Betray'd and crush'd in heart;

And with him fell his followers strong,
A firm and cherish'd band—
The few from out a mighty throng,
O'ercome in heart and hand.

His strifes were o'er—his battles fought—
The lull of anguish near—
The arrow's point its mark had sought,
And he the wounded deer;
And, as the stag with bleeding side
The covert strives to gain,
He felt the shaft his heart divide,
Yet long'd to keep the plain.

They bore him from his glorious clime,
And bright sky's beauteous dome,
From wild wood, lake, and scene sublime,
And all the joys of home;
And bound in power's relentless thrall,
Unseen to weep or smile,
Consign'd him to a dungeon's wall,
Within some far-off isle.

His brow retained the snow-white plume—
His form the chief's attire—
And yet would transient hope relume
His dark eyes wonted fire:—
He would be free—but all was gone
That warm'd the warrior's soul;
And backward, league nor weapon drawn,
The tide of doom could roll.

He mus'd upon the lake's clear stream,
Beside whose margin green,
The maiden of his love's young dream
Possess'd its fairest scene;
And reck'd not, while the world grew dim,
Of battle, wrong, or shame,
But thought of her who lov'd but him,
And, dying, breath'd her name.

His bones they laid in lonely ground,
And left him in his grave,
And rear'd the exile's crumbling mound
That looks upon the wave.
His warriors on the barrens wept,
His lov'd ones by the shore,
While he amidst his foemen slept,
To guide his race no more.

DERIVATION OF NAMES

AFFIXED TO VARIOUS PLACES UPON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE was discovered by Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, on St. Lawrence's day. The river of CANADA was afterwards called by the name of its recipient.

CANADA, in a specimen of the language of the country given by Hakluyt, signifies "a town." *Kannata*, in the Iroquois, certainly means a town, but Doctor Mather, and other celebrated authors, opine that Canada is a corruption of *aca nada*, the words used by the disappointed Spaniards in the search for gold—meaning "*nothing here*."

QUEBEC is an Indian word, signifying a river strait.

MONTREAL, from two French words (*Mont Real*) compounded by Jacques Cartier, and bestowed upon the hill above the Indian town, Hochelaga, from his visions of future wealth and prosperity.

VERMONT from two French words, *Ver* and *Mont*, signifying Green Mountain.

MASSACHUSETTS is supposed to be a corruption of *Massasoit*, the Indian king from whom the land was chiefly purchased.

BOSTON was so named by Cotton, the first minister in New England, in memory of his native place in Lincolnshire, England.

PLYMOUTH, in Massachusetts, received its name from the Pilgrim Fathers, who experienced much kindness from the inhabitants of Plymouth, in Devonshire, England, when driven in, by stress of weather, after their first embarkation from Leyden.

Most of the English names in the New England States owe their origin to the partiality evinced by the original settlers to their places of residence in the old country.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., was named by Roger Williams, when, in 1636, he landed there, after his expulsion from Massachusetts, to express his unbroken confidence in God's goodness.

CONNECTICUT is a corruption of *Cannonicus*, an Indian Sachem, the owner of land on the river.

BLOCK ISLAND, from Adrian Blok, a Dutch navigator, who sailed through the East River, and explored the coast as far as Cape Cod.

NEW YORK, originally Manhattan Island from the Indians who peopled that district, was called New Netherlands in 1614, being then held by the Dutch. In 1664, it surrendered to the English, and was named NEW YORK, in honor of the duke of York, brother to Charles II., and afterwards James II.

LONG ISLAND, so called from its length of shore, being one hundred and twenty miles long, by scarcely ten broad. It was named by Thomas Dermer, who established the fact of its insular position, May 20, 1619. It was originally called *Nassau*, after the German duchy of that name.

The HUDSON river received its name from its discoverer, Heinrich Hudson, the famous Dutch navigator.

ALBANY, called Fort Orange when under Dutch dominion, received its present name in 1664, at the time of the surrender of the New Netherlands to the English. It received the second name, or Scottish title, of James, duke of York and Albany, afterwards James II. of England.

SCHENECTADA is the German word for a pine barren.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, from Samuel de Champlain, a French naval officer of the seventeenth century, who gallantly defended his country's cause in the old Canadian war.

STATEN ISLAND, the Dutch name for States Island, when under the dominion of the Dutch States General.

NEW JERSEY, from Sir George Carteret, of Devon, England, who originally came from the isle of Jersey in the English Channel; on June 23, 1664, he received a grant of the land from James, duke of York. Elizabethtown, once the capital of New Jersey, was called after his wife, the lady Carteret.

CAPE MAY, N. J., one of the Delaware Capes, from Cornelius Mey, a Dutchman, who ascended the Delaware in 1623.

PENNSYLVANIA was originally intended to be named *Sylvania*, from the woody nature of the land, but the original settlers insisted on adding the name of the founder, Penn.

WILKESBARRE, Pennsylvania, from Wilkes and Barre, two celebrated members of the British Parliament, who were favorable to American Independence.

PITTSBURGH was originally Port du Quesne, named after a celebrated French general command-

ing in the old Canadian wars. It was afterwards named in honor of William Pitt, Lord Chatham, a staunch supporter of American rights in the British Parliament.

DELAWARE, from Lord Delaware, who, in 1610, was Governor of Virginia.

CHRISTIANA river, the recipient of the Brandywine, held on its banks the first Swedish settlement in America. It was named after the little girl who then filled the throne of Sweden.

MARYLAND was named by lord Baltimore, in honor of Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and queen of Charles I.—not after the English queen Mary, as elsewhere asserted.

BALTIMORE, from George Calvert, first lord Baltimore, who received a grant of land (Maryland) in 1632, in lieu of his possessions in Newfoundland, from whence he had been driven by the French.

ANNAPOLIS, Maryland, in honor of queen Ann, after the conquest of Acadie by her forces.

CAPE HENRY and CAPE CHARLES, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, received their names from the sons of king James I. of England—Henry, prince of Wales, and Charles, duke of York, afterwards king Charles I.

JAMES RIVER and JAMES TOWN, from king James I. of England.

VIRGINIA was called after the virgin queen Elizabeth of England, by Sir Walter Raleigh.

ELIZABETHTOWN, ELIZABETH RIVER, and ELIZABETH CITY, Virginia, were also nominated in honor of her majesty.

RALEIGH, the capital of North Carolina, was named after Sir Walter Raleigh—"the friend of the infant south."

The CAROLINAS were named by the French, after Charles IX., (Carolus,) not after the English queen Caroline, as elsewhere stated.

CHARLESTON, by the English, after their monarch Charles.

LEXINGTON, Kentucky, was named by some travellers, who were camping out on the spot where the city now stands when they heard of the commencement of the war of independence at Lexington, Mass.

NASHVILLE, Tennessee, after General Nash, of North Carolina, who fell at the battle of Germantown.

LOUISIANA, originally held by the French, was called by father Hennepin, the celebrated traveller, after the French king Louis XIV.

ST. LOUIS and LOUISVILLE were named by the French, in honor of the Bourbon monarchs.

NEW ORLEANS, founded by the French in 1717, was named after Philippe, duc d'Orleans, then Regent of France.

FLORIDA, from *Pascua Florida*, the Spanish name for Palm Sunday, the day it was discovered.

ST. AUGUSTINE was so named by the Spanish general Melendez, because he discovered it on the 28th of August, St. Augustine's day.

DETROIT, from a French word, signifying straits, or narrow sea.

W. E. B.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY I. F. IVES.

I THINK of thee at evening's calm,
And in night's soul-voiced hour,
When all around is softly hush'd,
As by a spell of power;
When gleams of childhood's joyous days
Come thronging round my heart;
And dreams of hope and love are there
That will not *all* depart!

Oh, oft in memory thrills again
Thy witching smile and tone—
Sweet as the wind-harpe—echoed aye
To mine in unison.
I deem'd thee not so very dear
Till thou wert far from me;
But *now* thou'rt ever in my thoughts,
My dreams are all of thee.

I think of thee at morn, and midst
The world's bewildered throng;
Where Pleasure wakes her every wile,
And Hope her syren song:
And deeming thou art still the same
As once thou wert to me,
My heart from earth's cold mockery
Exulting turns to thee!

Oh! every word or kindly look
Thou o'er to me hast given,
Is on my heart's "unvarying page"
As 'twere with diamond's graven.
But *thou art changed!*—the flowers of Hope
On life's bleak waste are cast;
And earth has but one joy for me—
THE MEMORY OF THE PAST!

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. V.

THE STRANGE DISCOVERY.

THERE WAS, some few years ago, in one of the streets leading from the rue St. Honore, an hotel known by the name of the Renard d'Or. It does not exist at the present day, but at the time I am speaking of was much frequented by persons from the south of France, who came to Paris with the intention of stopping a few days. Amongst the persons who were in the habit of residing there, during their stay in our metropolis, was a Madame Launay, the widow of a rich banker of Bordeaux, who came every year for the purpose of receiving her dividends, and transacting such other business as circumstances might require. On her arrival late one evening from Bordeaux, she was informed, by the landlady of the Renard d'Or, with a profusion of apologies, that unless Madame would for once put up with a small room, containing two beds, she should be unable to accommodate her. To this Madame Launay replied, she had no objection for a few days, as Julie, her waiting woman, could sleep in the same room, and when opportunity offered they might be better accommodated. The hostess curtaied assent, and Madame Launay was shown to her apartment, where, after partaking of some slight refreshment, she, with her maid, very soon retired to their separate beds, and in profound sleep forgot the fatigues of their journey, and the comparative inconvenience of their lodgings.

In the middle of the night Julie awoke, and finding her mouth parched from the still feverish excitement of the journey, got out of bed to obtain a draught of water from the dressing-table. As Madame Launay always slept with a candle in her room, she had no difficulty in finding the water, and was returning into bed when her eye fell upon a handsome travelling cloak, which was lying by the bedside of her mistress. This Julie had admired during the whole of the journey, and as it had been sent home but a few hours previous to their leaving Bordeaux, had escaped the fate of the rest of her mistress's wardrobe, which was usually tried on by her previous to being delivered. The opportunity was not to be resisted; the candle burnt opposite a long glass, so that she could try it on to the best advantage. "Ah! really, I do look extremely well in it," said she, standing first on one side and then on the other, to see herself to more advantage, "and this bonnet, too, is very becoming. I really wonder the men are so devoid of taste as to suffer me to continue still unmarried;" and with a sigh she dropped the cloak and bonnet, tript into bed, and in a few minutes was dreaming of some favored swain throwing himself at her feet, and with most becoming importunity pressing her to name the happy day.

Her dreams were so delightful that she would have willingly continued them much longer, had not the sun, which shone with all the brightness of a clear summer's day, warned her it was time to get up and prepare for her mistress's rising. She could not refrain from glancing towards the object which had been the source of such pleasing reveries, but much to her astonishment the cloak was no where to be seen. She searched all over the room without success. Could her mistress have been awake, and meant this as a hint for her vanity. She looked towards her bed to see if she were then awake, and enjoying her surprise. Her mistress seemed to be asleep. She must then have hid the cloak in the bed. She gently turned down the clothes to see if her suspicions were confirmed, and to her horror beheld the bed deluged with blood. Her mistress had been murdered, during the night, by some one who had struck her to the heart; and so truly had the blow

been given, that she had expired without making noise sufficient to awake even her fellow-lodger. Julie, by her screams, brought several persons to the room to ascertain the cause, amongst whom was the landlady, who was so alarmed for the respectability of her establishment, that she declared none but Julie could have committed the atrocious act; and despite of her repeated protestations of innocence, called in the police who barely gave the poor girl time to dress before they hurried her off to prison—to contemplate alone on the misfortune that had befallen herself and mistress.

Julie found her situation far from an enviable one; to be looked upon by the world as the murderess of her mistress, was revolting enough by itself—besides which, there appeared but little hope that she should escape being found so, by those who were to decide her fate; since she could not but confess to herself, that suspicions were strongly against her. It was strange! very strange, she thought; the more so, as she could not even hazard a conjecture as to the real offender, who had, without doubt, so contrived as to throw the whole suspicion upon her.

Circumstances, though strongly against her, were not so conclusive as she herself imagined; for in her numerous examinations before the Juge d'Instruction, she had in no one instance prevaricated; and on her trial there was much in her favor to counterbalance the suspicions of her guilt. It was proved that she had been high in her mistress's confidence, having free access to her money and valuables, so that she might have executed any robbery she had meditated, without adding to it the crime of murder, which would have brought on instant detection. Madame Launay's friends, too, with one accord, expressed their belief in her strict integrity, and declared they were themselves convinced of her innocence, from her often proved affection towards her mistress, which would alone have rendered her incapable of such an act. All this had due weight with the jury, who stated their unanimous opinion of her perfect innocence of the imputed crime.

Though absolved from all participation in the murder by the laws of her country, Julie was a girl of too much spirit to suffer the least shadow of guilt to hang around her, if by her unceasing endeavors she could bring the truth to light; and day after day, and month after month, she lingered in Paris, in hopes of finding some clue to trace out the murderer. But time wore fast away, and she had been nearly a year pursuing her endeavors, without having advanced a single step towards success, and began to fear she must give up all hopes of successfully clearing herself from the suspicions still entertained by many, and leave it to the action of time, which she felt convinced must eventually bring the offender to justice.

Having occasion one day to go a short distance from Paris, she went to the Champs Elysees, with the intention of going by one of the hack carriages which generally start from there, and are more moderate in their charges than the regular coaches. She was much importuned by two men to go by their conveyance, which was ready to start as soon as the last place was occupied; but not liking either the appearance of the men, or their carriage, she refused, and gave the preference to the second in the rank, not being so much pressed for time as to mind a few minutes' delay. This gave great offence to the men, who immediately began to play off the artillery of their small wit against her, no less to their own than their passengers' amusement, who were rather nettled at the delay.

"Guillaume," said one, "the lady thinks you don't look sufficiently like a gentleman to be honored with her company; why don't you brush up your hair, and place your hat in a more elegant style, and then when she comes this way next time, perhaps she'll go with you."

"Why," replied the other, "I think I am sufficiently elegant to have the honor of escorting a waiting-woman in a carriage—a waiting-woman, indeed, to give herself such airs."

"Aye, Guillaume, but pretty women sometimes fancy themselves greater persons than they are."

"Pretty! yes, *Mam'selle* is pretty, to be sure," said the other, and assuming a mincing tone of voice, added, "I wonder the men are so devoid of taste as to suffer her to continue still unmarried."

This seemed to please them both beyond measure; for they burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, which was only finished by some one coming up to take the vacant place; and as they drove off they seemed repeating the sally, in order to have a re-enjoyment of their mirth.

Strange, indeed, thought Julie to herself; they were the very words I used when admiring myself in the glass on that fatal night. How could they have known them! I have never mentioned them to any one! Never—and she tried to remember if she had so done, but could not bring to mind that they had ever escaped her lips. I will go and mention the circumstance to *Monsieur Vidocq*, who has hitherto so kindly assisted me in my endeavors; and on pretence of finding herself too unwell to continue her journey as she had intended, left the carriage, and came instantly to me, in order to ask my opinion concerning the men's conversation. I thought as she had done—that it was strange they should repeat her very words, and that they must know something more of the business than they ought; at any rate, I would secure the men, and see if any thing could be elicited from them.

I went, with Julie and some of my men, to await at the Champs Elysees the return of the carriage. It was not long before it came back, and out jumped the two men, ready for another excursion. They did not at first perceive the company who were waiting their arrival; but on seeing Julie, seemed rather surprised at her being still there. Afterwards, when they beheld me, both turned as pale as death, and stammered out something about "they hoped they had not offended the young lady by any thing they had said, and were very sorry if they had done so."

I told them, on the contrary, that the lady was pleased with their conversation; that she wished to enjoy it more at leisure; and as I had heard so flattering an account of their abilities in that way I should feel much pleasure, at a future time, in enjoying a *tete-a-tete* with them myself; and, in the mean time, would see that they had proper accommodation and attendance in their new lodgings, to which my assistants would feel proud to conduct them.

I went afterwards with Julie to their lodgings and found several things which were identified by her as having belonged to Madame Launay, and which, on their examination, they were unable to account for the possession of. But to be brief, there were many circumstances came out against them which left but little doubt of their being the guilty parties. The words they had made use of, the things belonging to Madame Launay, and their being unable to account in any way for themselves on the night in question, were strong proofs against them. They were found guilty, and condemned to expiate their crime at the Place de Greve. Previous to their execution, they confessed that one of them had, before Madame Launay's arrival, got unperceived into the hotel, and hid-den himself under one of the beds in the room where she had slept, and that it was there he had seen Julie admiring herself in the glass, and heard the expressions she had made use of. He further confessed having, after she had retired to bed, risen very gently and let in his companion, their intention being only to rob the room of as much as they could conveniently carry away with them; but Madame Launay having awoke during their operations, and fearing she might give the alarm, they had murdered her in self-defence.

There is but little doubt that had they been wise enough to have kept their own secret, they would have succeeded in eluding detection; for they had prudence sufficient, when they found the murder had created a great sensation in Paris, to abstain from selling any of the stolen things, and had destroyed those they thought most likely to be recognised: but the desire of showing off a little supposed wit, threw them off their guard, and was the means of bringing them to that justice they had so outrageously offended.

J. M. B.

*** The reader of the foregoing tale will at once perceive the source from whence M. Scribe, the author of the words of the opera of *Fra Diavolo*, obtained the amusing incident which leads to the detection of the Brigands by the daughter of the Innkeeper at Terracina.

ANOTHER YEAR.

BY ROBERT STORY.

ANOTHER year, another year,
O! who shall see another year!
Shalt thou, old man, of hoary head,
Of eye-sight dim, and feeble tread?
Expect it not. Time, pain, and grief,
Have made thee like an autumn leaf,
Ready, by blast or self-decay,
From its slight hold to drop away—
And some sad morn may gild thy bier
Long, long before another year!

Another year, another year,
O! who shall see another year?
Shall you, ye young—or you, ye fair!
Ah! the presumptuous thought forbear.
Within this graveyard's peaceful bounds,
Come, pause and ponder o'er the mounds!

2 2

Here beauty sleeps—that verdant length
Of grave contains what once was strength—
The child—the boy—the man are here:
Ye may not see another year!

Another year, another year,
O! who shall see another year!
Shall I, whose burning thirst of fame,
No earthly power can quench or tame?
Alas, that burning thirst may soon
Be o'er, and all beneath the moon—
All my fine visions, fancy-wrought,
And all this vortex whirl of thought—
For ever cease and disappear,
Ere dawns on earth another year!

Gargrave, Yorkshire, England.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

BY J. H. M'ILVAINE.

Delivered at the Annual Commencement, at Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J. 1837.

I.

Man! this is a heartless age,
The fountains of affection sealing,
For vanity and mammon's rage
Have swallow'd every nobler feeling.
I know not if, in nature's youth,
The soul of gentleness and truth,
Midst whispering bowers of fadeless green,
In every bosom dwelt serene.
I would believe, in other days,
(Or whence the muse's sweetest lays?)
Ere sin, with loathsome train of woe,
Came waving from the gloom below,
To bind each heart in selfish chains,
And ravage nature's sacred fane,
Young joy, first-born of consciousness,
Without a rival, reigned to bless.
Then twin-born love, with beauty's power,
Of lawless passion's changeful hour,
Nought knowing, and untaught to roam,
Found in all breasts a happy home.
High throbbing, youthful hearts beat free;
Age freshly smiled on infancy;
Nature's pure feelings, unsuppress'd,
Burst forth from every happy breast;—
And cherishing each calm abode,
And every flower of life caressing,
O'er the wide earth unceasing flow'd
In streams of universal blessing.

II.

If these were other than the dreams
Of fancy's visionary hours,
They fled, as fade the purple gleams
That, bursting from earth's northern towers,
Spread kindling o'er night's murky way—
“How fair! how lovely! where are they?”
Yet are there some faint voices still,
Amidst unmitigated ill,
Of richer, brighter seasons gone,
And purer hearts not all of stone.
Some relics of a better age,
Have escaped grim ruin's maddest rage.
O'er nature's unremembered tomb,
Some flowers of sweetness lingering bloom:
Unseen by courtly beauty's eye,
They spring and blow to droop and die;

And seldom find one artless tongue,
To tune, as now, the simple song,
When broken by the whistling wind,
They fall, and leave no trace behind.
Exotics now, they ill may bear,
Tho' native once the soil and sky,
The curious glance and nipping air,
Of clime unknown and stranger's eye.

III.

Brief is the tale, for I would tell
Of one that fortune never knew,
Of one whose bosom rose and fell,
To nature and to passion true.
With earliest life beloved, and lost
When dearest loved and honored most.
And thou, if spirits may attend
A mortal, spirit of my friend,
Be present while I sing of thee,
As erst in guileless infancy,
Wreathing around my tender brow
The wild grape-leaves and myrtle bough,
Thou led'st me to thy secret bowers,
And sought for me thy favorite flowers.
For thou didst to my view reveal
Strange mystic truths, and first unseal
The springs of thought and feeling strong,
That oft o'erwhelm my struggling tongue.
Oh! that, for one short happy hour,
Rapt, as of old, by that strange power,
That kindled in thy beaming eye,
And touched thy voice with witchery,
My soul might pour her fervid lay,
Filled with thine own celestial fire;
Each heart should then its tribute pay;
Should listen and admire.

IV.

His early days had thoughtful flown,
Not as the careless life of childhood;
Beside the brook that murmured lone,
Oft strayed he thro' the listening wildwood.
With nought of fear, o'er mossy stone,
Up through the silent dell alone,
He roamed, where gently nature wooed
Her fondling boy, in solitude.

In dark retreats of cavern cell,
 Where the rock's ceaseless tear-drops fell,
 And spirit-forms were said to dwell;
 Where none but he had dared to come,
 His spirit found a kindred home.
 'Twas said strange sights had met the child,
 In these recesses far and wild;
 Strange voices on the midnight air,
 Were heard in friendly greeting there,
 When late delayed, some fearful eye
 Had seen his pictured form on high,
 Upon some crag-point, steep and rude;
 The winds of night around him playing,
 Whilst full the moon above him stood,
 His haunt of loneliness betraying.

V.

I know not what the wise avow
 Of spirits and communion held
 With viewless things, less frequent now,
 Perchance, than in the days of eld:
 But near the hearth, with glistening eyes,
 When storms fought in the wintry skies,
 Who has not shuddered at the tale
 Of ghost, that shrieked along the vale;
 Or demon of the Eastern land,
 That stood upon the Syrian strand,
 And groaned, till earth, and air, and sea,
 Groan'd trembling back his misery!
 Such tales are foolish held and vain,
 The offspring of a heated brain,
 And yet when fancy sports control,
 They strangely, strangely touch the soul.
 And thus with him they wrought and gave
 A wildness to his thoughts and eyes,
 As winds arouse the gleaming wave,
 Where starry millions throng the skies.

VI.

But childhood quickly flew away,
 Its years of changeful grief and gladness,
 And youth came up his flowery way,
 With brow of more than youthful sadness;
 And lonely 'midst the silent wood
 Still deeper grew his pensive mood.
 He dwelt with nature, wandering wide,
 When morning with maternal pride,
 Adorns with all her pearl-drop dew,
 The flowers in their gala hues.
 He sought her in the cooling bower,
 At sleeping noontide's sultry hour,
 When tassels of the corn are still,
 And silence reigns upon the hill.
 Then clambered o'er the rocks at even
 When in the western verge of heaven,
 Grateful to man, the evening star
 Looks pensive from her silver car;
 Pale as the youthful mother's cheek,
 When o'er her first-born bending meek,
 She trembling prays that Heaven would bless
 From pain, her infant's loveliness.
 Fit emblem was that planet's beams
 Of him who watched her setting gleams.

And oft along the moonlight glade
 Where whispering pines flung round their shade,
 And night-flowers shed their wild perfume,
 He wandered 'midst their solemn gloom;
 While poured the owl his chilly cry,
 And whip-poor-will gave meet reply,
 Quick fancy then with startled ear
 Could stranger, wilder voices hear,
 Of bright, unearthly spirit-things,
 That o'er him spread ~~his~~ filmy wings,
 And, as the night-gust went and came,
 In whispers uttered his own name;
 Till he could feel from every bough
 Their dewy breath upon his brow:
 And on yon bank declining green,
 Where opening trees give space between,
 He sees, in fearlessness of glee,
 Bright, tiny forms harmonious dancing;
 While on their quaintest revelry,
 The pale moonbeams are faintly glancing.

VII.

And then to the undimpled lake
 He wound through pathless underwood;
 So comes the unsocial hare to slake,
 Her noonday thirst in solitude.
 Its margin was his loved retreat,
 There still is seen his favorite seat.
 He loved the rose that stoops to lave
 Her blushes in the cooling wave;
 The maples that together grow;
 The dark green hair of mistletoe.
 The water-lily trembles there,
 In maiden coyness, while the air
 Woos her, and toys within her arms.
 Till evening veils her snowy charms.
 There mighty o'er his head above,
 Dark-bending stood the silent grove,
 And o'er the lake sent far and free
 Some night-bird's passion-warbled glee;
 While the dark wily otter raised
 His grim head near the leafy brake;
 Listened, with gleaming eyeballs gazed,
 Then startling plunged across the lake.

VIII.

And noiseless from the moss-grown shore
 His fairy bark was wont to glide,
 Waking bright dimples where before,
 Faint-heaving, slept the infant tide;
 Till midway o'er, it lay at rest
 On the lake's gently swelling breast;
 While night serene sat on her throne,
 And brilliant worlds begemmed her zone;
 While clustering stars would seem to gaze
 Upon his brow with thoughtful rays,
 And the rapt spirit's burning sense,
 Hold in their strong intelligence;
 And circling wide th' inferior skies,¹
 Burst upward on his swimming eyes;—
 Whilst all above, around, below,
 Stars, planets, suns, with wildering glow,

From the vast depths of ebon night
 Poured out their universe of light:
 Till o'er his star-wrought spirit rolled
 The magic of their wondrous spell,
 Which some have felt but never told,
 And none, I ween, can ever tell.

IX.

Yet thus Chaldaea's hoary sage
 Stood by Euphrates' stream alone,
 While from his eye, untamed by age,
 A wild, star-rivalling, lustre shone;
 And o'er him spread a wilderness
 Of eyes that beamed as if to bless:
 Till with a cold, uprising fear,
 He felt them bending round him near.
 Then fancy scorning reason's hand,
 Seized trembling on the magic wand,
 And taught to read amidst the spheres,
 Orb-charactered her hopes and fears.
 Thus o'er the Greek by Nilus' streams
 That still reflect their cloudless beams,
 The planets in their orbits swung,
 And their vast peals of music rung;
 Now distant, faint as is the lute,
 Ere yet its stricken chords are mute;
 Now o'er the wondering child of earth,
 In anthems deep harmonious swelling;
 Like angels at creation's birth,
 Their joys in song symphonious telling.

X.

Oft too he sought the desert shore,
 Where the eternal powers of ocean
 Lifted their heads of flaky hoar,
 And billowy arms conflicting motion.
 When from the leeward coast in vain,
 The wary sailor toiled amain;
 And strange sea-birds, with dismal cry,
 Intelligent, came circling nigh;
 And voiceless monsters from the tide
 Raised their black heads, in sullen pride:
 When the storm-spirit fierce and fast,
 Rode howling by upon the blast;
 And angry night with mighty strides,
 Came frowning o'er the bellowing tides.
 Then lone upon some rocky steep
 That stretched into the invaded deep,
 He seemed to mingle with the roar
 Of nature's elemental war;
 And blend—a harmonizing part—
 His spirit with her general soul;
 As wrought by strong magician's art,
 To frenzy from the mind's control.

XI.

Or when the storm had fled away,
 And calmness slept o'er sea and land,
 He held his solitary way,
 Deep-musing o'er the beaten strand.
 And seemed to mark where late the waves,
 As monsters from their prison caves,
 Had met in huge unwieldy play,
 Where darkness held her midnight sway;

And left their footsteps deep and wide,
 Retreating with the sullen tide.
 And gentler spirits of the sea,
 Perchance in moonlight revelry,
 Had left upon the winding shore
 Impressions of their unknown lore.
 Traces like those of happiness,
 Of strange fantastic loveliness;
 But which the next returning tide
 Of punctual sorrow, sweeping wide,
 Blots from the heart, and leaves it bare
 And bleak to winds of dark despair.
 And often there he seemed to hear
 The mermaids' voices, sweet and clear,
 Soft mingling with the hollow waves;
 O'er the broad breast of ocean swinging,
 When joyous from their coral caves,
 Their evening chorusses were ringing.

XII.

Creative genius, from thy hand,
 What shapes of order, beauty rise,
 When waves the potent mystic wand,
 To people ocean, earth, and skies!
 Shut out the world, and thine the power,
 'Midst vagaries of a playful hour,
 To form new realms where life is none,
 To animate each tree and stone.
 Well canst thou image round thee near,
 Fair things, to others dark and drear;
 A breathing kindred vocal kind,
 Where empty sighs the whistling wind.
 In friendship dwell with rock and hill,
 And social converse with each rill;
 With viewless beings sympathise—
 Things viewless as the zephyr's sighs.
 Weary of this dull world, I see
 Thee listless, and reclining free,
 Where brawling past the woodland stream,
 Now hides, now courts the amorous beam;
 And noiseless plays the gentle breeze
 With tresses of the sighing trees.
 Hush, nature listens; to thy call
 The fairy tribe come trooping all.
 An acorn-cup bowls down the stream;
 Within full fifty spirits gleam.
 A spider with his clinging load,
 Comes stately up the river road.
 One yokes a fire-fly to his car,
 And wheels a comet threatening war.
 Another, far across the lea,
 Spurs on to join the revelry.
 Pleased with each mimic feat and wile,
 Thy lips embrace their banished smile.
 And thus, fair genius, hast thou made
 The realms that own thy wide control,
 But most thy favorite pensive shade,
 All animate of soul.

XIII.

And yet, perchance a sentient power
 Gossips along the flowery stream;
 Murmurs melodious through each bower,
 And reins abroad the morning beam.

He was a dreaming gentle child,
 To me as beautiful as mild;
 Yet oft his eye, dark, dewy, bright,
 Flashed forth a strange and lovely light,
 That spoke of passion wild and high,
 A soul of deathless energy.
 His full, dark locks, hung o'er a brow,
 How fair, I cannot tell thee now.]
 Thou did'st not see, and can'st not know,
 But there is nought of earth below,
 Of poets best imaginings;
 Perchance in heaven of creature things,
 So made of beauty, robed with grace,
 As is the child of mortal race,
 Ere sin, disease, and sorrow come,
 And peace flies from her ravaged home.
 And such was he; the image true,
 Of one, alas! he never knew;
 Of one who lived, and loved, and died,
 In the first dawn of manhood's pride;
 And left but him—light of my eyes—
 A spirit of a brighter sphere,
 Commissioned from his native skies,
 To beam awhile in beauty here.

XXVII.

"How passed his days of youth away,
 Ask of these scenes—this lake and stream,
 'Twas one still solitude—one day,
 More shadowy than a dream.
 Morning and eve, mid starry light,
 And rayless gloom of deep midnight,
 Wherever partial nature smiled,
 He lived and loved, her petted child:
 Whilst anxious and alone, beside
 The evening flame, I sat, and tried
 To banish thoughts that would intrude,
 And thought to check his wayward mood.
 But when his form of youth appeared,
 Reviving blighted hopes and pride;
 When I his sweet 'my mother' heard,
 Stranger, indeed, I could not chide.

XXIX.

"It is not, stranger, in the breast,
 Where life's thick currents waveless roll;
 Where nature languishes oppressed,
 Beneath the clay's control;
 Where dwells cold apathy, you find
 No workings of a noble mind.
 Nor hope, nor fear, nor pity's flow,
 Nor ecstasy of joy or wo,
 May visit there—nor nature's flame
 Of love, nor aught that asks the name.
 No! life to such is scarce a dream:
 Its light the cheerless meteor's beam
 That plays above the charnel-bed,
 On the pale faces of the dead.
 One hour, when o'er the feeling soul,
 Well strung to nature, wildly roll
 The maddening joys none can dissemble,
 That down its nerves and fibres tremble,

Dividing time, and still dividing;
 Each moment marked with new emotion,
 Is more than ages sluggish gliding,
 Down to the grave's dark ocean.

XXX.

"Such life, such joy, it seemed were his,
 Till one, one disappointment came;
 Dispelled his cherished phantasies,
 And quenched the spirit's flame.
 I thought that time relief would bring
 To woes that human spirits wing;
 Yet still he sunk; more passive still
 Grew daily his declining will.
 To cheer his void and heavy hours,
 And wake the torpid spirit's powers,
 I led him forth to lake and grove,
 Where once he courted nature's love.
 But all in vain; her charms were fled,
 For him her beauties faded dead.
 His sorrows would not be beguiled,
 He seldom spoke, and never smiled,
 While pensive autumn passed away,
 And winter spread his mantle wide,
 And spring sent forth her genial ray,
 Till summer came—and then he died.

XXXI.

"I hoped that he my eyes should close,
 Who might have lived to soothe and bless,
 If that could be, this age of woes,
 With a child's tenderness.
 That hope is dashed, and I am left
 Of all, of all I loved bereft.
 Of him who should have o'er me wept,
 And at my grave his vigils kept.
 Alone, alone, I had but one,
 One only hope, and that is gone.
 And I—my work is done below—
 Nor fear, nor hope of life—I go.
 For while around my heart and brain,
 Wild frenzy raged with horrid pain,
 I drew even from its torturing strife,
 Excitement that sustained my life.
 He calls me now that that is o'er,
 And nature will bear up no more.
 Why should I stay? or wish to keep
 A life in wo, once gay and glad?
 I would bend to his grave and sleep,
 For he was all I had."

XXXII.

Years glided by; with noiseless hand,
 Time wrought his task of change:
 Magician stern, his mystic wand
 O'er the universal sage.
 Yet had he left still and serene
 The beauties of that lonely scene.
 A sapling here, had grown a tree;
 The jasmine's arms had struggled free;
 In the sweet-brier's thorny breast,
 A thrush had built her lowly nest,

And sat unwearied, while the grove
Echoed the warblings of her love.
One ancient pine that stood beside
The waveless lake, bolt-riven had died
And long the hare had ceased to drink
Securely from that mossy brink.
The wild-duck thither dared not bring
Her brood, to plume each glossy wing:
And well that tree the fish-hawk knew,

And circling wide around it flew;
For high upon its blasted limb,
In haughty grandeur, lone and grim,
Startling the grove with savage scream,
The pirate eagle sat supreme.
One only change I marked besides—
The same hill stream, and lake and glade;
That bower of dark-green cedar hides
Two sunken graves in its deep shade.

ASMODEUS AT THE CAPITAL.

No. I.

My business in this state,
Made me a looker on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen—

Measure for Measure.

WASHINGTON THEATRICALS, AND OTHER TOPICS.

The play, I remember, pleased not the million: 'twas caviare to the general.

Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ods bodikins, man, much better! Use every man after his desert, and who shall escape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. *Hamlet.*

FROM the time of the Dane till this very date, the stage has proved a great stumbling-block in the way of the world. At best, there are so many people against it,—and at worst, there are so many in its favor, that it is quite natural such should be the case. A constant strife is ever going on somewhere, and in some shape, with the stage as the exciting theme. Some condemn plays, players, playgoers, playwrights, and playreaders, in the aggregate,—curse them in the lump, as Franklia's father blessed his pork. Others condemn every thing but "the legitimate drama," having as great horror of any thing and every thing illegitimate, as a frowy old dowager of seven hundred descents has of a bar sinister on an escutcheon. Others, again, abhor tragedy,—others detest comedy. Yet more turn up their noses in a most imperial manner at melo-drama, while the fashionables cannot endure farce, it is so horrid vulgar to laugh! This man, albeit a lover of the drama "properly conducted," cannot endure to see a play "murdered," by the introduction of *one* second or third rate actor into a subordinate part: and that man swears it would all be very well, if the theatre could only be better warmed, or better lighted, or better regulated, or was nearer the centre of the town, or had a better orchestra, or a handsomer drop-curtain, or a more talented company, or this, or that, or the other. They all say with old Polonius, "Well, use these players according to their desert." Suppose that measure of justice to be meted to them by all with whom, in "this worky-day world," they have aught to do? How would they rest o' nights?

The truth is, Hamlet, the Dane, hit it precisely, when he advised his father's lord-chamberlain to use these "abstract and brief chronicles of the time much better" than their desert. For that struck him, and strikes us, moreover, as the very way to make their deserving even greater, where it may be, and never less, where it may not. Managers of theatres, in this good land of ours, are expected to furnish the best bills of fare, nightly, whether people will come to partake of them or no. Ask the next *restaurateur* whom you employ to furnish you "supper for four," how such a rule would suit him?

There is a great error in public opinion upon this subject, and when public opinion finds it out, public opinion will correct it,—perhaps. At present, here is a lamentable illustration of the truth

of what I have been saying. A bulletin has just been issued at the seat of government: where people are not quite so absorbed in news of public defalcations, Harrisburg riots, and patriot skirmishes, as not to be a little excited thereat.

It seems that Ward, (one of the most indefatigable managers that ever made a bow in a *roue*, before a green curtain,) had got down to the metropolis on the first Monday of December, the day Congress met, with Stephan, the Hazards, the Mallets, and the ballet, etc., and opened the National Theatre to "a beggarly account of empty boxes." Whereupon, before leaving the green-room, he throws off the following eloquent appeal:—

To the Theatrical Population of Washington and the District of Columbia.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The undermentioned stars, headed by the name of an artiste, received in New York with enthusiasm, and complimented on the occasion of her benefit at Philadelphia, by the wreaths thrown from the boxes literally covering the front of the stage,—an artiste confessedly second only, as a danseuse, to the far-famed Taglioni!—supported and assisted by the first male dancer and ballet director in the country—second dancers of the most decided talent, and a well-trained corps de ballet—affords me the opportunity of presenting such an entertainment, as we can seldom expect again to witness in this country. The enormous expense attendant upon the engagement, and the accompanying list of stage and orchestral performers (second to *none* in the Union,) will prove my anxious desire to cater freely, liberally, and even lavishly, for your entertainment, and induces me to appeal to your consideration for a more extended patronage than has ever yet honored my humble but unwearied exertions. I am urged thus to address you in consequence of the heavy losses of previous seasons, and the wretched attendance this evening upon the first appearance of the talent above described. The expense of supporting the stock establishment of the National Theatre, is upwards of thirteen hundred dollars weekly, and a similar sum is constantly paid for stars for the same term. An expenditure like this must convince you that the best returns leave the manager a very poor surplus, and will serve to prove that such receipts as this evening must eventuate in his utter helplessness and ruin.

For three seasons this has been borne patiently and silently, but continued losses compel me to make known my position, and to solicit your exertions and interest in my behalf. If the fine arts, as we are instructed to believe, are effective instruments for promoting the best interests of man—if the pleasure of the virtuous is their aim and the test of their success, it is the duty of every good citizen to encourage their cultivation, and this appeal will not be made in vain; but if, on the contrary, public opinion is opposed to those professors who are become the commentators on the works of the poet, and living illustrations of his ideas, to public opinion I shall bow, and in justice to my Company and myself, speedily remove from a scene of continued mortification and neglect.

I remain the Public's obedient and devoted servant,

THOMAS WARD.

MIDNIGHT, MONDAY, Dec. 10, 1838.

To this is appended the list of "stars" at present playing at his theatre, (above enumerated,) and a long list of stock actors, and performers in the orchestra, together with the different operatives, officers, etc., of the establishment,—all by way of showing the great expenses to which, in order that the people of Washington may be pleased, Mr. Ward has subjected himself. This certainly presents a provoking case,—but it is one, I fear, which our good manager will not remedy by his appeal.

If he will pardon an old "looker on here in Vienna," for his plainness of speech, in offering advice, where it has not been asked, I would seriously advise him to relinquish the attempt of establishing a theatre in Washington, entirely: and will freely give him a few reasons for such advice.

People come to Washington, either to advance their own political, party, or personal ends, and they have neither time nor inclination—neither freedom of mind, nor freedom from occupation, sufficient to enable them to spend their evenings at the theatre. At least, they think so, which comes to the same thing.

Again, a very numerous class, even of members of Congress, come to Washington simply and solely for the money they make while there. This is a truth, which I can illustrate by a curious fact, that accidentally came to my knowledge. A member of Congress, from a northern State, during the six or seven months of the last long session, paid his travelling expenses, and his board and contingent expenses, out of his salary for that time, and carried home, (a clear profit,) eighteen hundred dollars, last July! His whole spending money, for casual outlays, for that long period, was exactly *twenty-three dollars!* What care such people for the theatre, Master Ward?

But I am growing too epistolary for magazine writing, and must break off. My next shall be more in the proper vein. I have some curiosities to show up, which I have put in lavender for a month's preservation. At present, adieu!

ASMODEUS.

Washington, Dec. 12th, 1838.

THE STORM CHILD.

BY JOHN JONES, BALTIMORE.

WE place the scene of our tale on a portion of the American coast which is yet frequently resorted to in the summer months by those whose sedentary habits render it occasionally necessary to partake of the invigorating sea-breeze and healthy fare of the country. The watering place, at the time alluded to, had but a moderate number of visitors, yet those were men of distinction, escaped for a brief time from the labors of state, to resuscitate their energies, wearied and almost worn out in the discharge of responsible duties, and (it may be) with political intrigues to maintain or increase the strength of their party. No gay fetes succeeded the termination of each sultry day, nor were many brilliant belles there, to indicate the party of pleasure; but solitary pedestrians were seen each morning to set out for the beach or the woods, in quest of renovated health, by means of ardent exercise, and new spirits and mental powers, by long and lonely musings amongst the fresh green foliage, free from the annoyance of other beings. It was about the middle of an afternoon that the sun, which had shone all day with immense heat, became suddenly obscured by a dense mass of dark clouds, which had engendered in the west, and now sent forth repeated vibrating rumblings, each louder and nearer than the last—and at times a fitful flash of lightning could be seen reflected on the smooth and apparently paralysed sea.

A human being reclined on the grass beneath the towering branches of a majestic tree, which stood some paces above high-tide mark. His dress was neat and costly, though without a strict regard of the punctilios of fashion. He seemed above the middle height, but so extremely slender and emaciated, that the bones appeared to be against the skin; presenting more the outline of a clothed skeleton, than the leader of a mighty party, whose name was daily uttered by a million of tongues throughout the greatest continent of the world. At times, his attenuated fingers, resembling the fleshless claws of a bird of prey, involuntarily clasped his pale capacious temples, and his fixed stare seemed to penetrate the fathomless ocean. His head was surmounted by a thin coat of dark hair, sprinkled with gray, and the tufts over the ears were nearly white. His features were bold, regular, and not unhandsome; they were marked with a cast of habitual thought.

The tempest still approached, yet he heeded it not: for there was a powerful commotion within his breast, and ever and anon, he sprang up, muttering unintelligibly, and extending his arm emphatically forward, as if addressing some one. Then resuming his recumbent position, with a triumphant smile on his lip, he continued darting his eagle eye on the surface of the water, as if reading a horoscope in the images there reflected.

After remaining as above a considerable time, the statesman, whom we will term Mr. Dauntless, was roused to his feet by a tremendous peal of thunder that burst over head, and from his glance of surprise at the sky, it was evident that he had not before observed the coming squall. He had not proceeded far on his way to the hotel, before he discovered an object, on a natural mound a little distance to the right, which arrested his steps, and chained him in curiosity to the spot. On the summit of the mound was a small grass plot and a few young trees, enclosed by a rude wood fence in a state of decay. Within the enclosure, and leaning against one of the yielding trees, was a handsome youth, whose mysterious sorrows found vent in low piteous moanings. At times he turned and culled the wild flowers, which were no sooner plucked than they were scattered upon the earth at his feet. His age could not have been more than seventeen years. He was dressed in white, after the fashion of a sailor; he wore no covering on his head save his dark glossy ringlets, which contrasted with his uncommonly pale features. His eyes were also very dark, and ever and anon, as he succeeded in stifling his tears, he glared hither and thither wildly, as if on the verge of insanity. Now, he knelt and kissed the earth at his feet—then, springing up and darting his hands above his head, with his eyes gazing imploringly aloft, and his lips moving yet uttering no sound, he would cast his looks of strange expression on the waste of waters before him.

Long did Mr. Dauntless regard the singular youth with an intensity which again banished the impending storm from his mind. He at length ascended the little hillock, and stood within a few paces of the young stranger, who did not notice his presence, but continued his rites over a newly-

made grave, the clay of which was almost hid by the quantity of green leaves and bright flowers strewn over it.

"My son, you seem to be much distressed," remarked Mr. Dauntless, tenderly looking at the youth's beautiful face.

The youth started wildly, with his arms thrown upward, and cried, "Oh mother! mother, was it thee? didst thou call? Is thy soul basking on the turbulent winds above? I heard thee—I heard thee! Thou didst call thy son! My mother! I *am* distressed—my heart is breaking—take me with thee!" The stripling then hid his face with his delicate hands, and sunk on his knees.

"I feel interested for you, my poor boy—look up! Though a stranger, you may find in me a friend who will be able to serve you. Why do you not listen to me? Look up, and go with me to your friends, your kindred. See you not that the surge is beginning to dash against the shore, and hear you not the roaring winds in the distance?"

The youth raised his head, his eyes glaring frantically at the swelling sea, and then at the huge clouds racing through the air. His pale lips were closed, his hands crossed on his breast, and when the first strong puff of wind lifted the dark curls on his forehead, a faint smile momentarily animated his features. Still he remained unconscious of the presence of Mr. Dauntless.

"My dear child," continued Mr. Dauntless, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "do you not hear the storm?"

"The storm! the storm! Yes, my mother, your Ferdinand hears the loved cloud-storm! Ha! ha! *The Storm!* Your spirit is in its midst, and beckons me to the ocean. The fury of my breast, and the fever of my brain, are ever soothed on its bosom. I come, mother, I come!" And breaking away from the grasp of Mr. Dauntless, he rushed down the declivity, sprang along the beach to a small inlet, and before his pursuing companion could overtake him, bounded into a small yawl which had been concealed in the bushes, and with a slender oar, sculled directly from land.

"Come back! return instantly, or you are lost for ever!" shouted Mr. Dauntless.

But the youth plied outward, unheeding, with his fixed eyes gazing on some object above. When he was upwards of fifty fathoms from the shore, he ceased his labor, and stood with his arms folded on his breast, notwithstanding the heave of the sea, which increased in violence, and threatened every moment to engulf his frail bark.

The tempest now raged—the wind whistling fearfully, and crash after crash vibrating through the air, as the dark clouds swept on in succession, venting their fury in deafening electric discharges. Mr. Dauntless seized the pendant limb of a willow, to prevent himself from being hurled away in the successive whirlwinds that were passing, and when the foaming billows rose between him and the frantic youth, his heart sunk within him, and his eyes were strained to catch another glance of the child's pale features when the next swell should throw the light boat upward. Now the elements seemed to shout in direst contortions—a more than twilight darkness pervaded the scene—the surge lashed the quaking shore, and the heavens were hung in almost ebon blackness. In vain did the statesman call out with his stentorian lungs: he ran down the beach until the water arrested his course, and endeavored by every monitory motion of which the body was capable, to induce the youth to return to land; but all to no purpose, for his form continued to ride on the crests of the frothy ridges, rising and sinking like the caricoles of a war-horse, and as the glittering sheet of fire which preceded each explosion from above revealed the reckless boy in almost painful brightness, his eyes yet looked peacefully on high, and his hand drew a miniature from his breast, which he constantly pressed to his lips.

Mr. Dauntless now beheld a mammoth wave rolling towards land, gathering strength and magnitude as it loomed onward: he placed his hand in a concave position over his mouth, and shouted with more exertion than he had hitherto used. Ferdinand heard him, looked proudly at the moving mountain, pointed to the sky above, and then, without evincing the least trepidation, with a few skilful strokes of the oar, turned the prow of his little boat towards the approaching wall of waters. It came in awful speed, and the minor ripples sank back from the shore to add their combined powers to the huge leviathan. It came, but instead of submerging the reckless boy, he was seen to meet its most terrific front, and the next instant was on its very summit, waving his hand in triumph.

At this juncture, Mr. Dauntless heard a footstep close behind him, on the gravelly beach, and the next moment the hand of some one rested tremblingly on his shoulder.

"Be silent and still! Oh, do not shout to him again, or he is lost! Do not, for heaven's sake, interrupt him, and he may not be injured!"

"There! see! his oar is gone!" replied Mr. Dauntless, quickly, without turning to behold his companion.

"Be quiet, and fear not; he loves the storm spirit, and it will protect him!"

Astonished at this wild remark, Mr. Dauntless turned, and beside him stood a lovely object, which might have been taken for a nymph of the coral deep. It was a beautiful girl of about fourteen summers, whose delicate hand still clung to his shoulder, and her dark brilliant eyes riveted on the object in the sea. Her cheeks were pale, but her interesting features were lit up with preternatural animation.

"He sees me! he sees me!—Behold, he comes!" she exclaimed, raising her ivory arm, which the violent wind had laid bare, and beckoning to Ferdinand.

Now a wild scream came from the tossing billows, and the youth was borne towards the shore, his arms stretched forth, as if coming to embrace the now delighted girl, who sprang up the beach, and as the exhausted surge threw its invincible burthen on the sand, they were wrapped in each other's arms.

"Lucille, dearest Lucille! I am calm now. In the loudest ravings of the heavens and the briny deep, or the peaceful silence that succeeds, thou, dearest, art ever the same blessed angel to thy Ferdinand! Dost thy cruel father know of thine absence! And he told me falsely of thine apostacy?"

"Speak, Ferdinand—didst thou absent thyself because of the idle tale of any one—even that of my inexorable father! What said he? Tell me!" and the blushing girl clung still closer to the boy, her forehead reclining on his shoulder, and her long hair winding about his neck.

"Lucille, he came rudely to my mother's cottage, but a few days after she was borne to yon flowery resting-place, and demanded what amount of wealth I was heir to. Though deprecating the task of searching at such a moment, I was overcome by his importunities, and when we opened the treasure box we found but one hundred guineas! Your father started back at the discovery, as if he had expected immense wealth; he departed in displeasure, and told me I should never see you more. About sunset the same day, he intruded on my sorrows again, returned the trinkets I had given you, and delivered a message purporting to be from you!"

Here his speech was interrupted by approaching voices, and the next instant they were surrounded by a party of servants, led on by Lucille's father, who dragged the fainting girl away.

"Boy!" said the rich man, as he followed those who bore away his insensible child, "Boy! let me not see you on my premises again, or, with a stone tied about your neck, you shall be thrown into your worshipped sea like a whining puppy! Beggar! think no more of my foolish daughter!"

"Stop—I entreat—I command!" exclaimed the hitherto silent statesman, who had been much affected by the preceding scene. But his intercession was too late; the rich man departed hastily, with a scornful frown on his brow.

Ferdinand ran to the summit of the mound, and strained his eyes at the retreating form of Lucille, as she was hurried away through the intricacies of the grove—he then knelt once more beside the grave, overcome with grief.

"Strange, unhappy youth, tell me the meaning of all this; I will be your friend, and my influence may serve you," said Mr. Dauntless, following to the enclosure.

"No—leave me! Mother, I come!" exclaimed the boy, possessed of his former frenzy, leaping up, and dashing towards his boat, with the intent of again seeking repose on the deep sea.

"Hold! I will not permit you to venture out again—it were madness! Be content—I say you shall not go!" exclaimed Mr. Dauntless, holding the youth firmly by the wrists, as he endeavored to launch the yawl from the sand where the giant wave had thrown it.

"Stranger, unhand me! I desire not your friendship; the sea is my friend. I have been cradled on it, and my best angels are in the storm; they beckon me from this sinful earth, to go and quench the fires of a crushed heart in their cool atmosphere! Away, and let me alone!"

"I will not—must not!" replied Mr. Dauntless. "But see," he continued, "the waves are sinking back, and the sun breaks forth in the west."

The youth started; he regarded for a moment the lulled waves, and the roseate tints of the gorgeous light which was bursting forth, and now rested like a sheet of gold on the tree tops. A subdued sigh came from him, and he sunk down unresisting on the side of the boat.

"Stranger," said the youth, mournfully, "there is no need of withholding me now; the spell is broken, and earth and sea are the same. But who art thou, that stoodst between me and my native element, and at whose dictation the tempest seemed to abate, as if shrinking from thy power! Why didst thou tread this beach in solitude! Hast thou been scathed in the wicked world, and resorted to nature for peaceful relief?"

"Yes!" replied the great man, touched somewhat with the boy's passion, "I have suffered, too, my lad, though I have often triumphed!"

"You have—I can see it in the marks upon thy brow, and we are friends, if thou wilt have it so." Saying which, Ferdinand pressed the extended hand of his companion.

"I would know thy history, my lad; and to show that I frankly repose confidence in thee, I will first give thee a sketch of my own. This is my native land—in thee I can recognize marks of foreign blood—and like thyself, I was an orphan and destitute of wealth. The scorns and taunts of the proud were heaped upon me; friends turned away, and, what was worst of all,—which you have not experienced,—the loved one of my heart cast me off and wedded another! My dear young friend, well do I remember the time when, like yourself, my breast was racked with many passions; and though my locks are becoming gray, and success has repeatedly smiled on me in riper years, yet those early impressions are indelible, and have power even now to shake my manhood. Yes! Delia married my rich rival, and I was a penniless outcast! Yet nature had endowed me with the resources of mind, and implanted in my breast an all-absorbing ambition; I resolved to triumph over every obstacle, and thereby find my revenge. Every leisure moment I employed

in unceasing thought, and I solemnly devoted my existence to the accomplishment of my plans. The abandoned boy studied for years in obscurity, preparatory for the time to seize on the prize which was ever kept before his eyes, whilst none dreamed of the object of his incessant musings. By degrees he obtained foothold in a powerful political party, and ever watchful and energetic, his advance was steadily onward, till he finally stood at the head of affairs. Ay! you see before you that person whose mere wish now is the law of the land. I am greeted every where by flattering smiles; unbounded wealth is mine, and those who jeered the powerless boy, are now my most servile suitors. My ambition has been amply gratified, and my revenge most sweet; but terrible remorse succeeds! When I think of the measures I sometimes used to compass my ends, and the ill-starred adversaries I found it necessary to crush in my path, the glory of triumph is much dimmed by harrowing regret! I have now an affectionate wife and happy children about me, but power fails to bring the bliss of early life, when my guileless heart was made joyful by the fair Delia, on the banks of my native stream. This, my son, is the outline of my history. I offer you my friendship and protection. You have inspired me with an interest in your welfare, and I would, if possible, repair some of my injury to others by benefitting you. But beware of mad ambition!"

Ferdinand seized his companion's hand, and led him to the grave of his mother.

"Here," said the youth, "seated under this holly, and beside the remains of the being who gave me existence, I will relate my history. But I would first assure you that ambition has no charms for me—it can propose nothing that I would accept, and therefore my career can never be similar to yours. Never have I seen my father, and but recently have heard his name. The first object of my remembrance is the broad illimitable ocean; and from that hour to this, it has hardly been absent from my view. Near the coast, my mother had an humble cottage, and an aged servant attended me, whilst she sought relief from some secret sorrow by daily consulting the Holy Bible. The good old Adam, our faithful domestic, taught me to read the many volumes of my mother's well-stored library, and often delighted me with the recital of many marvellous feats of other ages. The history of the old countries of the east, possessed a charm for me in the secluded shades of our quiet habitation, and thus, when a mere child, I became a proficient in ancient mythology. But my all-absorbing passion was for the ocean and the tempest; and I was thus early denominated by my fond mother, when clasped in her tender embrace, '*The Storm Child*.' It may have been that my isolated condition in the world, shut out from all the social converse of my species, turned the course of my amusements and affections to solitary rambles, and the grand spectacles of nature, displayed in silent places, in some holy hour of the night, or the sublimity of the phenomena by day. There also seemed to exist some prejudice against our little family on the part of our neighbors, and once my dear mother and myself were hissed, when passing to the parish church. She snatched me to her heart, and even on the threshold of the temple of Christian charity, turned away, and fled frantically to her lowly home. She wept—then smiled—and said there was as just a God in the roaring elements, as amidst the jeering and unfeeling self-denominated *pious* men. O! I shall never forget her in such moments as these—her tears and prayers. It was when thus immersed in grief, and teaching me the promises of the holy book, that once a mighty tempest arose, and she rushed hysterically to the little lattice, nearly overgrown with honeysuckles: 'It is! it is the same!' she cried, her hair falling down on her shoulders, and her face as pale as that of a cold corpse. 'It is the same,' she continued, 'that threw him on our shore: the thunders roll in the same succession—but he comes not! But this,' cried she, seizing me convulsively by the shoulders, and staring wildly in my face, 'but this is his bright, spotless forehead, the arched brows and sparkling eyes. My son! thou art the very image of him, and at this awful moment, I trace the sad resemblance with greater force.'

"Who is my father?" I inquired.

"She closed my lips with her hand, and shook her head with such a mournful expression, that I resolved never to question her more on that painful subject. At that instant, a hurried knock was heard at the door, and thither she flew with the celerity of a spirit of air, but started back in disappointment, when the good old Adam entered, who had been to the village in quest of provisions for us.

"News! news!" shouted the old man, seizing the hand of his lady.

"What is it, Adam? tell me quickly! Has he come?" cried my mother.

"It is not an arrival, but a departure: your unforgiving and most unnatural persecutor is no more!" replied the old man.

"My father! my cruel, though unhappy father! He is dead!"

"He is!" continued the old man. 'When the storm came up, he stood in his dark balcony, venting curses on you and this poor child. He said it was just such another night, when the destroyer came; and then he swore that the destruction should be complete before the return of another night—that you should be thrust forth, a houseless wanderer, at early dawn, with many other fearful imprecations, when a livid gleam of lightning burst from the sky, and lingered overhead in fearful brilliance. He sank back appalled—his eyes strained outward, as if he beheld some horrible vision. He was conducted to his library, calling for pen, ink, and paper. He executed a will with

his own hand, had it legally attested, and immediately expired. Strange as it may seem, lady, you are the inheritor of his boundless wealth.'

"My mother prayed for her departed parent's peace in heaven, for me, and for one whose image was ever before her, but whose name never escaped her lips.

"The villagers flocked around us the next morning with congratulatory shouts, but my mother heeded them not, for they had reviled her in the hour of distress. We speedily departed from the tall cliffs of the land of our nativity, and were afloat on the great ocean. This was the scene of my delight, and in the fiercest gale, when others quailed with alarm, I shouted with joy. After many boisterous days, we cast anchor in the Mediterranean, and took up our abode in the glorious land of Sicily. Green vines were entwined about our dwelling—the gorgeous sun threw its golden tints on the sea before us, and at eve, we beheld its last ray lingering on the dark column of vapor rising from the peak of Mount Etna. Our faithful Adam recounted the amazing deeds of yore done in that blessed land, and we traversed the highest mountains and the deepest dells, ever wondering, and ever gratified. But my poor mother's sorrows had spread a settled gloom over her face. One day, during the progress of a fearful storm which seemed to bring the full recollection of her woes, she started suddenly up, with a triumphant smile playing on her benignant features, and winding her arms round my neck, exclaimed: 'It shall be so! He may yet be living, and I will seek him out! My son, to-morrow I will sail from Sicily, in quest of one, who is yet dearer to me than life—your father!'

"'Bravo!' I cried; 'then we shall be on the ocean again!'

"'No!' she replied, 'I go alone; you must not unnecessarily tempt the perilous deep. Adam shall still be your companion and protector till my return.'

"I murmured not, for I had never known disobedience to my mother. She embarked, and Adam and myself were left the sole occupants of the little romantic villa. But it had been stipulated, that I should have a small boat, to indulge my passion for the sea, during the time I was to be bereft of my mother. Thus I was soon enabled to bear her loss with some composure; and her letters, from the various countries she visited, ever assured me that she would ere long return. In the meantime, my fondness for the briny element and the stormy blast increased, and in spite of all the anxious advice of Adam, whether by day or night, when the tempest came, I launched my little craft on the troubled waters, and snatched an ethereal joy in each shrieking blast, and every stunning explosion in the heavens. I thought then and believe it yet, that there is a watchful spirit in the storm, which keeps a guardian hand over me, who loved it from my birth. When the shore has been lined with gaping spectators, and hoarse voices cried out in vain for me to return, and even when the lumbering ship of many tons has gone to pieces in my view, I rose and sunk with the billows, as calmly as the babe rocked to slumber in the cradle. I have been considered mad, but I have turned on my heel, unheeding. Every one seeks his own mode of happiness—my greatest enjoyment is the storm. I have had but few companions, and my life, so far, has been passed in the wild mountain top, or on the wide expanse of waters. A father abandoned me ere I saw the light, consigning me to the taunts of my species! I found a protector in the elements, of which my very soul seemed to become a part. But to return. My mother continued her fruitless search for years, nor returned, though not a month passed but brought her affectionate letters to me. At length she wrote to me from America, and stated that she was declining with illness, and would perhaps never return. I hastened my preparations to join her. The night previous to the morning fixed upon for sailing, when just retired to slumber, a fierce banditti broke in upon us, killing my faithful Adam, (who with myself resisted them desperately) and robbed me of every thing save the purse about my person. Though one half their number slept the eternal sleep, the rest fled to the mountains with their booty. I embarked on the destined vessel, bringing with me my little boat, the same which you see there in the sand.

"When I arrived in this country, I found my dear mother in this secluded spot, the occupant of a peaceful cottage, around which grew the flowers she ever loved so much. But she was sadly changed! For months I hung over her, watching the progress of the fell disease, which no human power could arrest. There it was, that I became acquainted with Lucille, the gentle Lucille! She was fondly attached to my mother, long before the fatal illness overtook her, and was her soothing friend and ministering angel to the last! I could not but love Lucille when my mother was gone! And she returned my love—and her mercenary father, under the belief that I was heir to great wealth in gold, encouraged my intimacy until his supposition was found to be erroneous. A few days before my mother took her flight to heaven, she informed me that she had found my father, but instantly checked my burst of joy—shook her head in sadness—and wept most bitterly!—His name,' she said—"

"What was his name?" demand Mr. Dauntless, darting his eyes to the youth, with more interest than he had yet betrayed.

"No matter," continued Ferdinand, "since he abandoned one who could pray for him even in the hour of death! He has another family! and I, whom he left to the mercy of the pitiless world, will again seek the wild storm, and never behold him!"

"His name!" shouted Mr. Dauntless in a tremulous voice.

"It can avail nothing," said Ferdinand, "and my mother made me promise never to revenge her wrongs. O, my dear sir, could I embark for the sunny land of Sicily with my Lucille—"

"Your mother's name! I implore you!" cried the statesman.

"Ah! *that*, and this true miniature, are all—"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the great man, staring at the miniature, which trembled in his convulsed grasp. He then continued, in hurried, almost incoherent language. "Boy—could you forgive that father, were he to ask your pardon?"

"My mother enjoined it, though she was wronged most villanously. Do you know my father? No, you could not!—the name he bore was an assumed one, which caused my mother's search so long to be fruitless: would that she had never found him, since but to see him another's struck her dead! He, too, is a *great man*!—but I shall trouble him not! Farewell, my friend; I would watch over this grave alone!"

"Ferdinand, I am thy father!" exclaimed Mr. Dauntless.

"You!—you cannot be that base man!" cried the youth, starting back from the proffered embrace.

"My child! my child!—O, gracious heaven! thou knowest I sought to repair this wrong! Eudora! thus I kneel over thy sad remains, and pour out the bitter tears of a repentant heart. May heaven bless thee, and pardon thy false Horace!"

"Horace!" iterated Ferdinand.

"Such was the assumed name I bore on the occasion of Eudora's ruin—my real one may be heard in every village. Hear me, thou child of the storm, and heir of shame! It was whilst the rankling revenge, engendered by the falsehood of Delia, yet savaged my heart, that thy mother became my victim. I was then an ambassador, sent to negotiate some important business with a foreign power—I was wrecked in a roaring tempest—was rescued from a watery grave by the romantic Eudora, and your old Adam—was nursed by her, and recovered under her kind offices. I plighted my love, and promised to return in a few weeks, but had no intention of fulfilling the promise;—frown on, yet hear me in silence. A few years afterwards, I was goaded with remorse for the crime, and urged by the love she had inspired, wished to return and make reparation. I demanded another mission, and embarked with the resolution of making her mine for ever. But when I reached the well-remembered scene of my base ingratitude, I learned that her father was no more, and that she was gone for ever, no one knew whither. O! my child, could you but know the amount of my sufferings then, you would pity me! For five long years, I traversed different countries in quest of her, and experienced all the pangs that she endured. O! that we could have met on the high seas!—had it even been on a perilous wreck! But the guilty has been punished, and kind heaven has taken to itself the innocent sufferer! Thus, Eudora, I throw myself upon your cold grave, and kiss the earth that hides thee!" Here the unhappy man prostrated himself, writhing in fearful agony.

"My father—father! Mother blessed thee with her last breath!" cried the distressed boy, falling upon his parent's neck, and sobbing aloud.

"Ferdinand!" said the sire, fondly embracing his boy, "I will prove a liberal parent to thee. I will bestow all the comforts that the world affords on thee—Lucille shall be thine, if wealth is only wanting to gain her father's consent. You shall reside with me, and have an honorable post—"

"No, father! I must never behold your family, for your sake as well as mine. I would not barter my accustomed enjoyments of uncontaminated nature, for all the honors the highest office could bestow. Let me return to Sicily with Lucille, or remain here by the sea, near the remains of Eudora, whose spirit will speak to me in every storm, and I shall ask no other bliss in life."

The "Storm Child's" request was granted; after the usual time allotted for men to live, he was interred with his faithful Lucille, beside the broken hearted mother.

THE SNOW BLAST.

ALL out-door work

Now stands: the wagoner, with wisp-bound feet,
And wheelspokes almost filled, his destined stage
Scarcely can gain. O'er hill, and vale, and wood,
Sweeps the snow-pinioned blast, and all things
veils

In white array, disguising to the view
Objects well known, now faintly recognized.
One color clothes the mountain and the plain,
Save where the feathery flakes melt as they fall
Upon the deep blue stream, or scowling lake,
Or where some beetling rock o'erjutting hangs

Above the vaulty precipice's cove.

Formless, the pointed cairn now scarce o'ertops
The level, dreary waste; and coppice woods,
Diminished of their height, like bushes seem.
With stooping heads, turned from the storm, the
flocks,

Onwards still urged by man and dog, escape
The smothering drift; while, skulking at a side,
Is seen the fox, with close down-folded tail,
Watching his time to seize a straggling prey;
Or from some lofty crag he ominous howls,
And makes approaching night more dismal fall.

THE PRINTER'S TALE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"SIR," said the printer, "my acquaintance with poverty commenced in the cradle, and it will doubtless terminate in the coffin."

"I am sorry to hear that your sojourn in this world has been so chequered," said the parson.

"Chequered! my life has been one unvarying black patch. I have no white spots in my memory's waste. You may think me ungrateful in my speech, and wonder at my utterance of complaint while enjoying the comforts of a warm fire side and the shelter of a roof, during the fury of the howling storm. I allow that your ale ought to cheer my heart, and your sociality enliven my mind, but I cannot drive from my recollection that I entered your house as a beggar—that I have left behind me a suffering wife and family, who are almost destitute of every thing which the inclemency of the season demands; and that, if I should obtain any work at the end of this long and distressing journey, my failing sight will scarcely allow me to earn more than sufficient for the maintenance of my miserable life."

"Have you many children?" inquired the parson.

"Four pale-faced sickly wretches crawl about their mother's chair, and worry her for the food she is not always able to supply. Poor Ruth! when I took her from her smiling, happy home, she little thought of the hopeless misery of her future life."

"Nay, nay, not hopeless—something may—"

"I do not believe that there is one sunny day in store for me. I have done with hope. She smiled upon me once, but her smile was false—and the disappointment almost turned my brain. I will relate the circumstance, if you wish it, certainly. Although I have attached importance to its effect upon my life, it is soon told—an item, merely, in 'the short and simple annals of the poor.'"

"My mother's youngest sister married an old and eccentric man. He was in a large way of business, and it was thought that aunt Sally had made an excellent match. But in a short time it was discovered that he was mean and stingy; his abrupt and rude remarks gave general offence, and Daniel Jones was soon voted exceedingly disagreeable. Driven from the houses of the wealthier portion of the family, he used to call in at my humble lodging, and chat with my wife, and play with my first born—a sprightly little girl. I was not then, sir, so wretchedly poor as I am now; my earnings, though scant, were sufficient for the wants of our small family, and my Ruth occasionally earned a few shillings during the moments she could snatch from attending to the wants of her husband and her child.

"Old Daniel, at last, became our daily visitor. He loved to sit at our frugal board, and snatch, by way of lunch, a morsel from our early dinner. My wife respected his peculiarities, and the old man's heart warmed towards her. Illness came on me—fever prostrated my powers, and I rose from my bed a purblind man.

"My wife, at the same time, gave me an addition to my family. The loss of my wages had driven us to the necessity of soliciting assistance from my wealthy relative, who must have seen our destitution, though he did not proffer the smallest help. He listened to Ruth's appeal with a downcast look, and placing a five pound note upon the table, coldly said—I never lend money—I give you this, but do not ask me for more. I love you, Ruth, and your husband, and your children—and if I should die without having a male child born to me, you shall enjoy my wealth, for I believe that you love me, and I believe that my wife loves only my gold; do not, therefore, ask me for money, lest I should also imagine you to be mercenary in your esteem."

"We never saw the old man again. He absented himself from our impoverished fire side, and we were left to struggle with increasing difficulties. My weak sight seriously affected the amount of my wages; I was, at length, compelled to quit London, and seek for occasional employ in the provincial cities, leaving Ruth to support her children by the proceeds of her own exertions. A permanent situation, of easy duties but poor remuneration, was offered me in a city nearly two hundred miles from the metropolis; and I wrote to my poor Ruth, advising her to sell the remains of our household sticks, and hasten down, with her children, to the new found home of her husband.

"Another, and another child was born to us, but I could not welcome them with the kiss of joy. My utmost earnings scarcely sufficed for the procuration of the meanest lodging and the hardest fare. My poor Ruth's cheeks, once so beautifully round and rosy, were pale and haggard; and my children, aquid and thin, quarrelled with each other for the largest share of food.

"Our expectations of ultimate benefit from Daniel Jones' wealth were blighted by the birth of a son and heir. My amiable companion, who unrepiningly filled the painful station to which her love for me had consigned her, was seized with violent rheumatic pains, and became unable to move from her chair. In returning from visiting the sick wife of a brother journeyman, poor Ruth was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and drenched to the skin. Poverty denied her the help of a cheerful fire, the cordial glass of counter excitement, or the means of change in her raiment. She suffered the clothes to dry upon her back, and she has never walked since.

"This new calamity almost drove me wild. It was impossible that I could attend to my work, and leave my bed stricken wife and helpless babes without attendance; and equally impossible to pay for service, or even procure the extra food necessary for an extra mouth.

"I was sitting, one day, absorbed in melancholy—the parish doctor had informed me that it was not likely my wife would ever recover, and the under overseer of the poor had just quitted the room, leaving me the pauper's allowance, which my necessities had compelled me to claim. The paltry sum of four shillings, all that the parish condescended to allow an ailing father, a bed stricken wife, and four little children, was in future to be discontinued, because I was not born in their district—but I could be passed from parish to parish in an open cart, some two hundred miles across the country, to the place of my nativity, where the authorities would be compelled to receive me. I was ruminating over the misery of the present, and the dreariness of the future, when the postman's knock summoned me to the door, and I was presented with a double letter from London—the postage of which absorbed one half of the parish allowance for our weekly maintenance.

"The letter was from a cousin who had never condescended to visit his mechanic relations, but now addressed me in the words of affection. He told me that my uncle Daniel had lost his child, and was fretting himself into the grave—that it was barely possible he could exist many days, and appeared anxious for my presence before he died. The letter concluded with an earnest request that I would instantly visit the metropolis, if I wished to see my relative alive. The postscript as usual, contained the principal information; it stated that a will had been made, to which he (my cousin) had been appointed executor, and that the majority of the property was left to me and my heirs for ever.

"The enclosure was from a lawyer, and marked 'Confidential.' The writer stated that he had been called in to draw up the last will and testament of Daniel Jones, wherein I was named principal inheritor and residuary legatee; that the deviser was then upon his death bed; and as a friend and legal adviser, the writer suggested that I should immediately repair to London.

"The receipt of this intelligence roused me from my stupor; the idea of ever attaining independence had scarcely entered into my imagination, but when the reality appeared within my grasp, the tumultuous throbbings of my heart's blood almost deprived me of my faculties. But I had not the means of undertaking a journey to London, and such a proceeding was absolutely necessary, according to the opinion of the lawyer and the executor.

"I placed the letters before my employer, a man of immense wealth, and solicited the loan of ten pounds. 'Ten pounds!' said he, 'why you must deem me mad!' But when he ascertained the nature of my expectations, he proposed to advance me double the sum required, if I would sign an agreement to take one of his cottages at an overstrained rent for a term of years. I was compelled to accept his iniquitous proposal.

"When my companions—the journeymen, working in the same printing office—heard of the venality of their employer, they unanimously agreed to subscribe the sum required, and insisted upon my restoration of the advanced sum, and the cancelling of the extorted bond.

"Half of the ready money, furnished me by the kindness of my brother printers, was left with my suffering wife—and a nurse of approved skill was engaged to attend upon my family during my unavoidable absence.

"I reached the metropolis in fifty hours after the arrival of the letters, but my benefactor had departed from this world of wo, regretting the absence of his beloved nephew. My cousin, the executor, received me with an offensive smirk, and obtruded the most fulsome proffers of assistance. The lawyer waited till I had quitted the house of mourning; he then suggested the probability of a scarcity of cash; declared that his purse was at my disposal; and insisted upon being allowed the favor of advancing a supply till the funeral was over. I accepted his kind proposition, and consented to receive sufficient to enable me to purchase suitable mourning and other necessary extras. I despatched, per post, the remainder of the borrowed sum to gladden the hearts of my wife and children.

"My cousin's fawning attentions became exceedingly disagreeable. He talked of me as the inheritor of countless thousands—affected to pity the fortunes of the widow, and took marvellous credit to himself for the tendency of the executed will. The widow behaved with the utmost civility, and expressed her satisfaction at seeing the person whom her dear husband had frequently inquired after, while suffering the pains of death.

"The funeral over, I was invited by the attorney to attend at the opening of the seals, which had been affixed by the executor, and to listen to the reading of the will. Seal after seal was removed; bureaux, secretaries, and drawers were rummaged over, but the will could not be discovered. The

most scrutinizing search was instituted, but it resulted in the same declaration—the will could not be discovered.

“The attorney declared, that, the night previous to my uncle’s death, he had, by the sick man’s desire, drawn up his last will and testament; my cousin, the appointed executor, testified the same result; and the lawyer’s clerk, the witness to the signatures, pointed out the drawer in which the deed had been deposited, after my uncle’s signature had been attached. The widow expressed her willingness to obey her deceased husband’s injunction, but required a sight of his written will, or, at least, an attested copy. The lawyer confessed himself beaten, and taking me by the arm, quitted the house.

“‘I do not believe I am saying more than I ought,’ said the attorney, in explanation, ‘but according to the dying expressions of your uncle, he was satisfied that his wife had married him for his money only. To test the truth of his opinion, he executed a will, containing some hard stipulations for a young and not unhandsome widow. A rich legacy was bequeathed to you, under all circumstances; *but if the widow married again*, she was to be cut off with a trivial annuity, and the whole of the property reverted to you. I was so satisfied that a few hours would close the life of the deviser, that I did not impress upon his mind the necessity of registering a copy of his will in the Commons. I am convinced, in my own mind, that your aunt perused the will, almost immediately after its formation; and, finding her fortune dependent on a stipulation excessively disagreeable, she took the liberty of destroying the document, and it is impossible for us to prove that she did, or that the old gentleman himself did not clap it into the fire.’

“Now, sir, you know the whole of my story. The will never was discovered; the widow administered; and, as no nearer heir appeared, she retained possession of the property. In a few months she married again—her second husband was a spendthrift, and I believe that she is now nearly as poor as myself.

“My cousin—my servile, gold loving cousin, treated me with the grossest contumely, when he discovered the failure of my hopes. The lawyer, overwhelmed at what he termed his own neglect, gave me a receipt for the sum advanced, and kindly presented me with a five pound note to pay my expenses home. But I had incurred a heavy debt at my hotel—and when this demand was satisfied, I found that a few shillings only remained in my purse. On this miserable sum, I commenced my journey homewards; ere many miles had been passed over, the man who a few days before had expected to be in possession of thousands, was begging a night’s lodging in a barn, and soliciting the blessing of stale victuals, to quiet the clamors of a hungry stomach.”

THE MYRTLE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ENGLAND.

Dark-green and gemm'd with flowers of snow,
With close uncrowded branches spread;
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
A graceful myrtle rear'd its head.

Its mantle of unwithering leaf
Seem'd, in my contemplative mood,
Like silent joy or patient grief,
The emblem of pure quietude.

Still life, methought, is thine, fair tree:
Then pluck'd a sprig, and while I mused,
With idle hands, unconsciously,
The delicate small foliage bruised.

Odors, by my rude touch set free,
Escaped from all their secret cells;
Quick life, I cried, is thine, fair tree!
In thee a soul of fragrance dwells:

A soul which wounds nor wrongs destroy,
But wakes its sweetness from repose:
Ah! could I thus heaven's gifts employ,
Worth seen, worth hidden, thus disclose!

In health, with unpretending grace
In wealth, with meanness and with fear,
Through every season wear one face,
And be in truth what I appear.

Then should afflictions chastening rod
Bruise this frail frame, or break my heart;
Life, a sweet sacrifice to God,
Outbreathed like incense, would depart.

The Captain of Salvation thus,
When like a lamb to slaughter led,
Was by the Father's will, for us,
Himself through suffering perfected.

The Mount, near Sheffield, England.

EXPERIENCES OF
A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

" Dans les petites boites les bons ugueens."

LESSON THE SIXTH.

XLII. THE AGE OF WINES.—The glorification of any kind of wine which has been kept for a certain term of years in a barrel or bottle, is a piece of humbug that deserves immediate explosion. Good wines will ever attain perfection a few years from their birth; and like the other beautiful god-sends of sunny climes, rapidly deteriorate when past their climacteric. No wine drinker, with any pretension to taste, cares for port that is more than seven or eight years old; and much wine, even at that age, turns tawny, acquires an acidity in place of the valued astringency, and becomes decidedly gout-creating and stomach-turning. The temperature of the cellar materially affects the ripening of various wines; a damp lodgment assists the maturation of most heavy-bodied articles of imbibition—bottled port wine may be speedily ripened by having cold water occasionally thrown over it. Brown Sherry and Madeira are frequently boiled into refinement, particularly in the United States; newly bottled wine is made to deposit and improve in flavor, by being dipped in water, and placed for a few hours in the sun. Madeira, from its acidity, keeps better than any other kind of wine, excepting Maccabeo and other Roussillion wines, now of little note. Claret wine will not keep, unless for vinegar. Champagne, the Mousseaux, is at its best when about two years old: M. Moët, of Epernay, has kept some of the finest quality of Sillery or still Champagne in his cellars above a dozen years, but the temperature of the vaults is carefully regulated to about 54 degrees Fahrenheit—and, after all, the quality of the wine is only *retained*, not improved. Hock, and most of the Rhine wines, should be drunk before the delicacy of the aroma has been destroyed by age. Sherry will not bear exportation from its native clime without an addition of the strongest alcohol; and requires to be severely brandied, if not exposed to immediate sale. How then can age *improve* its virtue!—Wines ought not to be published until they are ripe and drinkable—but let us not be longer humbugged about the excessive age of the various fancy wines, *supposed* to be unspeakably superior and valuable. Let us, if we must regard the age of wine, look to the vintage, and nothing else. It is hard to refrain from laughing when we see a venerable old codger cocking his half-closed eye toward a glass of thin rhubarb-colored mixture, devoid of smell or taste, and smacking his lips as if in ecstasy, because his father bottled this nastiness eighteen or twenty years ago. When he tells you that it must be good because he knows it to be old, shame him from his heterodoxy by praising the flavor of old women as well as old wine—reverence the juiciness of tough old ducks and bucks, and ancient, and therefore venerable, pickles and pine apples, and other forgotten tenants of the storeroom. Old wine! stuff! Old physic is a preferable article.

XLIII. NEVER LAUGH AT A GHOST STORY!—If, in the sufficiency of your hardihood, you positively disbelieve the existence of spectres, be assured that you are one in a thousand. I speak in the confidence of experience. The birch of the pedagogue hath not yet flogged every spectre from the grave-yard. Every personage, in every rank of life, from nine to ninety, has seen or knows somebody who has had an interview with a ghost of an aunt, grandfather, or sweetheart. The majority of the company present at the recital of a ghost story, may take the tone of some daring unbeliever or pretender, and faintly smile at the "ridiculous idea;" but, satisfied in secrecy of the truth of the creed, they are certain to despise the unbeliever. Boswell has left us an apothegm of Johnson's in favor of the ghost-seers; Dom Calmet the expounder of the Bible, has given us a history of vampires; Walter Scott has written a volume on apparitions, and the calculating Colton, in his *Lacon*, although he gives a chapter against the probability of ghostly influences, has upset his theory in a note wherein he acknowledges their existence. The Christian religion is based on supernatural appearances. Frightened people will not think of the necessity of miracles in the days of darkness, and their inutility in these times of mental refulgency. It is somewhat strange that spectres will insist upon dragging iron chains across the grave-yards; how are these poor wretched ghosts supplied with the mineral clogs? or, are they but the ghosts of chains? Why will the specters wrap

their fleshless bones in white sheets on frosty or blowy nights, when, by their supernatural powers, they might obtain the ghost of a comfortable overcoat, or watch cloak! Would not the respective coffins be a more fitting and enduring garb! By the way, how is it, that despite the general dampness of the grave and the clammy mud of the grave-yard, particularly on wet evenings, that the spectral sheets are always white and pure? who supplies the ghosts with clean linen? Some of the spectres are more domestic in the habitudes, I allow; but do they not always exhibit a lamentable ignorance in the choice of locality? Your thorough-bred out-and-out top-sawyer of a ghost, always possesses himself of some dismal hole in a battered time-eaten castle, or inhabits a garret or cellar in a wretched tenement of the worst description. Are ghosts bashful in their supernaturalness, or are they ashamed of their tomb toilet, that they continually sneak along crazy galleries and down back staircases, avoiding the well-aired passages and comfortable parlors of the domicile, wherein they might settle happily down in somewhat like enjoyment? If grinning ghosts and sheeted spectres will revisit the glimpses of the moon, let them behave in accordance with the spirit of the times, and attend to the amelioration of their race; let them cultivate the decencies and proprieties of human nature if they assume its shape. Instead of moping in the dank dullness of the miasmatic burying ground, let them take a midnight frisk in a fragrant flower garden. Why should not our public squares become conservative ghost walks at night! There is but a nameless difference between moonshine and gas-light. I commend these ideas to the due consideration of the supernatural hosts, and I trust that the spirit of the next schoolmaster who defuncts, will officiate as missionary, and inculcate the wisdom of my word. Let him report progress in the retricity of our sanctum during the next moonlight midnight, and evince his appreciation of our proposals by smoking a choice principle with ghostly dignity and grave bearing. We shall expect the honor of a call, and prepare our spirits accordingly.

XLIII. WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN! This question is frequently asked in the present day, and is variously, but seldom satisfactorily responded to. Almost every station, in the present strangely constituted state of society, has its own notion of gentility, and believes its opinions to be the orthodox creed. The dandified son of the *millionaire*, who inherits his father's fortune, the result of successful speculations in mackerel Nos. 1 and 2, whale oil, hides, and tobacco, despises the merchant tailor or the importer of hardware. These worthies, in turn, ridicule the pretensions of the mechanic, who, again, domineers over the laborer and store porter. What, therefore, constitutes a gentleman! in the eyes of the boot cleaner and the waiter at the hotel, the swindler, the member of congress, the clergyman, and the loafer, if well dressed, and liberal in their expenditure, are all gentlemen alike—and the world takes up the opinion of the waiter. A *bon-vivant* is disappointed in the coldness of an abstemious friend; this friend may be the darling of every literary circle—the cynosure of all eyes and hearts—but if he does not possess a head or rather a block for drinking, his convivial friends pronounce him "no gentleman." Goldfinch, in Holcroft's comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, indignantly repels an assertion that he is no gentleman, by an appeal to the exclusive fashion of his spurs. Another worthy testified, during a trial in a court of justice, that the prisoner must be a real gentleman, because he kept his horse and gog. George the Fourth was said to be the first gentleman of the age, yet he revelled in the society of the profligate and debased. Davy Crockett affirms that Philip Hone, of New York, is the most gentlemanly man he ever met with, because when he asked Crockett to drink, in the hospitable recesses of his back parlor, he turned his back when Crockett filled his tumbler that he might not see how extensive a smaller the rip-roarer chose to apportion. Dick Smith, (every body knows Dick,) affirms that no man is a gentleman who cannot drink his host blind drunk, and remain sober enough to turn him into ridicule afterwards. Unfortunately, Dick does not exemplify his position, for he invariably turns up spooney before any other member of the party. The hack driver endeavors to cheat you out of an extra half dollar, and if you refuse to submit to his swindle, he declares, with a rattling emphasis, as he shuts up his steps, that you are no gentleman. The bankrupt defaulter, stained with a thousand acts of peculative infamy, refuses to acknowledge an actor or an editor as a gentleman. The wharf nigger repudiates his brother woodpiler, who robs him of a three-center, and denounces him "no geddelman, nebber." Two specimens of high-blooded aristocracy quarrel, because one of them has presumed to interfere with the amour of his friend. The injured individual discovers that his friend is no gentleman, while his friend proves his claim to the title by shooting the injured man through the heart. The dog fighter hazards a bet with a stranger in a bear-skin waistcoat, "persuming him to be a reglar genelman." Modern novelists, with a woful but apparent ignorance of the term, misapply it upon all occasions. On the stage, the gentleman is generally depicted a thoughtless youngster, without money or brains, and running into every sort of disreputable scrape, from the consequences of which he is redeemed by his friends, because he has a good heart and is a gentlemanly fellow. A gentleman! the bar keeper of an oyster cellar asserts the character every Sunday; proud of his new blue coat, he holds his head higher than a giraffe, looks down disdainfully upon a clergyman in threadbare attire, or a counting-house clerk in his only suit, and struts a swell supreme. The highwayman who was condemned to death, when he mounted the gallows and encountered a chimney sweep, the partner of his doom, wept not at the near prospect of a violent end, nor at the degradation attendant on the punishment of his crime;

he wept at the contemptuous nature of his colleague—at the ungentlemanly standing of his sharer in the honors of the day. Ward, the wondrous writer of *Fielding*, *D'Almaine*, and *De Vere*, gives in the latter work, a true and honest definition of a gentleman; and I beg leave to refer my readers to the motto in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in evidence of the quotation's worth.

XLIV. THE POETRY OF PUNCH MAKING is as little understood by the millions who tipple the delicious beverage as the difficulties of an epic. Very tolerable whiskey punch may generally be obtained at the various respectable taverns, but few private punch brewers can mix an article worthy suction. Many tasteless wretches squeeze the juice of the lemon into the punch, instead of slicing thinly off a small portion of the rind or peel. It is good to rub a lump of fine sugar over the outside of the fruit; this process will absorb a sufficiency of the essential oil of the lemon, which is better than any of the interior acid for whiskey punch. But the chemist's article, called essential salt of lemons, is but the salt of sorrel, and is a poisonous affair, although frequently used to give an acid flavor to punch. Remember that the water should boil for whiskey punch, but not for rum or brandy punch; let it be as hot as possible, but if it attains the boiling heat, be assured that your punch will not cream. The rind of a Seville orange is an agreeable addition to whiskey punch. George IV., of England, whose opinions in matters of taste have never been surpassed, patronised a potent but pleasant punch, which was long the fashionable tipple at the symposiums of the *elite*, and is favorably known as the Regent's Punch. One bottle of Hockheimer, two bottles of W. I. Madeira, three bottles of Mousseaux Champagne, a quart of the finest Cogniac, a bottle of Curaçoa, a pint of old Jamaica spirits, two bottles of Seltzer water, four pounds of bloom raisins, with the rind and peel of several lemons and Seville oranges. Use white candy instead of sugar, and strong green tea in place of water. This glorious concoction is a cold tipple, and should be strongly iced previous to its imbibition. Green tea is a splendid addition to the punch drinker's materials, and adds nothing to the expense. After the housekeeper has done with the teapot, and every portion of strength that hot water can draw from the leaves has been extracted, the searching power of any strong alcoholic spirit will bring forth nearly as strong an infusion. A very delicious and sensible mixture of good punch may be thus made—Place in the bowl twelve tolerable sized lumps of white loaf sugar—not the pale brown steam refuse generally used in taverns; pour in a pint of hot, but not boiling water, and finely triturate the saccharine. Cast in the peel of two lemons, cut thin and fine with a sharp knife; squeeze in the juice of the fruit also. Then mix half a pint of old Jamaica spirits, a quarter of a pint of fine flavored brandy, a wine glass full of old bottled porter or stout, and an *ad libitum* quantity of arrack. Let each ingredient be well stirred in separately; let the bowl be warm before mixing, and if all the liquids were placed before the fire previous to their introduction to the bowl, the punch would be warmer and therefore better. If the arrack is good, a slight dash will flavor a good sized bowl of punch; wherever this article is not to be obtained, dissolve a scruple of benjamin seed in a pint of rum, and you will have a capital succedaneum. There are various additions that may be used, and, to some tastes, with great effect. A small lump of butter is said to *soften* the punch, but I never found any punch come hard to me. The insertion of a table spoonful of currant jelly, the substitution of shrub for the Jamaica spirit, the use of capillaire instead of sugar, and sherry in lieu of the malt, are sickly alterations unworthy the man of taste. A veteran palate would prefer the use of green tea instead of the aqua pura, but incipient punch drinkers discourage the innovation. There is much tact requisite in the skilful cutting of lemon peel for punch; if it is cut too thick, the white pith imparts an unpleasant bitter to the punch; if too thin, the minute cells on the surface, which contain the essential oil of the fruit, are cut through, and the scent and flavor lost.

XLV. LOVE LETTERS are dangerous articles to write, and a man of sense avoids their transmission. In every amour, from the secret *liaison* to the honorable courtship, there is a chance of exposure in consequence of a break, and love letters, however well written, must sound ridiculous to all but the parties concerned. How contemptibly small these arrows of Cupid appear in the printed evidence of a breach of promise case, with the italicised words, capitals, points, and dashes of the printer! Many of the fair enlavers are so proud of their conquests that they cannot help showing in confidence the tender epistle to some half dozen particular friends, newly-married cousins, and schoolmates. Love letters frequently betray the secret of a snug affair, and involve the scribbling swain in purgatorial difficulties. Avoid them, if you wish to prosper.

XLVI. VEGETABLE SOUPS of all kinds are bad things whenever you expect to swallow a large quantity of wine. The combination of the vinous and vegetable acidities results in a regular fermentation, not over pleasant in a well filled stomach. To a hearty dinner-eater, who cares not for more than his regular allowance of sherry or champagne, these light soups are an agreeable substitution for the heavy *potage* formerly served up as the first or *lightest* course. Turtle, or Moch Turkie, Oxtail, Giblet, or Gravy Soups, are ridiculous things to eat, when you know that you have justice to do to other things of equal value. Light soups for a large dinner, and *vice versa*.

POETICAL PORTRAITS
OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BY A. M'KIM, PHILA.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THINE is a heavenly lyre,
Touch'd by an angel hand,
And strains of love and fire
Await thy soul's command.

FITZGREENE HALLECK.

His gory sabre gleam'd
Across the dusky plain,
Where high the crescent stream'd
Above the Moslem slain.

WILLIS G. CLARK.

Sweetly thy numbers flow,
Liké to a tranquil stream,
Tinged with a heavenly glow
Of daylight's parting beam.

GEORGE F. MORRIS.

A peaceful cottage door,
Where stands a giant tree,
With ivy creeping o'er—
A picture is for thee.

LIEUT. G. W. PATTON.

His home's amid the camp;
Far in a southern glen,
Is heard the measur'd tramp
Of hosts of armed men.

MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

A deep exhaustless mine
Thy poesy hath found,
And gems that glow and shine
Are scattered freely round.

J. G. WHITTIER.

As from a thunder-cloud,
Is heard thy thrilling voice,
In accents long and loud,
And *Afric's* sons rejoice.

J. F. COOPER.

His home is on the deep,
Where waves on waves arise,
And howling tempests sweep
Along the lowering skies.

R. M. BIRD.

Obedient to his call,
The dark brow'd Indians roam,
By rock and waterfall,
Deep in their forest home.

R. T. CONRAD.

Thy harp's sweet tone is strung
At pure affection's shrine;
In thee the sage's tongue
And poet's soul combine.

ROBERT MORRIS.

Gently thy numbers float,
Touching beyond compare,
Like the swan's dying note,
As sweet, and e'en as rare.

N. C. BROOKS.

Turret and gilded dome,
Thy bright creations throng;
By thee, the sacred tome
Is moulded into song.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE NEW AMERICAN NOVELS.

Rob of the Bowl: a Legend of St. Ivisgoes. By the Author of Swallow Barn, Horse-Shoe Robinson, etc. Two volumes.

Stanley; or, The Recollections of a Man of the World. Two volumes.

Home as Found. By the Author of Homeward Bound. Two volumes.

Althea Vernon; or, The Embroidered Handkerchief. To which is added Henrietta Harrison; or, The Blue Cotton Umbrella. By Miss Leslie, author of Pencil Sketches, etc. One volume. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

It is with pleasure we observe that, from the house of one publishing firm alone, we have, in the course of a few days, four novels from the pens of American writers, despite the suffocating influence of the monied few who opposed the passage of the international copyright law, which would have given the authors of the United States at least an opportunity of competing with their transatlantic brethren in the realms of fiction. As it is, the American author who merely gains the ear of the bookseller, may consider himself a fortunate man; the lucky scribe who is sufficiently potential to secure the publication of his hantling, is a man of note and reverence in the paths of this every-day world. The list of works heading our article does not invalidate the truth of our remarks; three of the four authors are of standing reputation, and have but to say "Print," and it is done; and the fourth, although an anonymous writer, wields a powerful and original pen, and has but commenced his career to endless and exalted fame. We do not blame either the public or the publishers for the patronage afforded to the many English reprints which are now, and have been, issuing in endless volumes from the shelves of our American dealers. Why should a bookseller give even the paltry sum of five hundred dollars to an author for the produce of his brains, when he can obtain a copy of the most popular English work of the day, and print it at the mere expense of type and paper? Why should the public give a dollar for an American tale, when the productions of Bulwer and Marryatt are retailed at twenty-five cents per novel? But if the Englishman, who receives nothing for the sale of twenty or thirty thousand of his works, were allowed to enter a copyright in the United States, the bookseller would be compelled to award him some portion of the heavy profits derived from his brain-spinnings, and the American author would at least obtain the liberty of competition in the race after fortune and fame.

The fictitious reasonings against the contemplated bill, prove the rottenness of the holdings of the enemy. The cry of anti-nationality, which the publishers and their adherents raised, was of the most ridiculous description; the persons who were absolutely living upon the writings of foreign authors, which writings filled their shelves to the exclusion of native productions, pretended to be horrified at the idea of giving an alien power to obtain a copyright. The whole tribe of printers, paper makers, type founders, and bookbinders were instantly to be deprived of bread, by the rush of foreign scribes and publishers, who were to seize upon the book-market of the United States, and constitute themselves the sole arbiters of our national literature. Do not the writers of England now furnish us with nine-tenths of our entire material for reading?—are not their magazines reprinted entire in close imitation of the original, and piecemeal in the daily and weekly journals? Look at the publisher's advertisements in any paper; what are the new works announced but "English, English, sirs, from top to toe?" If the international copyright act were allowed to pass, the question of preference between the trans and cis-atlantic authors would be the allowable position of superior merit—it is now a mere matter of cents. American authors cannot struggle against the issue of countless trash, heralded by a flight of London puffs, and published because it costs nothing, and bears the stamp of a foreign name.

It is impossible for America to possess a wholesome and vigorous literature, or a chaste and prosperous drama, till the withering effects of a base submission to every thing that can be borrowed or stolen from another land has passed away, and we begin to think and write for ourselves. The

works of fiction circulated through the land—the plays which are nightly given to crowded audiences in every principal city, do not contain the principles of Americans, nor are they replete with the sentiments which find an echo in the hearts of our countrymen—but who can blame the money makers for appropriating the goods of others, when the government of the land refuses to allow the foreigners a right of property? In England, the privilege of copyright is allowed to the member of any land however distant, and yet we hear nothing about the ruin of the publishers and the poverty of the printers. The interests of the American mechanics demand the protection of Congress; let it be made a proviso in the act that no book shall be published in the Union, unless printed with American type upon American paper. This arrangement would forbid the possibility of being overrun with cheap editions of English works, to the exclusion of the American publication, which seems to be the ostensible bugbear of the opponents of the bill; and it would allow the American writer a chance of reception from the American bookseller, who, when he found himself compelled to remunerate all authors, might deem it worth while to risk a few hundreds on the publication of an original work, by an unknown hand.

The few distinguished American writers who grace our literary lists, owe their appearances before the public, either to the reputation gained in the pages of a periodical work, or some local popularity, which induces a bookseller to risk a publication. Even then, there is no outlay, no exertions to force the book into publicity, no paid puffs and business praises to assist the young pretender. A small number is printed at the lowest rate of expense; if the merit of the work demands a second edition, the writer may consider himself secure; a dividend of the profits is handed over to him, and his future performances are certain of a civil reception. But if the work, unpuffed, and in the present impotent state of literary criticism, most likely unnoticed, because unperused by the critics, fails to readily "go off," let not the unfortunate scribe again appear within the portals of the publisher, with any more of his MSS. Twenty contemptible effusions, either fashionable, by "a Lady of Rank," or nautical nonsenses, by "a Captain in the Royal Navy," will be issued, before his second application meets with an attentive ear.

That America possesses within herself the germ of a vigorous literature, is evidenced by the fact of its existence, despite the trappings of a whole horde of foreign invaders. Like a hardy plant, it rears its head in various unexpected corners, and continues to thrive, although deprived of the presence of the sun. Let us, in our trimmings, deal sharply with withered leaves and branches alone—not lay the knife to the root, nor rudely pluck the choicest flowers.

Mr. Kennedy, the author of "Rob of the Bowl," has distinguished himself at the bar, in Congress, and in the paths of fiction and historic tale. He has now produced an able work, which will be read with pleasure wherever the English language is understood; but to persons acquainted with the localities of the scenes described, or interested in the history of the State of Maryland, the book will bring a tenfold charm. The author's well known power of description renders his account of the eventful scenes of the early colonists most life-like and pleasingly exact. The characteristics of the various personages are also well described, but a lack of power to impart a variety of manner to the several characters sadly impairs the vividness of the author's conceptions. The drunken trooper, the Lord Baltimore, the fearless buccaneer, the silly landlord and his bonny dame, the gentle secretary and the Dutch ranger, all use the same quaint and stilted phraseology. The frequent use of excess in dialects may occasionally be carried too far in some of the English novelists, but a total absence of lingual peculiarity gives a monotonous sound to the conversational portions of a work, and unfortunately such portions are frequently introduced in the work before us. Mr. Kennedy can impart the "set phrase of speech" belonging to each grade and clime; he has doubtless declined doing so, in the fear of spoiling the harmony of the picture; but the grating unison of the entire group of characters is far more dissonant and unnatural.

The hero, "Rob of the Bowl," is a finely-executed conception. The perfect originality of the design, the bold coloring, and elaborate finish of this character, stamp the author as an artist of no ordinary power. The historical part of the story is well carried out, and the struggles of the Lord Proprietary to maintain the Catholic ascendancy are worked into the progress of the plot with skill and effect. We have not time to detail the many evident beauties of the work, and it would be insulting to the worth and reputation of the writer, were we to expend the usual stereotyped phrases of criticism upon a novel which has added another living leaf to the young circle of American literature.

"Stanley, or The Recollections of a Man of the World," is the production of an anonymous author. It is decidedly the most forcible and original work of the day; but, notwithstanding the announcement of a cosmopolite experience, the rust of the scholar is too plainly discernible, and the metaphysical subtleties and abstruse niceties of the German schools preponderate over the concise wisdom of the man of the world. The same fault noticed in Mr. Kennedy's work is also painfully prevalent in "Stanley." The whole of the characters speak in the same language, and indulge in flights of fancy far beyond the probability of their stations. The poorest and the lowest talk logic, quote Latin and Milton, and revel in the wisdom of the fathers. The springs of the purest criticism and the bright waters of philosophy well forth from the foulest ditches—while we admire the acumen of the writer, we smile at the improbable agency he has employed.

The author of "Stanley" is by no means inferior to the author of "Tremaine," the greatest English didactic writer of the day. Mr. Ward, doubtless, possesses a higher polish, and a keener relish for the sunshiny paths of life; our author rejoices somewhat in the gloomy mysticisms of the old philosophers, and smiles only when he picks a bone from the decayed mausoleums of a former age, and applies the scrap of mortality to the purposes of modern life. There are also evident marks of haste in the composition of "Stanley," a fault excusable in articles prepared for appearance in periodical publications, but not to be allowed in the perfection of a didactic work. The plot also is in the highest degree improbable—and yet, with all these faults of omission and commission, we look upon "Stanley" as the best written and most valuable book of the present age. Every chapter is stored with the choicest materials for thinking; every page develops the extraordinary capacity of the author's mind, and the whole work exhibits a cyclopedia of reference and recollection not elsewhere to be experienced.

We intend, ere long, to return to this book, and devote a few pages to a more extended and explanatory notice. We have marked several extracts for quotation, with which our readers cannot fail to be delighted.

"Althea Vernon," and "The Blue Cotton Umbrella" fill a good sized volume with agreeable matter and pertinent advice. Miss Leslie's productions are now the staple commodities of domestic literature; her works are to be found in every house, and in various departments of the same establishment. Her valuable cookery book is an indispensable necessary in the store room and the kitchen; her novels and graphic tales repose in the security of the boudoir, and her annuals grace the parlor table or the cabinet of the print-gatherer and the connoisseur. The volume under notice is a favorable specimen of her well known powers of composition; Miss Leslie may be termed the "Martineau" of social life.

It is with regret that we turn from the gratifying perusal of the above works to notice the repetition of a failure connected with the honored name of Cooper, the author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Prairie," and "The Pioneers." We are sorry that he allowed this, his last, and most insane production, "Home as Found," to pass through the press into publicity. Considered as a novel, it is flat, stale, and miserably dull; as a literary composition, it is puerile and common place; as a national disquisition, it is marked with undeniable stains of prejudice and ill-temper. It has been severely, and generally, most justly handled by every portion of the American press, for the anti-national sentiments and arrogant tone observable in every page. We were amongst the first to point out this strange and most unnatural tendency of the latter portion of Cooper's writings, and thereby incurred the indignation of various scribes who now are the loudest and most indignant of his accusers. But we do not agree with the charge of exclusive anti-nationality now broached against Mr. Cooper, in consequence of his illiberal remarks upon the constitution of society in America. From some physical defect, or some deeply seated disease which has produced mental obscuration of the most dense description, Mr. Cooper has, within these few years, found fault with all creation, excepting alone his own immaculate self. We ask his most fervent admirer, if he has one left after the late numerous and melancholy exposures, to peruse the ten volumes manufactured by Mr. C. from the every-day passages of his trip to Europe. Switzerland, France, Italy, England, and the lands bordering the Rhine, are each and all the subjects of the most vile and senseless objurgations. The tergiversations of the writer are worthy notice—in one country, he praises its opposite as a means of affording comparisons degrading to the land wherein he is sojourning; but when he describes the favored clime, he forgets the constrained praises reluctantly penned in a former volume, and vituperates the objects of his prior laudations. Mr. Cooper seems latterly to have dipped his pen in the gall of bitterness; and with singular fatuity, he has now included his own country in the general damnation proudly dealt out to other lands. We believe he has no intention of rendering America and Americans ridiculous in the eyes of Europeans, for the sake of currying favor with the Europeans, but we positively do believe that Mr. Cooper's jaundiced views will not allow him to speak well of any country in the world, except it presents a comparison degrading to the land under repudiation by the universal defamer.

We have been informed that when Mr. Cooper was in London, he was offered a handsome sum of money by the editor of a certain English annual for the production of a short tale or story of the sea. The author of some thirty or forty republican volumes, flew into a most aristocratic rage, and desiring that the editor would not consider him as a hackney scribe, indignantly refused to accede to the proposal. The most celebrated of England's writers and the noblest born of England's aristocracy, are proud to transmit their lucubrations for insertion in the yearly prettinesses of literature, but Mr. Cooper's patrician blood boiled at the insulting proposal. Yet, this man, who shuddered at the idea of being considered a hack writer, turned the every-day events of his dull and commonplace trip to Europe, into TEN VOLUMES of twaddle and ill-tempered gossip; he fulminates his contempt of his native land in another series of four; announces a new edition of the very worst of his earliest novels, "Prediction," and undertakes to conduct a bookseller's speculation—the Naval History of the United States! *Il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts.* Mr. Cooper is anxious that the reading public should be aware of his intimacy with the French language. We recommend our quotation as a motto to the long list of errata, which posterity will append to his travelling "Sketches."

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Evenings at Home ; or the Juvenile Budget Opened. By Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld. Illustrated by Adams.

The Life of Christ, in the words of the Evangelists. Illustrated by Adams.
Harper and Brothers, New York.

These offerings to the little readers of this festive season, by the Messrs. Harper, evince their good sense in the subjects chosen, and the beauty of the illustrations and the binding affords ample testimony of their liberality. The literary merit of the "Evenings at Home," has long been acknowledged, and parents and guardians of youth will applaud the appearance of the present edition, with its pictorial embellishments and prettiness of appearance. Adams' engravings are beyond the meed of every-day praise—the frontispieces to both the above works defy competition, and are valuable specimens of American art.

"The Life of Christ," is the best book to put into the hands of youth, preparatory to a perusal of the Holy Scriptures, that we are acquainted with.

Histories from Scripture, for Children, exemplified by appropriate Domestic Tales. By Miss Graham. Embellished with elegant engravings, by J. A. Adams.

Moral Lessons and Stories, from the Proverbs of Solomon. By Jane Strickland. Embellished with elegant engravings, by J. A. Adams.
John S. Taylor, New York.

One of the most gratifying evidences of the effects of the march of mind is displayed in the abolition of the old futilities of Dilworth and Vyse, with the ridiculous fables written for the advancement of certain trite moralities, and the general enlightenment of naughty little masters. The ancient villany of Tommy and Harry, the sons of "an elderly gentleman who lived in the west of England," with the elegant exhibition of the said two young gentlemen in long tailed coats, with their infant legs poked into knee breeches and stockings, with cocked hats on their curly heads, and battledores in their respective right hands—a stationary shuttlecock, hanging like a note of admiration in the centre of the wood cut, is as equally ridiculous as the more romantic portrayal of the lion smouzing the waistcoat of the naughty boy, who "didn't care"—or the adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, the truant lads, who were caught by their pedagogue, and whipped, despite their falsehood or their truth. We have often thought that this one story has made more naughty boys than were ever converted by the time-serving morality of the old spelling-books, with their tales of doubtful purport and futile intent.

The little books before us are written with peculiar care. Many adults might benefit by a perusal of their contents; and yet the merest child may read and understand. The mechanical execution is worthy of attention, particularly the elegant illustrations by J. A. Adams, of New York, who may proudly advance his claims to the title of the best engraver on wood of the age.

Peter Parley's Christmas Tales, for 1839.

Peter Parley's Rambles in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

The Little Girl's Own Book. By Mrs. Child.

Holiday Stories.

The Book of the Months : a Gift for the Young.

The Child's Gem. By a Lady. Two Editions.

Mr. Samuel Colman, of New York, is the publisher of the above list of "books for the young," which we have enumerated in full, not only as a guidance to our readers in the choice of New Year's Gifts for their little responsibilities or those of their acquaintances, but as an act of justice to an enterprising publisher, who deserves the patronage of the public. The whole list merits our

approbation; and we have no doubt but these alluring little volumes will meet with a ready sale. The "Parley" books require no praise—"The Little Girl's Own Book" is one of the most agreeable presents that we can conceive—and the delicious little "Gem," is a miniature annual, full of exceedingly beautiful *petite* plates and bits of beauty.

Evenings with Prince Cambaceres, Second Consul, Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Duke of Parma, etc., etc., etc. By Baron Langon. Two volumes. Carey and Hart.

This is an animated and pleasant work, full of incidents well told, and anecdotes replete with point and pleasantry. The conversations are detailed with appropriate effect, and the reader very readily imagines that he hears the endless chat of the old courtier, who dotingly repeats the oft-told tale about his favorites of former days; and if he can produce an effective story, or create a powerful impression upon his hearers, he cares not for the quality of the *matériel* employed. The relations of prince Cambaceres must be swallowed *cum grano salis*, but the seasoning, however racy and piquant, is merely the play of the imagination for the sake of effect—there is nothing national or partizan in the coloring given to the rare and interesting stories detailed by the courtly prattler.

The following little bit of court scandal is a tolerable specimen of the author's style:—

THE BLACK LEG.

"A perfect wonder made her appearance amongst us some months ago; a nymph-like shape, a Venus in figure, the presence of a Diana, Absalom's hair, (this letter was dated in the days of the Empire, gentleness, simplicity, innocence, no wit, little common sense, but a fascinating countenance, and beauty enough to spare to any one else who might stand in need of it; add to this, a brilliant complexion, eyes that would drive one to despair by their provoking expression; in short, a very apple of discord amongst us.

"A week had not elapsed when the verses of La Fontaine

Deux coqs vivaient en paix: une poule survient,
Et voilà la guerre allumée,

might with propriety have been applied to Malmaison. The first whisper was: Peter is the favorite of Mademoiselle de ——. No, Paul is the man—perhaps both at once? These rumors fly about; conjectures follow. We were under the sway of angry and tyrannical feelings. This state of things would have long continued, had not the Empress calling to me one evening, said:—

"M. de ——— I request you will tell me what is this black-leg of which so many stories are related."

"A black-leg!" I unconsciously repeated, as it happens when any thing is stated which we are unprepared to hear.

"Yes, sir, that unlucky spectre which under the guise of a colonial leg, covered over with black crape, wanders about in the garden when all discreet persons at least have retired to rest."

"I respectfully answered that such tricks as these had not been confided to me, for it was well known I would instantly put a stop to them.

"Well, sir, I request you will take measures accordingly. I am fond of the days of chivalry as represented in romance, or at the theatre Feydeau; but, after sun-set, and in this place, such scenes are highly blameable."

"It was now my turn to be angry; I knew and was assured, that the apparitions of the enormous black-leg were no invention. This hideous spectre has shewn himself, for the last fifteen days, or rather nights, to speak more correctly. The servants of the household, the very companies of the guard, were already a prey to the terrors of superstition. Husbands returned to the company of their wives at an earlier hour; female friends slept together; and, with the exception perhaps of Her Majesty, the ladies no longer disguised their fears.

"I had for a servant a phlegmatic German, as strong as a Turk, as brave as Cæsar; he attends me at my summons. I give him my instructions: a bottle of wine, a pie, some bread, and ten francs, promising him double the sum if he consents to explore the park in the night time. He engages to do so. My mind being now at ease, I retire to rest. On awaking the next morning, I behold Momer before me; he was a perfect phantom; he is no longer the same lively, quiet man I had hitherto found him; he is harassed, taciturn, and half intoxicated."

"What have you ascertained?"

"I beseech you, sir, give me my discharge."

"Your discharge? what for? you are dreaming!"

"I beg, sir, you will pardon my ingratitude; but I have no longer the courage to expose myself willingly to a certain and sudden death. I wish to quit France and return to Germany."

"I am amazed; what has occurred, what have you seen? answer me."

"If you desire it, I will tell you the truth."

"What a simpleton you are! was it to conceal from me what you might discover that I sent you last night to run about the fields and keep watch in the park?"

"In that case, I will tell you that I have seen the black-leg; it spoke to me, and I must instantly quit your service under pain of an early death and eternal punishment."

"I was waxing angry, but checked myself, rose up, and, unable to get from this silly fellow any thing more than incoherent words, I granted him his request; he was to remain eight days longer in my service, and then take his departure."

"In the course of the morning, two soldiers of the battalion of the old guard, which was stationed on duty at the Château, came up to speak with me. My German servant had told them of his mishap; they turned him into ridicule, and proposed to replace him, provided I could obtain their officer's permission to sleep out. I applauded their zeal, gave them some drink, settled the question of discipline with the commander, who consented to part for twenty-four hours with his two men, both excellent troopers, with huge mustachios, who with pointed bayonets have already caused so much terror to the living, that I assuredly calculated on their giving some alarm to the dead. Now, we cannot fail to have accounts of this black-leg."

"I watched the dawn of day with almost superstitious impatience; I am informed, at the hour of seven, that one of the *grogards* desires to speak with me; he enters my room."

"Where is your comrade?"

"In the hospital, sir."

"Has he been wounded?"

"May Heaven forgive you, sir; it is unfair thus to bring Christians into the presence of Satan."

"What! have you seen it?"

"No doubt I have; if I am on my legs, I am hardly the better for it. Nichole is nearly dead with fright: the poor fellow never can recover from it."

"But what is it, after all?"

"The black-leg; you know all about it. I need not say more. Oh! the wretch, how hideous!"

"Has it appeared to you?"

"Indeed, it has, soul and body, head, feet and hands."

"A leg! you talk nonsense."

"One might do so with far less cause for it. I am going in quest of Monsieur le Curé, to confess my sins to him. Joking apart, it is a grand sight."

"I gave him his fee, and bit my lips. The alarm increases. On the approach of night, no one dares to stir a single step; we only hear of marvellous stories. The phantom has been every where; he has been seen in the gallery leading to the apartment of Mademoiselle M....: the poor girl is beside herself with fright."

"The lapse of a few days only added to the general terror. I was advised to apply to the police; but was reluctant to adopt this course, knowing how much the Empress was averse to any intercourse with them. Nevertheless, Her Majesty still complained, and the mischievous imp persisted in his pranks. Stung to the quick, I wrote to the prefect and explained the matter to him. The magistrate replied that he would cause a more active watch to be kept round the Château, and sent me, at the same time, a young fellow not more than twenty years old, whom he extolled as an idle vagabond, a cunning lad, a shrewd prowling gipsy, fit for any thing, caring for nothing in the world, but capable of laying hold of Satan himself, though belonging to his gang, provided any one should be disposed to pay him handsomely for his trouble."

"In consequence of M. Dubois' letter, I sent for and questioned this sagacious agent. He related to me numberless affairs from which he had cleverly extricated himself. The present must be the case of a robber, he fears none: or of a lover, well then, he will lay hands on him. I advise him to walk along the galleries, and I gave orders accordingly. It was agreed that, if the phantom inhabited the Château, he would follow him to his den, and whistle by way of signal; if, on the contrary, the leg effected its retreat through the park, he would, on quitting the house, hasten to the garden, when, in order to give warning to the several sentries, he would fire a pistol. On hearing the report, the sentries thus put upon their guard, were to set themselves in motion, in order to cut off the retreat of the intruding visitor."

"This plan being arranged, I went to inform her majesty of it; she gave her approbation, was prepared for an alarm, and, thus admonished beforehand, would not be disturbed by it. She promised, besides, the strictest secrecy; for the more I investigated the matter, the more I was led to think that the hollow leg might possibly be * * * *"

"I was now satisfied that the mystery would be cleared up; I evinced on the evening in question more cheerfulness than usual. I saw my cunning agent for the last time at eleven o'clock, and promised him a five hundred franc note if he succeeded in taking the delinquent. All retired to rest at midnight. I refrained from going to bed. I read, I wrote, but with distracted thoughts. A single idea predominated in my mind. I heard the report of a pistol in the garden, not far from the window of my apartment. I started, a second report was soon afterwards heard, then a third, and eleven in succession; it was a perfect skirmish. Lost in conjectures, I descend the staircase, and hasten to the garden; all the inhabitants of the château, suddenly awake from their slumbers; the sentries, the officers, all clear their way. I proceed to the spot where I expect to find my valet—no trace whatever of Ernest; but, at the appointed spot, a large pool of blood recently spilt, and no human trace, nothing to complete the proof that a murder had been committed. I employed the remainder of the night in inspecting the park and the chateau, and making a minute search in every corner. I order the unfortunate young man to be hailed; I hail him myself: he has disappeared. From that moment, every trace of him was completely lost. The prefect of police himself could procure no ac-

count of him; this is what he apprised me of; but those eleven reports of pistol shots which the whole of Malmaison had heard as well as myself; who could have fired them?

"Nothing could exceed my confusion. I acknowledged my defeat to her Majesty, who said to me:—

"All that is left for us to do is to give way to the phantom, and go to Paris; it will not follow us thither. I doubt of its returning here, when Napoleon comes back.

"Her Majesty, accordingly, took her departure with all the ladies. I remained, but from that moment I no longer had a crow to pluck with the black leg, which discontinued its pranks. Three months afterwards, Mademoiselle M—— married a general officer who made her a Countess; at the same time, a carrier left on his way with the porter of Malmaison, a huge case, directed to me, carriage free. I was absent on business connected with my duty, but I returned three days afterwards. I imagined that some contractors of Paris had sent me various articles I had applied for; I had the case opened in my presence. There was removed from beneath a quantity of linen and hay an immense pasteboard leg, covered with black crape, and a false nose twelve inches long, hanging to it.

Land Sharks and Sea Gulls. By Captain Glascock, R. N., author of *The Naval Sketch Book, Tales of a Tar, etc.* Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Unmitigated nonsense! The captain is to be noticed for the bold and impudent publication of this puerile collection of stale inanities; we defy the most favorable critic to discover a new joke or an original idea in the sayings and doings of these "Land Sharks and Sea Gulls." We perused the first volume in dismay, and felt that nothing could exceed it in stupidity—but we were deceived, for the second volume left it far in the shade. Nautical tales have been on the wane for some time; indeed, we begin to coincide with a would-be witling of our acquaintance, who affirms that R. N., in the title page of a sea novel, stands now-a-days for Regular Nonsense, and this precious effusion certainly bears out the assertion.

The Heir of Selwood. By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Mary Raymond, and other Tales. By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," etc. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Gore, the authoress of the above volumes, has established a desirable reputation as an agreeable writer and depicter of modern English society and manners in middle life. Her novels of "Pin Money," "Mrs. Armitage," "Mothers and Daughters," and "Stokeshill Place," are lively and descriptive; there is occasionally a little too much straining after ultra-gentility in the selections of the ladies and gentlemen introduced to the notice of the reader, but every chapter exhibits the observant powers of the author, and her intimacy with the various springs of action regulating human nature. "The Heir of Selwood; or, Three Epochs in a Life," is an entertaining work, containing all the enumerated characteristics of the writer's style, and fully equal to any of her former productions.

"Mary Raymond, and other Tales," is a very seasonable production, and presents Mrs. Gore in a more favorable light than any of her longer novels. The first tale was printed in England during the author's absence, in consequence of the appearance of "an accidental resemblance to one recently published by the most original and striking author of the day," according to the words of Mr. Gore, in the preface. From our acquaintance with Mary Raymond, we suppose, with some confidence, that Dr. Warren, the author of "The Diary of a Physician," is the person alluded to; we are ready to allow that he wields a powerful pen, but cannot admit that he is the most original and striking author of the day. There is a melo-dramatic effect about the doctor's tales that surprises the reader, but his materials are frequently coarse; Dickens, in the serious snatches dispersed about his pages, excites the sympathies of his readers in an equally intense degree, without the objectionable violations of propriety which too commonly disfigure the doctor's productions. In originality, he is below the common run of the second rate novelists of the day. His pictures of every-day life have a touch of Fuseli in their exaggerated conceptions, which in our opinion destroys the effect of the tone and harmony of color, and the elaborated finish evident in their minutest detail. "The Merchant's Daughter," the tale alluded to in the preface to "Mary Raymond," is a powerfully written picture, but the character of the parent is fearfully unnatural, and destroys by its coarseness, the sympathy which the writer wishes to arouse in favor of his heroine and her ill-fated husband. "Mary Raymond" bears but little resemblance to this story; and need not fear a comparison. The "other Tales" are on a variety of agreeable subjects; several of them have appeared in the English annuals and magazines, but their merits deserve republication in the present shape.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual. Edited by Rev. John A. Clark, 1839. Marshall and Co., Philadelphia.

We did not receive this book in sufficient season to give it the extended notice demanded by its merits, literary and pictorial. Ten engravings of superior beauty illustrate the writings of upwards of fifty contributors of clerical and literary fame. The frontispiece, a portrait of Bishop Griswold, is a print of surpassing excellence—a fit companion to the likeness of Bishop White, which filled the same place in the volume of the last year. "The Raft" is a well conceived and well executed picture—it tells its sad tale at once, and scarcely needs the excellent story that accompanies it. We do not like the "Dead Boy." There is not sufficient expression in either of the living faces, and the deceased child has nothing of the appearance of death in any of its lineaments. "Sunday Morning" and "The Prisoner," are alone sufficient to induce a purchase of the volume. We have no room for any extracts which can do tolerable justice to the worth of the contents, but we cannot refrain from presenting our readers with the following passage selected from a tale depicting the sufferings of two brothers, who are cast upon the bosom of the ocean, on the fail tenure of a small raft of their own construction.

They lay down hand in hand, and wept till both fell asleep. When James awoke, the hand of his brother was still within his; but it was cold and stiff. The angel of death had found them on their little raft, and the spirit of his brother was gone. He fulfilled his promise; he did kneel over the corpse, and pray, with many tears, that God would remember the widowed mother—that he would pardon their sins, and especially that he would forgive him and make him fit to follow his brother into the eternal world. The morning sun rose as fair and as beautiful as if he were to look upon no scene of sorrow. But no sail of any kind was within sight. The day passed away, and James felt that if he did not fulfil his next promise to his brother now, it would soon be too late, for his strength was fast going from him. At the close of the day the solitary mourner had his brother wrapped in his winding-sheet and ready for the burial. He had cut off a large lock of his hair, had kissed his lifeless lips, had placed the weights in at the feet, and all was ready. He once more knelt over the dead, and prayed and wept over one from whom he had never been separated before. With a lingering movement, and a sad heart, he at length rolled it into the waters, feet foremost. The dark blue deep received it—it sank at once—the waters closed over it, till the angel's trumpet shall call it into life again.

That day closed, and James felt that before morning he also should be in eternity, and lamented that there was no one to put him into the deep, to rest with his brother. He lay down, uneasy, and almost expended. He heard the murmurs of the waters around him, sullen, and cheerless. He closed his eyes praying for his mother. And then he dreamed: He was at home. The mountain stood near as before; the Ammonoosuck leaped and murmured as formerly. His mother was there. But the sun seemed to be in an eclipse; a gloom rested upon every thing. Then there was a funeral—it was his brother's. They were carrying him to the little grave-yard; but before they got there, there was another funeral. It was that of Laura Hill. Then the vision changed, and he himself was to be buried in the coffin with his brother. He could feel that cold touch of the corpse; but he himself was alive, and knew that he was alive, while they were screwing down the coffin-lid, and while they were filling up the grave.

An Expedition of Discovery into the Interior of Africa, through the hitherto undescribed Countries of the Great Namaguas, Boschmans, and Hill Damaras. By James Edward Alexander, K. L. S. Two volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Sir James E. Alexander, who affixes many an honorable title to his name, gloriously earned by his meritorious achievements in the paths of science and of war, is an approved narrator of his peregrinations in far and distant lands. He gives a forcible description of the difficulties of penetrating far into the interior of Africa, in which attempt so many brilliant enterprises have failed, and valuable lives destroyed. Sketches of incident and variety of anecdote, relieve the dull detail of continuous description; the country and coast of Southern Africa, north of the Orange River, and the vicinities of the Great Fish River, said to receive above twenty tributaries, had never been satisfactorily explored by Europeans. Sir James Alexander perfected his scheme, and reached the land of the negro who had never before seen a white man. Many curious particulars of the aboriginal negro tribes are spread about the pages of our author; and much valuable knowledge may be gleaned from his original and amusing descriptions.

We append a few extracts illustrative of the author's style, and explanatory of the country and its inhabitants.

I now felt all "the glorious liberty of the bush and of the road." I could dress as I liked, could sit and lie down when it suited my pleasure, went fast or slow, sang aloud or kept silent, ate my

food with an appetite of the keenest Savigny edge, and was gratified with the appearance of picturesque hills and broad and verdant plains, was cheered with the sight and sound of birds and insects, while lizards of various colour, with yellow or green scales, tipped with red and gold, continually hurried across our path, or an occasional snake would glide among the stones and bushes, with its striped or spotted skin.

Snakes now become rather rife. Magesee one day was horrified by the appearance of one with, he said, a head as big as a tea-pot, rearing itself out of a bush as he passed, and glaring at him with its fiery eyes, and hissing with its fanged mouth. It was difficult also to avoid treading on the poisonous cerastes, or horned snake, which, a foot and a half long, and of a light brown color, with dark spots, lay coiled among the stones in our path, and whose color it much resembled.

We reached a considerable elevation, and outspanned at a beautiful spot called Hooge (high) Fontein, where we passed the night. On the morrow there was a most magnificent sun-rise among these grand mountain scenes. The blue and distant peaks rose like islands out of a sea of mist, which filled the valleys; the white veil was lifted upward with the increasing heat; and flowering bushes, and rocks covered with red lichens, were revealed in the foreground; and then the green and broad sides of the granitic mountains were laid bare. Thus the Great Luminary converted the mountains into mighty altars, from which immense clouds of vapor rolled towards Heaven, as if nature were silently but most impressively offering a sacrifice of praise and adoration to its Divine Author.

These Hill Damaras were about five feet seven inches in height, and in color and feature had all the characteristics of the negro, even to the projecting shin bone. They came with long staves in their hands, and without arms, in token of friendship and confidence, though perhaps their weapons were not far off. Their hair was peculiar; that is, it was cut off quite round the head, and an inch above the ear, leaving only the hair on the top of the head—in the manner of the Roundheads of the Cromwellian period. They wore short karosses of deer skin, and softened flaps of skin before and behind, to cover their nakedness; and in the hind flap, which was longer than the fore one, there was a pocket for holding roots, etc. They wore soles or sandals.

I asked the head man how he lived at this season, and he answered, "Badly enough. We are now eating mice, lizards, roots, and sometimes leaves."

I told him that he and his people must not be frightened at white men, and that I intended visiting his village next morning. He answered, "Though we never have seen white men before, yet we always expected to do so. We heard always that they would one day come into the land, and we now see these strange men. I shall tell my people not to run away to-morrow."

Notwithstanding that some people maintain that there is no nation on earth without religion in some form, however faintly it may be traced in their minds, yet, after much and diligent inquiry, I could not discover the slightest feeling of devotion towards a higher and an invisible power among the Hill Damaras; neither had they any fear of an evil influence.

They believe in nothing but what they see.—"Who gives you your food?" I asked.

"We get our living from the air—from the seasons," answered an old Damara.

"Why don't you keep sheep or goats, that you might live better than you do?"

"We have been afraid of losing them; we wished to keep them, but we thought the Boorchmans would rob us of them. Now we think ourselves strong enough to defend ourselves and our property against the Boorchmans, and we must try and get flocks."

"When you die, what becomes of you?"

"When we die we are buried, and are then no better than the beasts."

"Are you afraid to die?"

"Yes, very much; and we are afraid when we see people ill, because we think it may be our turn next—we try not to think of dying."

"Who do you think made the sun and moon, and all you see about you in the world?"

"We don't know; we are a stupid people; we never think of this. What is the use of thinking of it? no one ever told us any thing about these things, and how could we know any thing about them; all we want to know is, where to get a large animal to kill and eat."

"Do you, on any occasion, go to any particular place and make an offering there? For instance, do you go to a heap of stones and throw a stone on the heap; or put a branch on it; or leave a bit of skin on a bush any where?"

"No, we never do these things; we are a stupid people; we don't know or do any thing but look for food, and dance when we have got plenty."

"Sir," said one of my men, "there's the readiest black cook here that ever I seed; she heard that the Governor was coming, and she has been ever since in a terrible bustle, running here and there with a roaring child on her back. I asked her for a light for my pipe, and she whipt off a piece of her shift in a moment, rubbed it up, greased it, and struck a light with it. She then put down some soup afore me, tore off another rag, cleaned a spoon and the table with it, and then stuck it into her arse for another time. She's never at a loss for anything, sir!"

Talking of a Hottentot woman reminds me that there is in this district a rival of the Hottentot Venus, if she does not excel her in the quantity of "sebaceous deposit." Rewarded by a trifle of money or tobacco, she will good naturedly allow a cloth to be spread behind, and on which four plates may be laid, thus forming a peripatetic table!

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
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FEBRUARY, 1839.

THE PUPIL OF RAFFAELLE.

A TALE OF THE ARTS.

"Conjugialis amor, de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

THE great clock of Saint Peter's was chiming an hour past midnight, as a solitary boat proceeded rapidly up the centre of the Tiber. It contained but two persons, the boatman and his passenger, a young man who stood at the head. He was closely enveloped in a large cloak, which, however, left to view a singularly handsome countenance, round which flowed a profusion of dark auburn hair, descending in long curling locks upon his shoulders, according to the fashion of the time. Although his mantle concealed the greater part of his person, the three-piled Genoa velvet bonnet, surmounted by the jewelled plume, and the extravagant length of his embroidered shoes, plainly indicated him to be the cavalier or gallant of the fifteenth century. The night had been remarkably still; and the moon was sailing in all glory through a cloudless Italian sky. The palaces of princely Rome gleamed brightly in the distance; while, far above all, towered the giant dome of Saint Peters, rearing itself aloft, like a haughty monarch surrounded by his subject slaves. As the last reverberation of the bell died faintly away, the boat neared the shore, and the cavalier, leaping from it, proceeded rapidly along the bank of the river. He had scarcely gone a hundred paces, when his progress was impeded by three men, who sprang forward from the projecting angle of an adjacent building, behind which they had lain concealed. The cloak of the cavalier was quickly thrown from his shoulder, and his rapier bared to receive the attack of his assailants, whose mail coats, and ponderous swords proclaimed them to be the bravi of the period. Placing his back against a wall, he defended himself from the fierce onset of his adversaries with a skill and valor that proved him to be a perfect master of his weapon; but, in the height of the conflict, the faithless rapier broke short to the hilt, and he stood defenceless; the arm of the foremost ruffian was raised to fell him to the pavement, but ere it descended, a fourth sword gleamed in the air, and in an instant the bravo was stretched at the feet of a new opponent. This terminated the combat; for the companions of the fallen man, finding they had to contend with an unexpected and powerful adversary, after exchanging a few blows, retreated, leaving with them the body of their wounded comrade, and were soon lost to view amid the shadow of the surrounding buildings.

"Blessed Saint Luke!" exclaimed the rescued cavalier, addressing the person who had so opportunely delivered him; "but that stroke of thine, my friend, came not a whit too early; and I would

fair know to whom I am indebted for so vast a service." The person thus addressed was a tall, powerful young man, whose clear blue eye, and fair, yet ruddy complexion, denoted him to be no native of Italia's sunny clime. He was attired in a leathern jerkin, which descended to his hips, and fitted closely to his body, showing the muscular proportions of his person to great advantage, and leaving to view the whole of the legs and thighs, which, being clothed in tight hose of scarlet cloth, disclosed a symmetry of form equal to the nervous proportions of the "Laocoon," or the "Gladiator."

"For my name," returned the stranger, bluntly, "I am not ashamed to own it—my name, signor, is Quintin Matsys; better known, it may be, as the armorer of Antwerp; but for the debt you speak of, I deserve no thanks; I saw three brands opposed to one, and I had the villain at my feet ere I knew mine own had left the scabbard. And now, having answered your query, I, too, would be better acquainted with the gallant gentleman who must have handled his rapier right prettily to have kept these murderous dogs so long at bay?"

"Call me Urbino," replied the Italian, grasping the hand of the young Fleming. "But," he continued, "is there naught in which I could serve you? Thou art a stranger, I should say, by thy tongue; and perhaps"—He paused as he glanced at the coarse doublet of Matsys. The Fleming caught the direction of the cavalier's eye, and his brow was flushed deeply as he answered,

"The purse of the armorer of Antwerp, signor, may not be so weighty as when he forged harness for prince and peer in his native town; but, Saint Nicholas be praised! it is not so light that he should ask aid of any man of Rome."

"What brings you to Rome, then?" said Urbino, smiling. "I should have thought your Brabant burghers needed coats of mail more than the Roman citizens, to whom Milan harness is as common as rusty iron; perchance, you have journeyed thus far to purchase our Italian steel; or, is it a vow of love to some fair-haired, blue-eyed beauty, for whose favor you have undertaken a pilgrimage to our Lady's shrine? You smile;—have I guessed aright, then?"

"By Saint Hubert!" returned the Fleming, "you have nearly struck the night nail on the head, and perhaps I deserve a smile for my folly, in leaving friends and country for the sake of a fair cheek and a bright eye. But you shall judge for yourself, that is, if you have patience to listen to a short history."

"That will I, right gladly," replied the Italian; "but this is no place to hear it; my lodgings are hard by, and if you will pleasure me with your company thither, and taste a cup of Greek wine, you will add another favor to the one you have already rendered me."

"I accept your proffer," returned Matsys, frankly, "for to say the truth, I had a broil with the master of my hostel this very night, so that I must reckon on the ground for my bed, and my cloak for my pillow."

"Nay, that shall never be," replied Urbino, "while I have a couch beneath my roof. Follow me!" And the cavalier, resuming his mantle, struck into one of the narrow streets leading from the bank of the river into the centre of the city. After pursuing the windings and turnings of two or three streets, the cavalier paused for an instant before a building, whose marble walls seemed worthy to form the residence of a prince, and passing the principal entrance, stopped by a small door at the side of the Palazzo. He pushed it, and the wicket yielding to the pressure, he entered, motioning Matsys to follow him; the Fleming obeyed, and found himself in a long corridor, dimly lighted by a single lamp. Urbino passed on till he led his companion to the foot of a noble staircase in the centre of an open space or court. Reclining on the marble pavement, reposed a swarthy negro, splendidly dressed, having his naked arms adorned with bracelets of massive gold. The African started to his feet as the cavalier approached, and seizing a silver lamp burning by his side, proceeded up the staircase, followed by Urbino and his guest. After mounting several flights of steps, they came to a broad landing-place paved with various colored marbles, from which opened a number of doors, apparently leading to different portions of the building. One of these Urbino opened, and after speaking a few words to the negro slave, entered the apartment with his companion. A large lamp of richly worked silver, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, threw a soft delicious light around the spacious chamber, displaying to the wondering eyes of the Fleming, a singular and gorgeous scene of luxury and refinement. Yet there was a degree of confusion, and perhaps some few discrepancies, among the number of objects crowded together, that might have excited a smile in the cynic or the philosopher. On one side, resting against the splendid hangings of the apartment, stood a large unfinished picture of the Transfiguration, the figures forming the different groups being the size of life, each endowed with an expression and action that insensibly rivetted the attention of the beholder. The whole seemed the production of an exalted and highly refined mind; yet, on a portion of the canvas was sketched a grotesque caricature of a group of friars. Here stood the effigy of the sainted mother of Christ, and reclining by its side, rested a splendid lute, hung with garlands of flowers. Here might be seen the statue of the Queen of Love, whose voluptuous form seemed only waiting for the breath of life, to make her glide from her pedestal. There hung the fleshless bones of a gigantic skeleton, and by the feet of the relic of mortality was thrown a manuscript book of madrigals and songs, penned from the amorous romances of the Provencal troubadours.

"This is my poor lodging," said Urbino, throwing himself listlessly on a pile of cushions, near a table of Parian marble; "I pray you make yourself welcome."

Before Matsys could reply, the negro he had before seen entered the chamber, bearing a collation of the rarest fruits and wines, which he placed upon the table, and then retired behind the couch, where he remained, with his arms crossed on his breast, as if awaiting the farther commands of his master.

"I pledge ye, Sir Quintin!" exclaimed the cavalier, pouring some wine into a crystal goblet, till the ruby bubbles sparkled above the brim; "do me right in a cup of true Corinth. And now," he continued, as Matsys quaffed the contents of his goblet, "I would gladly hear your history; for a tale of love is always welcome to a true gentleman."

"I will not trespass on your patience," replied the armorer, as he seated himself by the side of the cavalier, "for I am not one who can prate by the hour like a shaven monk. Thus then, it is. There is in Antwerp a famous limner, by name Michael Flors: you may have heard of him!"

"His fame has reached Italy; he is, indeed, a worthy follower of the great art of painting."

"He," continued the Fleming, "has a daughter, as far-famed for her beauty as her sire is for his pencil. This maiden, signor, I have loved dearly from my boyhood, and, I trust, I do not over-rate myself, when I say, my love has been returned; ay, and long ere this, but for the accursed obstinacy of her father, we should have been the happiest pair in Antwerp. But pride, or the devil, put it into his head to look down with contempt on my goodly craft, and he has sworn, by all his saints, that I shall ne'er call him father—except I equal him in his own mystery."

"By'r Lady! but it is a strange tale," said the Italian, "and puts the lovers of Italy to shame. Thou hast left, then, thy home,—thy kindred,—for the sake of a blue-eyed girl, with whom, I warrant me, the money-bags of some old burgess will soon make a wondrous change."

"The Flemish maidens, signor," interrupted the armorer, rather angrily, "when their love-tokens are given, abide by their choice; albeit, they may not be so lightly come by, as those of the dames of Rome." He glanced, as he spoke, at the girdle of Urbino, in which was entwined an embroidered glove, which, from its size, could but belong to one of the softer sex.

"Nay," replied the Italian, smiling, "thy readiness to defend them, inclines me to think with thee; and yet, though our ladies' favors are so easily won, you see they may not be worn with impunity." As he spoke, he drew the broken fragment of his rapier from his scabbard, and threw it on the floor. "But a truce to this bantering," he continued, in a more serious tone; "thy errand, now, would be shrewdly guessed, were I to say, thou hast journeyed thus far, for the purpose of studying the great art thyself?"

"My best hammer never struck truer!" responded Matsys, eagerly: "canst thou assist me in this task? But now, thy services were proffered; serve me in this, and, if he be within call, the arm of Quintin Matsys shall be always ready to strike with thee in the fray, or, if absent, thou shalt have his prayers, as regularly as he says his paternoster. I have heard that some of your Roman painters keep open school for the instruction of their art. I will toil from sunrise to sundown, and this hand"—

"Alas! thy hand," interrupted Urbino, half smiling, half mournfully, "is far fitter to hammer the rings of a hauberk, than to handle the tools of a limner."

"It is well, signor," returned the armorer, drawing himself up proudly; "Quintin Matsys is not wont to take gibe or jest upon his calling, at any time, nor is he now in the humor to afford laughter to a stranger. I must seek for courtesy elsewhere."

Matsys rose from his seat as he spoke, and was about to leave the room; but the hand of Urbino was laid on his shoulder, and arrested his departure.

"Nay, nay," said the Italian, "this must not be; I meant not to offend thee; besides, I am your debtor for that timely blow of thine, and though somewhat given to pleasantry, you shall not find me ungrateful. Trust thyself to my guidance, and there shall be naught on my part left undone to serve thy wishes, as far as the humble efforts of a poor votary of the art can effect it."

"Thou art, then, a painter thyself?" returned Matsys.

"As I said, an indifferent follower of the pencil," replied Urbino, glancing round at the various works of art which adorned the room.

The Fleming hesitated, bit his lip, and then suddenly struck his hand into the extended palm of the other, with a force that made the walls of the chamber ring with the sound.

"Per Bacco!" exclaimed Urbino, laughing, and withdrawing the member which had received so unceremonious a salute. "The tiara of Pope Leo himself should not bribe me to supply the place of a breast-plate, if it needed but one blow of your arm to rivet a nail in it. You will accept my service, then?"

"Ay, that will I," returned Matsys, "with many thanks for your courtesy."

"So be it, then," replied Urbino, rising; "and now, Sir Smith, I give ye good night, or rather good morrow. Ali, conduct this gentleman to a sleeping chamber;" and slightly bending his head, the courtly cavalier lifted a portion of the tapestry which concealed a door, and disappeared from the sight of the armorer. The negro, who bowed his head as he heard the commands of his master, made a sign to Matsys to attend him, and the Fleming, following the steps of his guide, was

soon within one of the sleeping-rooms of the Palazzo. The African lighted a lamp standing near the couch, and making a profound obeisance, withdrew, leaving the armorer to himself. The apartment was decorated with the same degree of luxury which prevailed throughout the other portions of the building, and the young Matsys, after recommending himself to the good Saint Nicholas, threw his limbs on a bed upon which a king might have reposed, and was soon lost in a deep slumber, through which floated dreams that bore with them the towers of his native Antwerp, and the fairy form of the daughter of Michael Flors.

Time, whose career is not to be arrested, had rolled on, sweeping away prince and beggar, and levelling alike the palace and the hovel in his resistless course. Four years had passed, and Antwerp still had to regret the absence of one of her bravest citizens. Quintin Matsys was still away from the city of his birth. It was a glowing evening in the month of June, and the summer sun was sinking beneath the towers of the fairest town of Brabant: the carved pinnacles and gables of the houses were glittering in its mellow radiance, while the huge steeple of the cathedral rose from the midst of them, like a tower of burnished gold: the busy hum of the populous city was gradually dying away into silence, and the before crowded streets were nearly deserted, save by those patriotic burghesses who thought it their duty to watch over the weal of their beloved town. Some few of these worthies still perambulated the High-street, almost fainting beneath the huge partizans they bore, and the weight of the corbels into which they had crammed themselves.

At one of the casements which overlooked the scene, her fair brow and clustering tresses lighted up by the gleam of the sunset, sat Lestelle Flors, chronicled by the minnesingers as the "Pearl of Brabant!"—she, whose name formed the war-cry of half the chivalry of Flanders: she, whose hand even belted earl and knight had sought for in vain, much to the regret of the suitors, the surprise of all the unmarried ladies of Antwerp, and the great discomfort of her father. But a tear was trickling down the maiden's cheek, and the convulsive heaving of the richly worked bodice told that it covered a bosom in which, young as it was, care had already found a hiding-place.

"I know not," she said, unconsciously speaking her thoughts,—*"I know not whether I am right to anger my father, by refusing these goodly offers—offers as far above my deserts as they are above my wishes—for the sake of one who, perhaps—but I will not think of it."* She turned from the window as she spoke, and taking up a cittern, which lay on a cushion beside her, passed her hand once or twice over the strings of the instrument, but the lute responded but a mournful chord, as if echoing back the melancholy feelings of its mistress. Her heart was too full, she let the cittern fall from her hands, and throwing herself back in her seat, the beautiful girl wept bitterly. "Oh, Quintin, Quintin!" she murmured, as the paroxysm of her grief gradually subsided, "I cannot think thee false—that noble form of thine cannot conceal a faithless heart; and yet, rumor"—

"Rumor," said a voice from behind, "is a foul-mouthed wench, whose assertions should ne'er be credited."

The maiden started from her seat, and a scream was rising to her lips, as she beheld a tall figure standing in the gloom of the apartment.

"Lestelle," said the same voice. She staggered forward, threw back her hair from her forehead, gazed earnestly on the stranger for an instant, and was clasped in the embrace of her faithful Matsys.

"Lestelle! dearest, constant Lestelle!" exclaimed her lover, while he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her glowing lips; "look up, dear, faithful girl! you are mine; ay, mine, too, with your father's sanction!"

"With my father's sanction!" repeated the blushing maiden, as she disengaged herself from the carresses of her lover.

"Nay, doubt not, girl, your father's sanction is freely given," said Michael Flors, who had introduced his portly form into the chamber unnoticed. "By the three kings of Cologne! the lad speaks naught but the truth, and, with the blessing of Saint Nicholas, to-morrow's sun shall see thee a wedded wife. But, how now! you look as scared as a startled heron. Remember, although I refused thy hand to Matsys the smith, I said I would bestow it freely on Matsys the painter. What! not understand me yet! Then I must e'en leave you to yourselves; perhaps Quintin may be better able to solve the riddle." So saying, the good burghess left the room; and we also, not wishing to intrude on the privacy of the re-united lovers, will follow the old limner's steps.

The conference, however, appeared to be satisfactory to all parties; for certain it is, that, on the following morning, as the chimes of the Cathedral proclaimed noon, the "Pearl of Brabant" became the bride of the long-lost Matsys. On that day the citizens of Antwerp seemed to make it their sole occupation to discuss the probable causes of this unlooked-for event; and many a doublet was stitched awry, much to the dissatisfaction of the gallant, who wished to prank it in his bravest attire at the evening revel which was to celebrate the marriage; and many a tire-woman was absent from her mistress's bower, when her services were most required. The villain knave of the needle forgot his jerkin, and the waiting-woman her mistress's head-gear, in relating and listening to the wondrous tale that ran through the city: how the bridegroom, while in Italy, had slain a score of ruffians, in defence of a noble cavalier, which said cavalier turned out to be the far-famed Raffaele D'Urbino himself: how the great painter, out of gratitude, had instructed him in his art:

how he had toiled from matin bell to midnight chime : how he had at last returned, and won his bride, by proving himself to be, not only the equal, but far the superior, of his father-in-law ; thus fulfilling the conditions, and removing that which, in the eyes of men, appeared an insurmountable obstacle to his hopes.

Nearly four hundred years have now elapsed since that day, and the name of Matsys is still renowned throughout Europe—revered alike for his constancy and devotion, as for his skilful pencil. His tomb is still to be seen by the traveller, near the Cathedral of Antwerp, which contains his famous altar-piece : it bears this inscription :—

“ *Conjugalis amor de Mulcibre, fecit Apellem.* ”

Boston, 1839.

L. M. N.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors, who have been buried for upwards of a century.—See *Notes to Gertrude of Wyoming*.

Ay ! 'tis a holy rite,
Remembrance of the dead,
That will not let oblivion's blight
Around the graves be shed,
Of those the heart in life revered,
The loved—the honored—the endeared.

Nor transient is the time
To holy memory given ;
But faithful as the starry chime
That marks the hours in heaven—
Pointing a love that will not die,
Though years elapse and centuries fly.

The Indian marks the tomb
Where sleep his father's sires,
There still he bids the flowrets bloom,
There still he lights his fires :
Still watching on thro' ages fled
The sacred ashes of the dead.

Far o'er the rugged wild,
Their pilgrim steps they trace,
Where rocks on rocks are rudely piled
In nature's awful grace,
To stand again before the mound,
By kindred earth made holy ground.

But we, alas ! but we,
More civilized than they,
Inurned our loved ones' ashes see,
And weep them for a day ;

Then turn away to mirth or gain,
And let them in their tombs remain.

Who shall weep o'er our graves ?
Who shall bestow a tear ?
Where shall the memory be that saves
What once the heart held dear
From that forgetfulness which falls
Upon his name whom death intrals.

O, if there be a friend,
A friend most fond and true,
With whom thy spirit used to blend,
Who on thy bosom threw
A heart more tender and more kind
Than thou may'st chance again to find—

If such an one now sleep
Within the grave's control,
With sacred care, O, ever keep
His memory in thy soul ;
And now thy truth and fervor prove
By sweet remembrance of his love.

O ! 'tis a blessed thing,
Remembrance of the dead,
That round the sorrowing heart can bring
Fond moments which had fled—
And make the love that welled of yore
Spring up within our hearts once more.

January 1st, 1839.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND THEATRICAL CAREER

OF

JAMES W. WALLACK.

I have known
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed; and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
Shakspeare.

[Concluded from page 16.]

DISEASE and dissipation were now working their effects upon the eccentric Elliston, and he began to neglect the business of the theatre. Weber's splendid opera of *Der Freischütz* was in rehearsal; Horn, the vocalist, now in America, was the original Caspar at Drury Lane, and gained many laurels by his talented assumption of that character; but his constitutional nervousness made him utter many anticipatory fears during the preparation of the piece, and from the shortness of time allowed for its production, he sadly feared that he should not be as perfect as he desired. "Never mind," said Elliston, "I will follow you from wing to wing with the manuscript of the piece and the vocal score, and keep you up." Elliston could use any musical book, with as much efficiency as a giraffe could handle an eye-glass—but, on the night of production he followed Horn from wing to wing, discussing various and frequent glasses of brandy and water, and prompted, drank, shouted, swore, and cheered alternately. In the incantation scene, he laid himself down at full length upon the stage, behind a narrow piece of scenery, or set rock, as it was termed. A tumbler of the fluid, the manuscript of the piece, and vocal score, were before and beside him—he told Horn to be confident, for *he*, the lessee, was with him. The act drop rose, the scene passed off, the act drop fell, and Robert Elliston was found, in his old place, behind the rock, fast asleep, despite the yells of the demons and the horrors of the enchanted circle.

Matters being managed in this way, it is no wonder that the theatre began to lose its popularity. Elliston endeavoured to rally, and engaged Wallack as his stage manager, who was also compelled to play not only his own business, but the major portion of the lessee's. Elliston's Falstaff was a fine, natural piece of acting, but "the drink, Hamlet, the drink," too frequently rendered him incapable of doing justice to the vividness of his own conceptions. On one occasion, just before Falstaff's famous soliloquy upon honor, Elliston, who had been "hugging the wing" during the whole scene, stuttered out his speech to the Prince of Wales—"Hal, if you see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so—'tis a point of friendship," when, unable longer to keep his perpendicular, he fell flat upon the stage. Wallack, who played the Prince, knew his manager's condition, and after one or two fruitless attempts to raise him, carried him off the stage. The audience, not considering the light nature of the stuffing, shouted to see Wallack lift the gross fat man with so much ease, but the playgoers grieved to see the Prince remove a drunken Falstaff, instead of Falstaff's carrying away the body of the slain Harry Percy. The play was finished without Elliston's reappearance, and the curtain fell amid discordant shouts.

Elliston went to jail. The Honorable John Calcraft, paymaster of the British forces, and chairman of the sub-committee, requested Wallack to carry on the theatre to the end of the season. He did so, and with signal success. The receipts paid all the actors' salaries, the rent, and the tradesman's bills. The sub-committee gave Wallack a vote of thanks at the yearly meeting, and engaged him at a first-rate salary as stage manager for the next two years, without reference to the choice of any new lessee. There was an eccentric fellow, of the name of Phil Stone, who filled the situation of property-maker in the theatre, although quite unable to read; but, having cemented a warm friendship with the fireman of the establishment, he used to take his written lists of articles required to the engine functionary, for perusal. His memory was excellent, and he seldom made a

mistake; but when any thing went wrong, he used to console himself by d—g the fireman for not reading the list correctly. This man had an enlarged opinion of his own importance, and used to say that the three corner stones of the building were Ellistone, Winstone (the treasurer), and Phil Stone—but when Elliston reposed on the King's Bench, and Winston was repudiated by the sub-committee, the property man altered his phrase, and used to tell the croakers to cheer up, for the days of Drury were not over—Phil Stone remained, and Wallack was a corner stone worth more than the other two. Experience proved that he was correct.

Several bidders made their offers for the lease of the theatre, but were not accepted by the sub-committee. Among others, Mr. Stephen Price, of New York, met with a refusal. George Bartley, the actor, had an inordinate desire to be the stage director of the splendid edifice, and brought forward a city *millionaire*, who had expressed a wish to be the lessee. The parties were on the point of closing the agreement, when a member of the sub-committee named the standing engagement of Mr. Wallack as stage manager. The stock broker did not object, but Bartley immediately discovered various improprieties in the whole affair, and succeeded in withdrawing his man. Thomas Bish, the notorious lottery office keeper, having several thousands unemployed, in consequence of the discontinuance of the lottery system, resolved to venture his money in management—a scheme containing more blanks than any yet submitted to the turn of Fortune's wheel. His offer for Drury Lane theatre was accepted; he was publicly announced as the lessee, and as publicly expressed his satisfaction at Wallack's engagement as stage manager. John Morris, a wine merchant and a great friend to Mr. Price, persuaded Bish that an efficient *acting manager* was equally necessary, to counterpoise his total lack of experience in playhouse matters. Accordingly, Mr. Stephen Price was engaged by Mr. Bish, at a salary of twelve hundred pounds per annum, as acting manager of Drury Lane theatre, with power to make all engagements. Wallack, having a few weeks to spare, accepted a Dublin engagement; at Dublin, he received a letter, announcing Price as the sole lessee of Drury Lane, in consequence of Bish having backed out from his agreement with the sub-committee. The postscript was in Price's hand-writing, stating that with the same pen he was then using, he had just signed a lease of the theatre, for seven or fourteen years—that he was on the point of sailing for New York for a few months, wherefore he appointed Wallack with due power to form all engagements, and open the theatre at the regular time. It afterwards appeared that the aforesaid John Morris, with other of Bish's friends, had worked upon the ci-devant lottery contractor's fears as to the success of his theatrical speculation, and in the end had persuaded him to forfeit his deposit of two thousand pounds. Price, well acquainted with these particulars, succeeded in obtaining the sub-committee's permission to stand in the place of Bish, with the full benefit of the money laid down; and, on his return from New York, he made good the rest of the sum required, five thousand pounds more.

Wallack opened the theatre with the comedy of *The Wonder*, wherein he played his favorite character of Don Felix; in this piece he had the honor of introducing Miss Ellen Tree to a London audience in the character of Donna Violante. Drury Lane, this year, 1827, boasted as fine a company as ever congregated under a theatre roof; in support of this assertion, we produce the cast of *The School for Scandal*, as played on Wallack's benefit night, during the first year of Mr. Price's reign:

Sir Peter Teazle,	Mr. Farren.	Crabtree,	Mr. Gattie.
Sir Oliver Surface,	Mr. Dowton.	Moses,	Mr. Harley.
Sir Benjamin Backbite,	Mr. Liston.	Trip,	Mr. Jones.
Sir Harry, with song,	Mr. Braham.	Lady Teazle,	Miss Chester.
Joseph Surface,	Mr. Macready,	Mrs. Candour,	Mrs. Glover,
Charles Surface,	Mr. Wallack.	Maria,	Miss Foote.

When we add to the names included in this cast—a cast never equalled in London—the names of Kean, Mathews, Browne, Miss E. Tree, Mrs. West, Mrs. Faucit, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Harlowe, and Madame Vestris, the exquisite superiority of the company will not be doubted.

During this season, King George the IVth paid his first visit to Drury Lane theatre; it fell to Wallack's station to receive his majesty at the box door of the theatre, and, attired in a full court suit, with sword, bag wig, ruffles, etc., preceded his kingship, wax candles in hand, to the box appropriated to the reception of the august visitor. Abbot, now in America, was manager of the Dublin theatre royal at the time of the king's visit to Ireland; it was announced that on such an evening, his majesty intended to visit the theatre. The intimation came rather suddenly on Abbot, who was compelled, in accordance with the old dramatic proverb, to snow brown when unable to snow white. The box lobbies were covered, not with magnificent carpeting of a rich and varied pattern, worthy the feet of the puissant monarch, but with a shabby thin streak of red baize, extending from the entrance door to the royal box. The royal cortege stopped at the playhouse door, the soldiers presented arms, the trumpets gave out their clangor, the orchestra struck up the national anthem, the manager pulled his sword from between his legs and snuffed his wax lights, the takers trembled, and the audience yelled its devoted cheers. The king hobbled up the *money* *steps*, the

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manager glided forward, bowed profoundly between his lights, and then backed towards the royal box. All that Abbot hoped was that he could keep his majesty in conversation, or at least occupy his attention, till he arrived at the box door, that he might not observe the poverty-stricken appearance of the red footway along the lobbies. King George graciously recognized the old London actor, and chatted familiarly till within a few feet of the desired point. A descent of two or three steps had to be made—Abbot, bowing politely, and backing down the declivity as he preceded the monarch, pointed out the steps to his notice; but the king was just then whispering to one of his suite, and catching a wrong impression of Abbot's gesture and low-toned remark, suddenly stopped, looked at the red path extending in a sanguinary line across the lobbies, and in a patronizing tone, replied, "Yes, yes, I see—red flannel—very good—very good, indeed. Better than carpet, and much cheaper."

Price's first season, under Wallack's management, yielded a profit of between four and five thousand pounds. During the vacation, the lessee and the stage manager travelled throughout the provinces in search of dramatic talent, for the purpose of recruiting their corps. Upon returning to London, they learned that Kean had seceded from their ranks, and had signed an engagement with Kemble, for the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. This was astounding news; but Wallack, with a ready wit, suggested an idea which turned their loss into a gain. He had heard of the wish expressed by the son of Kean (Charles) to appear upon the stage—of his father's objection to the wish of the boy, who, encouraged by his mother, had resolved to persevere in his design. A letter was forwarded to Mrs. Kean, with the lessee's proposal in full; she assented to the engagement; and young Master Charles was removed from Eton college, and secretly drilled in the character of Norval for an appearance on the boards of Drury Lane theatre, in defiance to the will of his father, whose talents had saved that theatre from destruction. A great sensation was produced in London relative to Price's wonderful lion, about to be produced in the early part of the season; and when young Kean's name was announced, and the night of his appearance fixed, the excitement amounted to positive madness. Wallack not only drilled him in his part, but dressed him also, and almost pushed him on the stage. The novelty of the affair carried the young man through a series of nights, which, to his lack of talent, would have been refused—but crowded houses repaid the manager, and the second season afforded a profit of about four thousand pounds. Douglas Jerrold's drama of *The Rent Day*, was presented this season, and Wallack's unequalled personation of Martin Heywood added another leaf to his wreath of fame.

The United States held out stronger inducements to our hero than the control of refractory actors and the labor of production which resulted in another's glory. He accordingly made arrangements with Mr. Price for his departure at the end of the season, and took a farewell benefit on the last night, when he performed Reuben Glenroy and Petruchio to an overflowing house. At the end of his address to the audience, in obedience to a vociferous call, he was invited into the green room, where the whole of the *corps dramatique* of Drury Lane were assembled, with Messrs. Fawcett and Young, of Covent Garden, who had been expressly invited. Mr. Mathews, in a speech of considerable force, presented Mr. Wallack with a large silver vase, of remarkable elegance, in the name of his brother actors, as a token of their opinion of his merits, and his undeviating attention not only to the interests of the profession generally, but to their particular and individual well-doing during a series of years remarkable for the trying nature of its changes. Wallack replied in an animated strain, and the evening concluded in harmonious jollity. The vase is of a remarkably handsome construction, by the distinguished Hamlet, and bears the names of *fifty-two* principal performers.

After an absence of five years, Wallack returned to the United States, in the year 1828, with an engagement, signed by Mr. Price, for the next season at Drury, in his pocket. He played the usual round of engagements in the Atlantic cities with all his accustomed success; and sailed for England in the ensuing spring, to fulfil his engagement at Drury Lane. During his absence, John Cooper had been advanced to the managerial chair, and his father-in-law, John Johnstone, had made his final exit from the stage of life. It is not worth while to enlarge upon Mr. Johnstone's merits as an actor; he was the best Irish comedian of the age, and although we have seen him excel in effrontery, we have never seen him approached in the genuine humor and artistical qualities which characterize a comedian of the legitimate drama.

Wallack arrived in London before he was wanted; he therefore accepted an offer from Abbot, who had changed his *venue* from Dublin to Paris, and was manœuvring a company of English comedians on the boards of the Opera House in the French metropolis. But the scheme proved a failure; Monsieur, however inclined to pocket the money of foreigners, either in or out of their own domains, never reciprocates the expenditure; two French theatres are annually opened in London, and French *compiques* crowd every stage—but English actors were never able to collect their expenses in the regions of the *grand monarch*. Wallack had the good fortune to please the peculiar taste of the Parisians; Kean and Liston were not understood, and consequently experienced a contemptuous slight; Macready, on the contrary, met with the most wonderful success. Our hero opened in Hamlet, and was greeted with enthusiastic shouts. He performed several of his first rate characters with an equal share of applause. In Coriolanus, he had to act with a German

lady, who was placed in the part by the manager, because the fantastical Parisians, disappointed by the non-appearance of *La belle Smithson*, a lady of third rate talent, thought fit to disapprove of her substitute, Mrs. W. West, an actress of acknowledged merit. The German lady, with a terrific twist of the tongue, positively rendered Volumnia's language unintelligible. Imagine the following well-known phrase—

When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
Hath clucked thee to the wars, and safely home,
Laden with honors.

As given by her with a strong guttural and nasal combination, in the following strain—"Ven she, poor ens, vond off no shecond proots, has glucked dee to de varsh, and shafely homes laden mit honorsh." The Parisians applauded loudly, and thought, good easy souls, that she spoke exceeding good English.

There was once a teacher of elocution named Cresswick, who was totally unable to sound the letter R, yet this man obtruded his recitations upon public notice, and seemed insensible of his folly. We have heard him give *Pierre's* speech thus.

Yats die in holes and coyneys—Man has a nobley yemedy—yevenge !

There is also an actor, and a tolerably good one, named William Vining, who owns an unconquerable stutter, yet he professes to cure all defects in enunciation; and, possessing a short and ungraceful body, stiles himself an *attitudinarian* !

Wallack found the Theatre Royal Drury Lane in any thing but a prosperous state. In fact, Price had to resign the lease in the month of January, in the very heart of the season, 1830. By the bankrupt laws of England, a commission of bankruptcy can only be issued against traders or manufacturers—Price, anxious to absolve himself from the chance of future litigation, was gazetted as a bookseller, inasmuch as small pamphlets of songs in various operas had been sold in the theatre by the fruit women. It is impossible to account satisfactorily for the failure of Mr. Price's management; he was well supported by the public, and the small sum for which he failed, placed in opposition to the profits of the two first years of his term, are convincing proofs that the losses were not materially heavy. He returned to New York, but soon revisited England, and liquidated all claims against him in full, notwithstanding he had been secured from annoyance by the certificate awarded him without a demur.

Mr. Wallack was again sent for by the sub-committee, and requested to work the theatre till the end of the season. He did so, and with such success that they carried the season beyond the usual number of nights. Another vote of thanks was bestowed upon him, and the Marquess of Hertford, as chairman, publicly expressed his regret that the poverty of the committee prevented them from offering Mr. Wallack a more substantial token of their esteem. And yet this man's income amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling per annum; and not a member of the sub-committee owned less than ten thousand pounds per annum. If these *poor* fellows had followed the example of the *rich* actors, and subscribed a minute portion of their wealth to furnish a lasting memorial of their opinion of the man whose conduct had materially benefitted their property, it would have looked much better than an empty note of admiration. The success of *The Brigand* assisted the latter end of the season.

The Theatre Royal Drury Lane was again put up for competition. Wallack offered a rental of eight thousand pounds per annum, but Captain Polhill, an M. P., and Alexander Lee, the composer of several popular songs, bid nine thousand, and were duly inducted lessees, Wallack being engaged by them as leading actor and stage manager. The partners did not agree; they understood nothing about the business of the stage department, yet interfered in every thing. At the commencement of the second season, 1831-2, the drains upon the treasury required a relaxation of the purse strings of the lessees. The Captain nobly responded, but Mr. Lee confessed his inability, and reluctantly retired from the concern.

Mr. Alfred Bunn, who had been introduced into the theatre as a sort of secretary to Captain Polhill, soon contrived to place his friend, the sole lessee, in positive leading strings. His first act was to recommend the engagement of a certain Monsieur Martin and a menagerie of beasts, tamed from their native wildness into an apathetic indolence that sadly resembled cowardly stupidity. Wallack manfully opposed this desecration of the boards of old Drury, but in vain; Bunn's plausible statements carried the day, and the voice of legitimacy was drowned in the clamors of the *caravans*. *Hyder Ali, or The Lions of Mysore*, a new Eastern piece, was written and produced; a fine guard of iron net-work ran across a certain portion of the stage, and lions, monkeys, and pelicans strutted, bellowed, and shrieked on the classic boards of the first of Britain's theatres. The spirit-broken lions were with difficulty roused into a trifling display of ill temper at the rough usage of Martin, who was sentenced, in the course of the drama, to be thrown alive into their den; and of the beasts attacking the man, he courageously poked and kicked them till they

roaring the sagacious public was required to imagine an evidence of the beasts terrible and untamable anger, and "original as imported." John Bull refused to take such a large edition of the Pleasures of Imagination, and the *Lions of Mysore* were doomed to the dens of the damned. The same scheme is now being carried on with complete success; Van Amburg's beasts are more brutal in their nature, and Ducrow's horses render the thing more *stable*.

Captain Polhill, completely enmeshed in the snares of Bunn, suffered the theatre to fall under the total guidance of this most unprincipled man. Wallack remonstrated, but without effect; and, finding his privileges destroyed and his authority deposed, he resolved on another trip to the United States. But the interests of the theatre still claimed his utmost attention, and in the course of this season, he gave the lessee an instance of his promptness and devotion to the welfare of the establishment. The Christmas pantomime, always a feature of the utmost importance in every London theatre, was not placed sufficiently early in the course of preparation, owing to some of Bunn's intrigues, and a failure was painfully anticipated. T. Blanchard, a pantaloone of some notoriety, was entrusted with the production of the piece, but his continued ebriety prevented a chance of success. Wallack forgot his wrongs, and, donning a flannel jacket and cap, he "went to work;" he arranged the succession of the comic scenes, invented new business, modeled tricks, rehearsed for the clown and the pantaloone—in short, the piece was produced with a greater degree of success than usually befel a Drury Lane pantomime, and was performed an unusual number of nights. During its run, Captain Polhill sent into Mr. Wallack's room, a massive silver salver, of the most splendid make, as a New Year's Gift, with a letter of thanks for his attention to the interests of the theatre.

At the termination of the season, in 1833, Mr. Wallack resigned his situation at Drury Lane theatre, much to the chagrin of Captain Polhill, who knew his worth, and, in a fit of spleen, threatened an action for damages to the amount of the penalty by either party breaking the engagement, namely, one thousand pounds; but Wallack referred him to the articles of agreement between them, wherein it was expressly stated that the stage manager should not be interfered with in the sole control and direction of the theatre, except by the lessee himself; and having allowed Mr. Bunn to assume a power superior to that possessed by Mr. Wallack, the engagement had long been virtually at an end. It may be as well to state, in this place, that Bunn held Polhill in his clutches till the worthy captain was compelled to dispose of the paternal acres in Lincolnshire, and retired into private life, a ruined but a wiser man. Mr. Bunn, a beggar and outcast at the commencement of his stewardship, became a monied speculator at its termination; and not only assumed the responsibility of the lease of Drury Lane, but succeeded in obtaining possession of Covent Garden also, and actually worked the two patent theatres of London, nightly, with but one company. During his career, his former patron and pigeon, Captain Polhill, was refused admission into the theatre, by the positive orders of the *grateful* Mr. Bunn.

Mr. Wallack once more crossed the Atlantic; played with his usual success in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and resolved to pay his first visit to the various cities in the south and the west. He performed at Augusta, under the management of the veteran De Camp; and played an engagement at Charleston during the height of the Nullification excitement. He then crossed the Creek nation towards Mobile. In the heart of the woods, the cart, dignified by the name of stage, broke down; a hatchet was required to shape a new axle from the live tree, but such an implement was not to be obtained, and there seemed to be a considerable probability of a bivouac amongst the pines. An Indian's log hut was discovered in the neighboring bush; the inmate was unable to speak English, and the stage party knew nothing of the language of the Creeks, excepting a stray salutation in the mouth of the driver. Like the Irishman cast on the French shore, in Lover's excellent tale of *The Gridiron*, the driver brought his solitary phrase to bear, but without obtaining the production of the thing required. Wallack went to his aid; and finding language impracticable, he resorted to pantomime, and in action described the break down, the rupture of the axle, and the want of the hatchet to hew down and shape the log. The Creek laughed at Wallack's energetic gesture, and, signifying his comprehension, withdrew into the hut. In a minute, the hatchet was produced; the tree was speedily felled, the axle formed, and the party jogged merrily onwards. This is not the first time that art has supplied the place of words in the communication of ideas; Yaniewicz, a celebrated musician, when in London, lost himself very early one morning, when returning from one of the nobility's concerts. He was unable to inquire his way, for, independent of his imperfect English, he had forgotten the name of his street. Hailing a hackney coach, he quietly deposited himself and his Cremona upon one of the seats, and told the driver to take him home. He was unable to enlarge this unsatisfactory order, and the knight of the whip became naturally impatient, and threatened to pull the mounseer out of his coach. "*J'oublie—forgot de nomme off de street—ver wale—arretez un petite moment, monsieur—attendez, vile I play dis leetel tune on my feedle.*" "Oh, I'm blest if I'm a going to stand here at half-arter three to hear you squeeze a tune in my coach—jump out, vill you, and cut your stick." "*Si vous plait, monsieur*"—and the musician struck up a French air then and now very popular in the streets of London. "Ah, ha, qu'est que ce—vat is dat, eh?" "That—vy, that's Malbrook." "Ah, you have got him—vat I mean—drive a me to *Marlborough street*, if you sal please."

When near the borders of Georgia, Mr. Wallack encountered one of the most awful land storms ever experienced in that section of the country. Large and venerable forest trees were torn from their standings, and whirled through the air. The roads were impassable, and the passengers were compelled to seek a shelter wherever it could be obtained. Mr. Wallack experienced the hospitality of the distinguished Colonel Crowell, formerly of South Carolina, who is said to be a descendant from Oliver Cromwell—the name having been changed shortly after the Restoration, to prevent collision with the friends of royalty. The colonel, who is well known in the south, had busily engaged in the celebrated Creek controversy, and tired of the bustle of a public life, had quietly settled down on the borders of Georgia, about sixty miles from Fort Mitchell, and in reference to past troubles and present hopes of peace, named his place *Ultimatum*.

It is almost needless to observe that Wallack made quite a sensation on his first appearance in New Orleans, where he played Master Walter in the Hunchback, for the first time. During his second engagement at Mobile, he was taken suddenly ill, and the manager having made the apology for his non-appearance in a vague and abrupt manner, the audience fancied that Wallack refused to appear because the house was not so full as it had been on the preceding evenings, and hurried to his hotel, where they saluted him with groans and yells. The next night, the theatre was crammed, and a row seemed inevitable; but the testimony of Wallack's private friends, the statement of the doctor, and the manager's explanation, turned the current in Wallack's favor. The engagement concluded with the most brilliant success.

Having played four engagements at New Orleans and two at Mobile, he sailed from the former place, in the ship Tallahassee, Captain Glover, and landed in due time at Liverpool, where he played a short engagement. He made a professional tour through various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and while voyaging in December, 1833, from Belfast to Glasgow, narrowly escaped a watery grave. When he wished to leave the Irish coast, he found that the whole of the steam packets were on the Scotch side of the channel, except a crazy old boat named the Fingal, which, after a delay of three days, was chartered, and put to sea in foul weather, with a living freight of one hundred and thirty souls. The doomed vessel had not been out of port two hours before the wheel at the helm was washed away; scarcely was this remedied, when the rudder broke from its chains, and the helpless craft was drifted about during the night, at the mercy of the furious wind. The navigation of this portion of the channel, and the Firth of Clyde, is at all times dangerous; and it is a remarkable fact that the water-logged hull, deprived of all storage way, failed to strike upon any of the various rocks and islands which stud the line of coast. Several narrow escapes occurred; the Fingal dashed madly past, and within a few yards of that insulated rock, Ailsa Crag; the slightest touch would have shivered the frail structure of the boat. Wallack had taken command of the pumps, during the whole of the night, and by his judicious conduct and cheering behavior, kept them well manned and in constant use. It was afterwards stated in the public papers, that the exertions of several companies of soldiers, passengers in the Fingal, were, under the direction of Mr. Wallack, the sole cause of the salvation of the lives of the passengers and crew. In the morning, the vessel was rapidly settling down; she had gained the lee of the island of Lamlash, but was unable to enter the bay. The smoke of another steamboat was observed across the land; the only gun on board the Fingal was fired; the other packet heard this signal of distress, and raising her steam, hastened to the rescue. She proved to be the Antelope packet, and had put into Lamlash bay to escape the fury of the storm. The Fingal was immediately emptied of her fatigued and frightened cargo, and towed into the bay, where she soon sunk in shallow water. The passengers were taken to Greenock, and landed; two of them, ladies, lost their senses from the horrors of the night, and are, to this day, inmates of a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of Glasgow.

Wallack reached his destination in due time, and opened at the Glasgow theatre in the character of Hamlet; his hands were so swollen, from his exertions on board the Fingal, that he was unable to close them sufficiently to enable him to clasp the handle of a sword.

In the early part of 1834, he played a successful engagement at Bath; he was engaged for seven nights, but remained twenty-seven, and became quite the fashion amongst the dowagers who rule the first circles of society in the city of Bladud.

Mr. Alfred Bunn had, at this time, the two Royal Theatres under his sovereign control. He had been the chief instrument in driving Wallack from the managerial chair of Old Drury, but he knew our hero's value, and frequently offered him the conduct of either of the houses under his direction. Wallack refused to enter into any settled engagement with Mr. Bunn, but accepted an offer made by the double-jointed lessee, of a certain number of nights at Covent Garden theatre in the early part of the ensuing year. To fill up the time, he determined once more to visit his American friends for a month or two. A trip across the Atlantic is very little more to Wallack than a passage from New York to Philadelphia is to the majority of the every-day world. In July, 1834, he sailed from Liverpool in the George Washington packet ship, having pledged himself to return, eat his Christmas dinner with his family at Brighton. Miss Phillips, a very distinguished actress, visited the United States at the same time, (July,) and, in conjunction with Wallack, made a most successful tour through the Atlantic cities. A curious circumstance happened to

while performing the part of Master Walter, in the Hunchback, at the Park theatre, during his engagement this trip. He had been bled in the right arm, for an attack of vertigo, but felt able to go through his performance. In the first scene, he had to draw his sword; this exertion caused the blood to force its way through the inefficient bandage, and trickle down his arm and fingers to the floor. He felt dizzy and scarcely able to stand; John Mason supported him, and pointed to the stream of blood which was quietly wending its way adown the stage. The curtain dropped in the midst of some confusion; Dr. Hosack came from his seat amongst the audience and tendered his services—the bandages were restored—a glass of wine and water revived the tragedian—the curtain rose again, and the play commenced anew.

Wallack sailed on the first of December, in the Orpheus, for Liverpool, and achieving his return voyage in twenty days, won his wager respecting the Christmas dinner at home. As the packet ship, compelled to go north about, passed the Ailsa Crag, by moonlight, the traveller could not help reverting to the horrors of the storm which shrouded its lofty peak in the eventful night passed aboard the Fingal, exactly twelve months past.

Wallack played, for the first time, at Covent Garden theatre, on the fourth of January, 1835. He opened in Richard the Third, and afterwards appeared in Brutus, Romeo, Othello—Vandenhoff acting Iago. He then returned to Drury Lane, but refused to join the alternate system enforced by Bunn, whereby actors were compelled to play at both houses in the course of the same evening, or whenever their services were required. *The Hazard of the Die*, a piece of peculiar merit, by Jerrold, was produced this season, and Wallack's performance of the principal character materially assisted the treasury.

In the course of the autumn, he again returned to the United States, but the excessive severity of the winter of 1835, and the calamitous effects of the great fire at New York, served materially to diminish the quantity of visitors to the various theatres, and, in common with other stars, Wallack had to submit to the overpowering influence of the fire and the frost. During this season, he did not venture farther south than Washington; at Baltimore, having fulfilled a short and far from profitable engagement, he was called out on his benefit night, by a scanty audience, and very properly expressed his surprise at the event. He asked them if he was expected to return thanks for the miserable share of patronage he had received? if they desired him to utter a public lie, and say that he thanked them for the neglect with which he had been treated during his past engagement? he wished his friends present to understand that he meant nothing disrespectful to their feelings, but he could not refrain from ridiculing the compliment of a call, when nobody had been to see him. This honest and proper address, the manly opposite to the debasing servility of various and several foreign stars, who insult the lieges of this land by violent professions of ultra adoration and esteem, met with the warm approbation of the judicious, although some few members of the mobocracy deemed the actor's spirit an impertinence, and talked of a rough and violent visitation. Wallack stayed several days in Baltimore, to give them a chance of carrying their threats into execution, but the good sense of the community prevailed, and he journeyed on his way north, with the approbation of the honest and the wise.

In the summer, he again returned to the shores of Albion, but refused every proffered theatrical engagement. During his sojourn in England, a term of six weeks only, he played but one night, and that was a gratuitous exertion in favor of Miss Vining, when he performed the Brigand and Adam Brock at the Brighton theatre. Once more, he braved the fury of the Atlantic waves, and after a successful tour through New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, he sailed from the former place, in the packet ship Huntsville, on his second trip to New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were his fellow passengers. His various engagements at both of the New Orleans theatres, at Mobile, Natchez, Vicksburg, and Cincinnati, have seldom been equalled in point of success. At Vicksburg, he performed Macbeth on the day of his arrival, although Mr. Scott, (not J. R.) was announced for the part, and time requisite for the issue of fresh bills could not be gained—the house was crowded in every part. At Cincinnati, Mr. Wallack did not intend to perform, being anxious to return to the north, but Mr. Dean, the manager of one of the theatres, inveigled him ashore by the promise of a handsome certainty for a certain number of nights, which promise resulted in the profit of both manager and star.

During Mr. Wallack's sojourn at Cincinnati, a young artist, named Powell, not more than fifteen years of age, requested and obtained permission to take a stage likeness of the actor in his favorite character of Hamlet. Pleased with the evidences of talent and artistical tact displayed by the young painter, Mr. Wallack induced him to quit "the land of the west," and locate in New York; the change has been of material advantage to Mr. Powell; he is now one of the most popular painters in the metropolis of the empire state, and deservedly ranks as an artist of peculiar worth.

In the course of his way back to New York, Mr. Wallack acceded to a proposal from Hackett, respecting the occupancy of the National theatre in New York. This establishment was gradually sinking under bad management, and required a popular and vigorous direction to restore it in the estimation of the public. Wallack immediately sailed for England, engaged the principal component parts of a company of material excellence; formed engagements with a series of stars, and returned to the National theatre under auspices of peculiar brilliancy. The effects of the mo-

notary pressure, which in 1837-38 affected every class of the community, prevented that thorough consummation of his success, which his labors undoubtedly deserved. Confident in his expectations, and certain of better times, Wallack again crossed the sea in search of novelty; he engaged an entire operatic corps, complete in its own arrangements, and returned to the United States, to reap the golden harvest awarded by a liberal public to his persisting industry and tact.

The National theatre, under Mr. Wallack's management, is more perfect in its appointments than any other dramatic establishment in the United States. The orchestra is full and complete; the stage arrangements deserve the approbation of the play-going public; and the company comprises first rate talent in every department. The various pieces produced during the present season exhibit the perfection of theatrical effect—the handiworks of the presiding genius are every where apparent; and the *coup d'œil* presents a comfortable and satisfactory result, not elsewhere to be experienced.

We have thus brought the life and career of Mr. Wallack to its present successful and pleasant appointment; we are afraid that the business details of his busy but not eventful life may be found a trifle too dull for the general reader—but our theatrical friends will hail with delight, the correctness of the intelligence furnished in the antecedent pages.

In person, Mr. Wallack is somewhat slightly, but well and compactly formed. His face beams with intelligence, and is particularly mobile and flexible in its movements—an advantage not always possessed by the principal actors of the day. Mr. Wallack is an excellent and a versatile performer; we have, with equal delight, seen him play the elegant Don Felix, and Michael, the Fisherman in *The Adopted Child*. Richard the Third, and Walter the Carpenter in *The Children in the Wood*. Macbeth, and Dashall in *My Aunt*. Sardanapalus, and Bob Honeycomb in *The Wolf and the Lamb*. The Brigand, and the Farmer in *The Rent Day*. We pause in the enumeration of his opposite parts, for the catalogue is too extensive for transcription. We consider him the best—indeed, the only Hamlet of the day; his Charles Surface is a finished and graceful performance. In every part, he gives an identity not to be mistaken; there is nothing of the mannerist about his personations, but a freshness and an individuality which fixes the attention, and charms the mind of the auditor. The modern cant of criticism has designated Wallack as an excellent melo-dramatic actor; various of the jaundiced Aristarchs of the day have used this phrase as a means of depreciation—but the futility of their remarks must be evident when it is considered that Wallack's fame in this country depends upon his representation of Shakspeare's heroes—and that his melo-dramatic personations are of recent origin, based upon the performance of *The Brigand*, a piece of some half dozen years durability, while Wallack was confessedly a popular tragedian twenty years ago. It is strange that this *pseudo* sort of reputation should be pertinaciously fastened upon our hero, when every tragedian of the day has been compelled to sustain a larger share of melo-dramatic parts than Wallack has ever been known to represent. Macready gained more fame in England from his melo-dramatic personations of Rob Roy, and Gambia in *The Slave*, than ever he did from any Shakspearian delineations; and yet the London papers are teeming with long accounts of his exertions in behalf of the legitimate drama. Kean, "the god of our idolatry," Forrest, the modern combination of various excellences, exhibit the essence of melo-dramatic qualities in their assumptions of the drama's heroes—and yet they have escaped the sneer.

There is nothing derogatory in being known as a good melo-dramatic actor; John Kemble said very truly that melo-drama contained the germ of every thing valuable in dramatic experience. A tolerable melo-dramatist *must* be a good tragedian, a lively and versatile comedian, an excellent dancer, a tolerable singer, with a knowledge of music, and a graceful easy carriage. He must also be intimately acquainted with the use of the small and broad swords. We know many proud tragedians of the present day who are unable to number an individual possession of the above qualifications.

In private life, Mr. Wallack is an universal favorite; his excessive urbanity and pleasant manners create a host of friends; he possesses a lively and varied power of conversation; is replete with anecdote and repartee; and in the height of his hilarity, never forgets the gentleman. He has been a firm friend to the various members of his family, though he has not always met with a reciprocal feeling. Twenty-three years ago, he removed his mother from the chance of the vicissitudes of the stage; and has since maintained her in genteel retirement. We have known him to borrow a guinea for the relief of an old wooden-legged officer in the army, when his own pocket boasted not of the necessary supply.

Few persons have passed through so many years of managerial conduct as our hero, without incurring the hatred of the many, and the personal animosity of the selfish few. Wallack is universally a favorite amongst the members of the theatrical profession, and we know of no other manager who can make the same boast. We are aware of but two instances wherein he was the object of a pugnacious propensity; and as the circumstances do not in any way militate against his general character, we shall therewith conclude our lengthy but correct account of Mr. Wallack's life and theatrical career. Mr. Stephen Price presented him with a valuable pony, which he named Jonathan. The animal soon became a great favorite with the actor—but one morning he was "progressing" to the theatre, a coal heaver, driving a team of eight large horses.

pure devilism, smacked his long whip in defiance over Mr. Wallack's head, and drove the wagon wheels against the side of the little horse Jonathan, inflicting a serious graze. Wallack alighted, and desired to learn the number of the coal heaver's wagon, that he might obtain legal redress; but the knight of the black diamond raised the loaded butt of his heavy whip, and made a deadly blow at the actor. Wallack nimbly jumped aside and escaped the blow, but succeeded in placing a terrific facer on the black muzzle of the coal heaver. Agreeable to the custom prevalent in the London streets, the mob undertook to see fair play. Hackett, who was then in London, came up most opportunely, and received our hero's watch and purse. The fight was of short duration; Wallack knocked the coal heaver down twice, and as the last fall introduced his cranium to the edge of the curb stone, he was fain to decline any farther intimacy with the tragedian. Wallack hastened to the theatre to superintend the rehearsal, and, not observing the bloody state of his hands, caused some dismay by seizing Mrs. W. West in his sanguinary grasp,

In the early part of his theatrical career, he had some difference with one Wilson, the wardrobe keeper of Drury Lane. Wallack checked the tailor's impertinence by giving him a wholesome drubbing; but the irate snip repudiated his discipline, and caused the tragedian to be dragged off the stage at night by the vile hands of common constables. De Camp and Elliston bailed the tailor-thumper; but the battered artisan obtained judgment to the amount of eleven pounds, ten shillings. This was a sum beyond young Wallack's capabilities, but he depended on his benefit, and desired the wardrobe keeper to draw upon him at three months date, for the amount allowed by law as a recompense for his beating. Wilson did so, and requested Wallack to pay him the above sum, *for value received.* B.

YE VOICES HUSH'D AND GONE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

Ye voices hush'd and gone,
That whisper round me in the dreamy night,
Why, in your sweet, sad tone,
Recall the memory of our lost delight?

Why breathe upon mine ear,
Like distant music o'er a smiling stream?
Why yearns my heart to hear,
Those airy strains, heard only in a dream?

Come ye, oh! whispers sweet,
From the dark valley of the tomb, to tell
How flowers that wreath'd our feet,
Bent at the storm wind and in sorrow fell.

Ye speak of other days,
And bring back rose-wreath'd images again,
And life's young golden rays
Scatter their sun-light over years of pain.

The shadows melt away,
And, hand in hand, our old companions come,
Thro' a long summer day,
We tread again the pleasant paths of home.

Our laughter's echoes swell
In many a mocking sound, around the hills,
And like a fairy bell,
Rung by the viewless wind, in answer trills.

And, like the forest birds,
Who, from their melody the woods along,
Whose wild and untaught words,
Their listening mates return in gentle song.

Like them, our hearts leap out,
In gushing gladness to the streams and flowers,
And the bright waters shout
Hath not more joyous melody, than ours.

But where is now our mirth,
The same bright water carols on its way,
The flowers begem the earth,
But the gay voices, where, oh! where are they?

Ye voices hush'd, and gone,
That whisper round me in the dreamy night,
Why, in your sweet, sad tone,
Recall the memory of our lost delight?

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. VI.

THE GAMBLER'S DEATH.

"I AM almost frozen to death, and my limbs will soon refuse their office. Oh, sir! for the love of heaven, bestow your charity, if it be the smallest pittance, in pity's sake, sir, I beseech you."

There was something in the voice of the speaker so different from the husky half-cracked tone of the midnight mendicant that I turned to look at the object so imploring for charity. It was a poor half-clad female shivering in the blast of a cold February night, and who clearly showed that much as poverty and wretchedness had striven to do their worst, they had not completely wrecked the symmetry of a once beautiful form, or driven away every trace of beauty from the care-worn countenance of the suppliant. It was evident that the direst necessity could have alone forced her to the present employment, for she had scarce uttered her request, when she shrank back as if in dread of the sound of her own words; poor creature, thought I, you have known much misery, would to heaven it were in my power to alleviate it beyond the passing moment. I dropped something into her hand, and passed on; I had gone but a few steps when I heard her voice again—"Stay, sir, but for an instant."

"Well, my good girl, what would you now?"

"You have made a mistake, sir, these are five franc pieces."

"Indeed! I am not rich enough to be in the habit of giving such sums, but you are deserving of them, and may keep them as a reward for your honesty."

She looked at me for a moment, whilst her tongue essayed to utter the language of gratitude, but her heart was too full for utterance, and seizing my hand, she would have pressed it to her lips, but dropped it again in hesitation, as if in remembrance that she had overstepped the limits prescribed by her calling; I could hear a deep drawn sigh as she turned from me, that spoke so forcibly to my feelings that I felt I ought to follow her and see if any thing could be done to remove her from this lowest depth of poverty; she turned up a narrow court, and entering a mean looking house, ascended the stairs, and went into the back garret, leaving the door open. The room was misery itself; two broken chairs, and a ragged coverlet, serving for a bed, was the whole of the furniture; on the coverlet a child about two years of age was sleeping, whilst rocking himself to and fro on one of the broken chairs was a man about six-and-twenty, whose clenched teeth and fixed vacant stare bespoke a mind ill at ease with itself; his face was one that still bore the remains of much manly beauty, and which, in brighter days, and better circumstances, must have made a deep impression in many a woman's heart. He seemed to take no notice of the woman's entrance, but still rocked himself to and fro as if ignorant of her presence. "Adolph, you are ill at ease."—"I am," was the only answer.—"Come, look cheerful."

"Cheerful!—cheerful, yes, when I look round me and see every thing responding to such a sensation—cheerful, indeed!"

"But I have brought you money."

"Then buy bread for yourself and the child, I am not hungry."

"But here is enough, with prudence, to last us some time; look, ten francs."

"Ten francs, show them to me—how came you possessed of so much?—it matters not, give them to me, Adele, and I will buy something for our present wants."

"I will go with you, Adolph, or you will not spend them, you will ——"

"What?"

"Lose them at the gaming-table! oh, Adolph, consider the many hours I have waited and watched in the cold blast with scarce covering for a summer's evening, and the snares and reproaches of those who made refusal doubly bitter by their taunts; I cannot go again; consider, the poor child has not tasted food for many an hour; you used to love me once, and think the covering for a winter's day too slight to protect me from a breath of summer wind. How often have you said I could not bear the fatigue of a few hours' journey in my own carriage, with all the aid that luxury could invent, and now you let me stand as an outcast, hour after hour, to beg a boon from those —, oh, Adolph! Adolph!"

"Why throw this in my face? your friends have offered again and again to allow you to live with them—you can then have all these luxuries you so covet."

"I cannot leave you, Adolph; I value your affections more than all the luxuries the world can bestow—I do not repine—I only ask you to give up this one passion, and your talents may yet support us; we have had a bitter lesson of how little dependence can be placed on the chances of the gaming-table; we have lost all, all—even your friends have cast you off, and left you to starvation, and yet you are still the same, wanting but the means."

"Well, my dearest Adele, I promise you this shall not share the fate of the rest."

"You promise me."

"I do."

Saying which he left the room, and hastened down stairs without perceiving me, on account of the obscurity of the passage. I entered the room, she started on my entering, but when she perceived me, exclaimed—

"Oh, sir, I am afraid you have heard how likely your kindness is to be thrown away, but do not blame me; if you have heard all, I am sure you will not."

I assured her I did not, for an instant, impute the least degree of blame to her, and had followed her solely for the purpose of rendering farther assistance, in case it had been in my power as one of the heads of the police, and was glad I had so done, since I had heard the sad recital of her sufferings. I left her something farther to purchase a supply for her immediate necessities, making her promise to come to my office on the following day, in order that I might arrange something to enable her, at least, to better her present condition, if she still persisted in refusing the offers of her friends.

Adolph, on leaving the house, hastened with the intention of purchasing some food for his famishing wife and child; as it was late, and the shops were, for the most part, shut up—he had to go a short distance to find those in the great thoroughfares that were not so early in closing; in his way was a house, that in his latter days he had often frequented, and where the smallness of the stake had been consistent with his little means; the door was open, and the lights shone from within, announcing that the deadly work was still going on. He paused for an instant at the threshold; might he not be in luck! fortune, which had so long been his enemy, might for once stand his friend; should he but gain a small sum to relieve him from his present dreadful state, and enable him once more to struggle with the world, he would forswear the gaming-table for ever; but then the thoughts of his poor wife, the misery she had endured for his sake, the remembrance of their fond affection before adversity had laid his hand so strongly on him, and what she had undergone to gain this small sum, on the other hand, warned him from entering. "But I cannot lose—I must win—she will be so pleased to see a little hoard to set us once more afloat"—and musing thus, he found himself at the door of the rooms, before he was aware that he had been mechanically ascending the stairs.

As he entered the room the last throw was just decided, and some one exclaimed with a loud voice, "rouge has gained three times, such a run cannot last, I'll go on noir, this time, I have previously lost almost every thing by rouge." Adolph followed his example, and put down five francs on noir; there was a dead silence for a few seconds, every one watching with breathless anxiety the result of the throw,

"Rouge has gained again! a thousand maledictions," cried one, "this is the fourth time; it cannot happen for ever. I will try noir once more, rouge cannot be thrown again." This time nearly all backed noir to the highest amount allowed by the laws of the table; the chances being so strong against rouge coming up once more, Adolph put down his last five franc piece, and rouge, to the mortification of all but the bankers, came up for the fifth time.

"Try it once more," said one of his quondam associates, "don't be disheartened at a little bad luck in the beginning; come, play on noir again, there has been such an unusual run upon rouge."

"I have nothing left to play with," he said, "nor do I know where to look for sufficient to purchase a morsel of food for a starving wife and child—not a sous in the wide world, and none will lend or give—oh, this cursed infatuation, what might I not have been, and what am I now?"—his former "friend" fancying this to be a prelude to the request of a loan, for granting it was quite out of the question, pretended to see an acquaintance at the other end of the room, and shuffled away with the greatest expedition.

In a few minutes Adolph found himself again in the street, but where to turn or go he knew not; could he return home to say he had again lost all—no, no, he could not go back empty-handed; a

few steps forward was a baker shutting up his shop, and a cabriolet coming by at the moment, slipped its wheel, the baker ran to give his assistance, and was soon busily employed with the cabriolet driver in searching for the lost linch-pin; nobody was passing by, and those about the cabriolet were busily engaged. A loaf of bread would be to him, at that moment, almost as the treasures of the east; he crept towards the shop, and seized one of the loaves that was lying on the counter; in the next instant, the cry of stop thief resounded in his ears—the baker's wife from within had seen him; he grasped the loaf, and ran, pursued, by many, drawn together by the cry of "stop thief," expecting some amusement from the chase of a pilferer; his fears gave him speed, and he was fast distancing his pursuers, when he gained the Pont du Notre Dame, the patrol was going over at that moment, and he saw he should not be allowed to pass; he stopped; his pursuers were fast approaching, what was to be done—should he be taken as a midnight robber, be condemned to pass the rest of his days as a galley-slave? there was no time for hesitation, the Seine was before him, and in he plunged; his pursuers reached the bridge only in time to see him throw himself off; there was a low hollow gurgle on the water, showing where he fell, which soon subsided, and the stream resumed its quiet glassy look above, whilst below, death was fast working its way; it was some time before the bystanders could procure the means of rescuing the body from the water, and when it was brought forth they soon perceived that their efforts for resuscitation would prove unavailing, and, with a shrug of the shoulders, and an ejaculation of "poor man," they left it in charge of the patrol, to be by them consigned to the Morgue.

I afterwards learned that Adolph was the only son of a rich merchant, who, at his death, had left him in the sole possession of all his wealth; he had married rather above his rank in life, a wife who loved him to excess; the world offered him all the pleasures that wealth and reciprocal affection could bestow, but it was not in his power to taste them; play was the reigning passion in his heart, and the result was his inevitable ruin; his own, and his wife's friends, had several times assisted him, and started him again and again in the world, with every prospect of success; but still the demon of gambling forced him from out of the path of rectitude, and he sunk deeper than ever; his friends refused again to assist him, and only offered an asylum to his wife, on condition that she lived apart from her husband. This, in all his distresses, she had refused to do, nor was it until death had separated them for ever, that she sought a refuge with her family. She now lives in a small house near St. Cloud, and her every hope is centered in her only child, a boy, whose outward form and face strongly resemble those that made so deep an impression on her heart, and her daily prayer is that heaven may warn him of those dangers which wrecked his father in life's uncertain course.

J. M. B.

KENNETH AND SALADIN;

OR, THE MEETING IN THE DESERT.

BY P. B. ELDER.

MID-DAY upon the desert!

The sun poured down its fervid rays, but life
 Appeared extinct. Man seemed to have no home,
 No heritage, in that lone spot; and all
 The bright and sweet that light life's deserts,
 gloomed,

Dull and unjoyful. Arid, sandy wastes,
 Stretched far and wide, and the hot sun,
 Constant in light and warmth, shone its deep
 love

In beams that sicken, and in smiles that curse.
 Near by, a calm, smooth lake: no ripple stirred
 Its dull and sluggish surface; but the sun

Sternly and feverishly looked down in wrath.

As if the day-god wished to cast a spell
 Of baneful influence and scorching light
 On its dark waters. Trees bloomed upon the
 strand:

And on the beauteous pageantry of fruits,
 Of luscious semblance and of rarest dyes,
 The eye might rest in pleasure; but the taste—
 'Twas but a dream of hope and nothingness—
 Stale, burning, ashy! All that the fond soul
 Might pore o'er with delight, was centered there,
 But, ere the fruit was plucked, the joy had
 flown,—

Like laughing boys that seek the gewgawed fly,
And, as the prize is won, its glory's gone.

The lone Dead Sea! No sparkling wave is
there;—

Gladness danced out upon its bosom; but
A dull, deep gloom, a sullen loneliness,
Seemed fixed upon it. Tales of sacred lore,
Those storied mysteries, which win our love
And gain the heart's deep avenues, when youth
Is laughing in its gladness, say that life
In its dark waters finds no home—that there
The very bird that flutters o'er its surface,
And carols songs of joy and notes of love,
Droops in its airy flight, and falls and dies:
That in its deep and burning bed were laid
A bright plain's cities; and the fertile spot,
The Lord's own garden—Siddim's blessed vale—
Are but a blighted waste, a dreamy thought.
On its drear shores, where burning sands are
spread,

And life in all its forms but languishes,
A mail-clad warrior rode. His stately mein
Won fear and admiration, as the sun
Poured down his noon-day beams on helm,
And lance, and mighty battle-mace, as if in love
To bring bright smiles from glittering tools of
death.

The warrior rode sad and alone: his dark
And heavy steed, though large, and proud, and
strong,

With weary footsteps, through the sun-burnt
sands,

Moved with slow pace, as if fatigue and toil
Had bent his spirit from its noble pride.
Sad was the warrior's heart: on his full brow
And swarthy cheek a tale of thought was writ,
That told of cares deep laid and dangers dared.
High was his spirit; but the eye might trace
That thoughts of sternest mould were burning
there,

And that his cheek was marked with their deep
lines—

That some high purpose on that spirit's light
With restless spell was lingering, and bound
His soul's best sympathies. The emblem dear
Of the blest cross upon his mantle shone—
A Christian knight—one of the battling host
That Europe poured upon the dreary wastes
Around Jerusalem, to strike the blow
For God and Christendom, and from the horde
Of Paynim infidels wrest that blest home—
The City of their God!

The Christian knight, in thought and sadness
wrapt,
Rode near the Dead Sea's border. Home and
joys
Of youth's light pleasures still, at times, awoke
Within his bosom, and the magic spell

Of love's sweet dream would for a time unbend
The stern heart of the warrior; but anon
The cross he bore, and his deep, sacred oath,
Woke up in memory, and the earth-born spell
At once was crush'd and broken.

Far away

A cloud rose on the desert, and the form
Of a light horseman clad in warrior garb,
Whose rapid pace and Saracenic dress
Bespoke the infidel, soon hove in view:
The Christian paused: swift rushed the Paynim

on;

And in his full black eye, whose searching glance
Pierced to the soul's dark caves, beamed forth
the stern

Determined purpose of a warrior chief.

Nearer he came—in circles now he moved—
Quick as a thought of home his light steed sped;
But still that eye, as circling course he made,
With lightning flash, by tempered courage led,
Poured its full light of hate and joy—and told
The dream of glory that his spirit nursed.

Glory was not:

The sweet dream soon had flown:
The Moslem's lance—the Christian's weighty
mace—

Each felt their power, but feared not their behest!
Still on the desert! Still that sterile spot
Is spread before them: still the warriors feel
That generous warmth which clings so fondly
on

Those bright remembrances, which truth and
pride,

The warrior's nurslings, fling so gently round
His high heart's nobleness. No thought of fear
Dwelt in their bosoms; but a kindly joy,
Unmingled not with pain and cautiousness,
Lived with them. Bosoms stirred with the wild
hate

Which long-pent prejudice had nursed and fed,
At once were vanquished. Each the other
loved,—

For admiration swept their bosoms' hate,
And the pure pride of generous courage clasped
And kept the beautiful realm. Long cherished
thoughts

Of toil and bloodshed slept awhile in peace,
And the proud Moslem and the high-born knight,
Both paused in silence.

Friends the warriors are:

The "Desert's Diamond," a lonely knot
Of wide spread palm trees, meets the inquiring
eye,—

The chrystal fount, by generous hand high-
arched,

Wells sparklingly, and the glad eye smiles love
For its pure waters. Thither the foemen hie:
The hand is pressed—the desert cup is pledged,
And Moor and Christian love as warriors love!
Columbia, Pa.

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

(Continued from page 407, Vol. III.)

Sorrow is a passion which lasts but a short time, when one is engaged amidst scenes of action and excitement. It is when we lead a life of inactivity, that we permit grief to predominate over the other passions, which are naturally more liable to gain the ascendancy; but young persons—particularly those of sanguine temperaments—are not prone to indulge much in grief; and ere long I had regained my serenity of mind, and partially forgotten the scene, which, for a time, had harrowed my soul; but I had not forgotten the vows over the grave of my family; I clung to that vow as we are all prone to adhere to a promise made to a dying person, knowing it as their *last* request.

It was towards the latter part of July, when Thomas Girty and myself started on an expedition for the twofold purpose of killing game, and every red man who should be so unfortunate as to get within one hundred yards of us. Our starting seemed unpropitious; we had not advanced one day's journey, when we witnessed a storm, the path of which may yet be traced. An eye witness could alone form but a faint idea of the scene that was suddenly presented to our sight. The hurricane was preceded by a silence not unlike the awful stillness preceding an earthquake; and the similitude was heightened by the low and distant rumbling, which appeared to us like a succession of deep subterraneous explosions. Even the feathered tribe appeared to be aware of some uncommon occurrence in nature, and screaming discordantly, flew from tree to tree, flapping their wings, and sometimes permitting us to approach within a few feet of them. The clouds in the west were as black as jet, and kept a constant circular motion, advancing at the same time with the rapidity of an arrow. But, almost as rapidly as thought, the calmness was broken, and it seemed as if "the angry breath of God" was upon the land. It passed in a moment; but, oh! what a scene of desolation marked its track! the tallest oaks were twisted like reeds, and thrown upon the earth; other large trees were torn up by the roots, and borne away by the wind. This land storm passed within one hundred yards of where we stood, and the rush of air influenced by the whirlwinds, was at that distance so great, that we could, with the utmost difficulty, stand upon our feet. It passed on, marking its course with ruin and desolation. We stood in mute astonishment for many minutes after the whirlwind had passed, but the limbs and twigs which had been hurled to a great height, now began to fall thick and fast, and gave us warning to shelter our persons ere some huge limb should fall and crush us; and the warning was taken in time, for we had but just left the spot, when the torn branch of a tree, fell where we had been standing.

We travelled on slowly, making our way with difficulty over the fallen timber, when we encountered a bear, which appeared to be busily engaged extricating himself from the limbs of a fallen tree, in which he was probably taking his afternoon *siesta*, when the whirlwind surprised him. After striving to run from us, without being able to make much headway, he turned about and came towards us, showing a formidable row of teeth, and growling most sonorously. We both instantly fired upon him, and both shots took effect; my ball entered his body, and Girty's passed through his neck; this treatment only seemed to accelerate his speed. The blood issued from both of the ball holes, and our only chance was to keep him at bay, till he became weakened by loss of blood. Before he could climb the intervening brush, he became weak, and in a moment after, died. Girty's ball had cut the jugular vein. This was but a prelude to an encounter full as deadly.

We reloaded and proceeded to skin the bear, when our attention was attracted by a noise similar to the cry of a turkey. We were then on low ground, and a ridge ascended on each side of us, so that we could not be seen but by persons directly on the top of either ridge. This was not the season for turkeys, or we might not have taken further notice of the cry; but we both instantly stood up, and listened attentively, when the cry was repeated, apparently just behind the top of the ridge.

We were both on our guard in a moment, and we were none too soon, for the next moment two Indians stood on the top of the ridge. We both fired at the same time, and the smallest Indian fell, but the other, who was of a gigantic make, retreated behind the ridge. To gain the top of the ridge was but the work of a moment, where we found the fallen Indian just expiring; the ball had struck on the frontal bone, and passed through his head; the other Indian was not to be seen. Perhaps the reader may accuse me of cruelty, when I mention that I cut off that Indian's scalp, with as much

pleasure as an epicure would cut up a turkey; but the unsatisfied *hate* which then raged within my breast, will offer some apology for that action. Whilst I ran along the ridge, Girty leaped some fallen timber, and ran directly down the steep; I soon lost sight of him. I continued my course along the ridge, with the trigger of my gun set, so that at the shortest notice I might be ready to fire. I had not gone far, when two sharp cracks in quick succession, told me that my companion was engaged in a fight, and was perhaps already killed; I turned about, and leaping some black-berry bushes, which grew there in profusion, ran for the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. The bushes grew thick and high, and the fallen trees were so scattered upon the ground, that advancing with any kind of speed was impossible. A few moments, which appeared as hours, brought me to the spot, where I beheld a scene which was worthy the pencil of a West, or the pen of a Scott. Girty was a man of herculean strength, and possessed a courage truly indomitable; his opponent, the Indian who had crossed the ridge, was equally powerful and bold; and here they had just met as I came up. The Indian stood with his uplifted tomahawk, Girty with his knife drawn; and they were glaring upon each other like two hungry panthers. The Indian suddenly threw his tomahawk, but Girty, whose eyes were upon the instrument, as suddenly stooped—it passed over his head, and sunk deep into a fallen tree, where the slender handle trembled for some moments, from the violence with which it was hurled! Much has been written of the Roman Athleta, of their thick necks, and iron muscles, and powerful frames, but few of them, I doubt, could have competed with Girty or the Indian. The savage gave a yell of disappointment, and drawing his knife, sprang upon his antagonist. I stood with my finger on the trigger of my gun, but they were for a while so closely locked in each others embrace, that I could not fire, from fear of killing Girty. In the scuffle, the Indian's knife dropped, and no one but a man possessed of invincible courage, would have acted as Girty did at this moment, for he magnanimously threw down his own knife, and opposed the red man, totally unarmed, and invited him to a bout of what western people term *rough and tumble*. "Let him alone, and secure those knives, and I'll beat him to death," cried Girty, with perfect sang froid. This request I immediately attended to. The Indian's blows fell with powerful force upon the breast of Girty, but did little or no injury; while Girty's thumps were planted full in the Indian's face, who soon fell to the earth, apparently lifeless. Girty now took his knife, and very deliberately proceeded to scalp his foe, when the savage sprang upon his hands and knees, and struggled violently to get up; it was his last struggle, for the keen knife penetrated his heart. After resting awhile, and taking the usual token of remembrance from the Indian's head, we returned to our bear, upon which we already found a wolf busily employed in making a meal, but seeing us coming, he contented himself with a large piece of the flesh, which he caught up in his teeth, and carried off.

CHAPTER III.

INDIANS seldom go on war excursions, unless in gangs sufficiently numerous to repel the attacks of the hunting parties of the white men. This, we suspected, might be the case in the present instance, and no time was to be lost, for if those Indians whom we had just killed, had comrades, they might be within hearing of our guns, and be upon us before we were aware. We skinned our bear with despatch, and hanging the hind quarters beyond the reach of wolves, we hastily left the fallen timber on our left, and steered for "Flat Fork." This is a low, level, and somewhat miasmatic tract of land, about ten miles square. The unhealthiness of this part of the valley of the Miami, will not admit of its being settled.* We had not gone far, when "gray twilight," began to settle upon the land, and the mosquitoes became troublesome. We travelled on till it became too dark to grope our way through the bushes, when we prepared in silence to sleep. We dared not make a fire to cook our meat, for fear the light should be discovered by the Indians, who, we felt certain, were in the neighborhood. Wrapping ourselves in our blankets, we composed ourselves to sleep. Girty was soon snoring soundly, but I could not even doze. I closed my eyes, and tried to force myself to sleep, but every breath of air that sighed among the trees caused me to start. I did not feel easy, for there was a presentiment within me that all was not right. There was no external cause for apprehension, yet there was a something within me, which whispered that to go to sleep then would be the height of madness. I lay upon my back looking at the amorphous clouds, which slowly floated in the sky, obscuring the faint starlight, when a slight crack, like the breaking of a dry stick, reached my ear. My heart rose in my throat upon hearing this ominous sound, for I now felt that my suspicions were true—that we had been dogged by Indians. I silently awoke Girty, and told him of my suspicions, and the sound that I had heard. Girty was not a man who would laugh at the suspicion of danger as many would have done, for he did not fear them when they came. He at once admitted the likelihood of my suspicions. We arose without any noise, slipped behind a tree, where, with our guns in our hands, we awaited the confirmation of our doubts.

* Deer may be shot there at this day.

The moon had not yet risen, and the clouds obscured all reflected light, so that if our suspicions were true, we again had the advantage over our enemies. Nothing is more aggravating, or I might say *horrible*, than suspense under such circumstances; and none but persons who have been placed in a similar situation, could form the least idea of one's feelings when waiting for a combat which *must* end in the death of yourself, or of your enemy. When in actual combat, the excitement prevents us from reasoning upon the consequences which may ensue, or even thinking upon the subject at all; but when placed where one has nothing to do, but to listen, and think dispassionately, there is an eagerness for the engagement, mingled with a slight fear of the consequences, which amounts, I might venture to say, to positive agony; but this feeling is soon dispelled when the "brush" commences. For some time we heard no sound but occasionally the wild laughing-scream of some owls, which appeared to be holding a jubilee not far from where we were; but finally, the same ominous crack was heard apparently much nearer. I cocked my gun noiselessly, by pushing forward the back trigger, and scarcely breathing, awaited the issue. My fears were not groundless, for soon we heard a low humming noise, like persons in conversation, and soon the dusky forms of six Indians appeared, indistinctly, in the gloom. They slowly and cautiously advanced to where we had been lying, and as noiselessly passed on. One huge fellow passed so near the tree which I was behind, that I might have reached out my hand and touched him. They went on their way. It was now obvious that the savages, aware of our proximity, were searching for us. We kept our places, and did not speak till we thought they had got beyond hearing, when we silently and rapidly commenced our journey, and did not stop nor tarry till daylight, when we built a fire, and cooked our breakfasts.

But it was decreed that we should yet have farther dealings with this cursed band of marauders. While eating our breakfast with a gusto, which was not at all diminished by fasting since the preceding morning, we again heard the same prophetic gobble which had put us on our guard once before; the cry was clear and loud, and served the opposite purpose for which it was intended. This cry, we now inferred was the signal, when separated, for calling together the party. We did not await a second cry, but rushing into a papaw thicket, we ran till we arrived on the banks of the Mad River, where we stopped to hold a consultation. Here we might have saved ourselves much trouble had we crossed the river, which was then low, but we had sworn to avenge my family, and that vow my companion declared, was sacred, and must be kept—so, like brave but rash men, we turned back to fight six Indians, and I can only attribute it to accident that we were not killed. We received our knowledge of the arrival of the enemy by a bullet, which very musically flew by us. We sprang into the thickest part of the papaw patch, and getting behind a large log, prepared to protect our little ambuscade to the last.

J. M. S.

Dayton, Dec. 23d, 1838.

[To be continued.]

STANZAS,

(ON BEHOLDING SOME SCHOOL-TOYS.)

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, BLOCKLEY, PENN.

W^HEN what a gush of exquisite delight,
The wearied traveller greets again his home,
And gazes raptured on each spire-crowned
dome,
That wooing, amorous, the sun's red light,
Blazes a beacon-pyre of memory,
A fertile island in a desert sea.
E^Vn so, ye precious reliques, do I gaze
On what, though foolish toys, to all save me,
Recall the careless thoughts of other days,
And make me wish myself once more a child,
From sadness free, and with no sin defiled.

Let worldlings, if they will, despise the thought,
(Vain, selfish worldlings, in their foolish pride,)

Let them condemn the joys which childhood
brought,
And smile at that for which they should have
sighed.
Let them rail on—though silent when they
speak,
My mind is filling with the vast reply;
But words to fashion it are much too weak,
And the best answer is my tear-filled eye—
The fount is loosed.

Oh! for that blissful time,
When Joy was young, and Hope was in its
prime,
And sorrow had not touched my soul—nor
crime.

HENRY PULTENEY:
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

[Continued from page 36.]

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

CHAPTER XX.

Again the ocean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.
From the high mountain to the stooping plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hid a her fair face or gilds her glowing form,
But groves of olive scattered dark and wide
And the gray cypress saddening near the tide
All tinged with heavenly hues, arrest the eye.
And dull were his that heedless passed them by.

Corsair.

It was on the evening of the day on which the occurrences described in the last chapter took place, that I walked forth along the margin of the sea, to compose the passions that were at strife within my bosom, and to meditate on the events which were past and to come. I felt excited and disturbed by the extraordinary and fearful incidents which had that day occurred at the castle of prince Menitzen, and I felt perplexed and undecided as to the course which I was to pursue in reference to that detection of Harford and discovery of my boy, which were urged upon me alike by the counsels of natural passion, and the necessity of a life that had no other object or excuse. It struck me as somewhat strange that it was at that time that I first began to experience any distrust of the practicability of the method by which I proposed to revenge myself, or any doubt of the possibility of accomplishing that object at all. Before then, I had pressed ardently forward, in plan and in proceeding, without a misgiving of success, and it had seemed that my course was straight and demanded nothing but energy and resolution; now, that vehemence of confidence was at an end, and I was disposed to look far more intelligently and inquiringly, it might be skeptically, at the means which were attainable for the acquisition of my purpose. I accounted for this change of feeling by supposing that previously to the startling and engrossing occurrences of that day, the mind, drawn aside by no rival interest, and goaded by undivided passion, had been pressed upon the object which engaged it with an earnestness that paralyzed its power, and that attention had been blinded by its eagerness, even as the physical sight may blench by excess of keenness; and that the spirit, when its excitement had been quenched and exhausted by an intruding incident so engrossing as that which was just past, now turned to its former thoughts with a calmer and more comparative judgment. To soothe the agitations and settle the difficulties thus battling within my breast, what comforter proposed so wise a place as that which tarried beneath the stillness of nature?

The moon, which, amidst the mists that in that delicious clime seemed not grosser than air made palpable and silvery, appeared to hang half-way between the earth and sky, was warming all the prospect with the softest, richest splendor that ever made the outer atmosphere of the world odorous of the most interior glory of heaven.

No cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
’Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid.

As perfume above a garden of roses—as gladness around the aspect of her whom the young heart newly loves—did the trembling light float throughout the superior scene, and dream along the bosom of the waters beneath. He who had looked up at the expanse on high, and not taken note of the central lamp of the night which diffused this brilliance, might have deemed that a shower of the finest dust of diamonds was raining down from the whole of the blue vault above. In parts of the sky, especially those nearest to the horizon, a few bright stars were glittering, whose twinkling flashes, soundless in their splendor, seemed to be secret signals of sympathy and intelligence, which planet was sending unto planet through the mighty distance of the silent universe. Where the moon flung down its whiteness on the earth, the soil almost appeared covered by the downy carpet of the wintry snow; where its rays rose, more dimly scattered through the space on high, the blue currents of the sacred river of eternity that in the stillness of immortality for ever flows, floating the universe, which it bears upon its depths, forward to that ocean of infinity wherein it must dissolve and perish, seemed veiled beneath a drapery of pearly lustre, by which the brightness of created radiance essayed to illuminate, while it in truth obscured, the everlasting hue of the heavens.

As I strolled along, careless of the course which I was taking, the progress of my walk brought me near to that rearward side of the castle of prince Menitzen which gave directly upon the sea, and by which I had a few hours before made my perilous escape from those walls. The beach was here terminated suddenly by a projecting angle of the enormous mass of rock on which the castle was built, of which one side formed one of the boundaries of that sector of water by which I have already described the towers of the castle as communicating with the ocean. Behind me, the shore rose to a great height by a precipitous ascent of rock, parts of which were gleaming in the cold, gray moonlight, and parts were darkened by shrubs and tufts of fern and moss. Finding my path thus abruptly ended, I seated myself on a ledge of stone which was enriched between two broken rocks which lay on either side of it, and gave myself up to the thoughts which followed one another in their march through my mind.

The events of that day had passed in such rapid, important, and varied succession that I had scarcely had time to review their sequence, or ponder on their interest. Within those few hours had occurred my first meeting, and on terms of apparent confidence and mutual safety, with him whose corpse now swung at the mercy of the breeze, the victim of the violence he had himself invoked. Within that time, the arrogant lordling, in the pride of his titled power, had given his insult, and paid for it with the price of life. I thought of the startling fate by which I had been hurried directly forward to the very verge of destruction, and of the suddenness with which fierce-eyed death, which for a moment had hovered around me in its blackness, had sprung upon my foe, and swept him to ruin. The information which he had so instantly acquired of my presence at Baffa was somewhat singular. Was it accidental? or could Harford have had any thing to do in communicating to the prince that knowledge which might profit him by causing me annoyance or detention? What had been, and what would be the course of that mysterious being? It was but a doubtful reliance which I could place upon the conjecture that he had escaped from the island and embarked for England, or for any of the adjoining ports of the Mediterranean. It was possible that he was still near me, and that the scheme which had so nearly ended in my overthrow was suggested and aided by himself. With the power and the continuance of a demon rather than of a man, he had given tremendous fulfilment to those words in which he swore to pour out the unending ruin of his hate upon my head—words that, from the hour of their utterance, had rang within my ears to startle the rest of peace, or madden the fervor of resentment. And when I looked back upon the calamity which not he but a higher hand had sent, in the death of Helena, the meltingness of a regret and pain that knew not remedy or revenge almost dissolved the sternness of that anger which the acts of man might cause. Had he warred alone, I would have met him gladly, and summoned all the ardor of my spirit to give confidence to contest; but when heaven itself was leagued against me, and I was deserted by that providence on whose strength I should have leaned, I had small heart to battle longer.

From the tenderness of a bosom softened by the sorrow of surviving love, it was with anguish that I turned to entertain the callous harshness of revenge; I felt that it would be necessary for me either to say with him who aspired for the unattainable,

I give the fight up! Let there be an end,
A privacy, an obscure nook for me!

Or to exchange my nature for the spirit of a fiend, and yield my life a consecrated sacrifice to some prodigious plan of retribution—to devote my being to a single and centered purpose, to which every thought of the mind should give intelligence, and every passion of the heart lend fervor. The breast which could see no joy within itself, but found therein only pain and self-reproach, must needs seek its quarry in some outward object, and no passion can so fully involve and mingle with its current every feeling and excitement of the bosom as can hate. When such a dedication is assumed, there is no other course for man than to press everlastingly forward in prosecution of the pursuit he has taken up, and to create a constant interest in his employment, by freshly stimulating

his despair, and to revive a defeated hope of injury by unceasing promise of some larger ruin. The bad passions are all mightier than the good, and therefore their exercise absorbs far more of the power of the nature they attach to. Or to speak more accurately, evil is in its nature and operation nearly allied in all cases to energy and agitation, while quiet is the necessary element of virtue. Accordingly, when the spirit is disturbed and uneasy by the presence of some overpowering emotion, it instinctively has recourse to that species of feeling whose force and violence is most cognate to its own disorder, and that leads it to sinful sentiments of hatred or ambition, and away from the calm of religion and goodness.

From these thoughts I turned to the majestic scene before me, so pure and placid in its freeness, that it seemed to reprove every emotion but those of piety and love. With that ocean were connected the most delicious impressions that rose from the cave of memory. It was by those waters that I had first met her whose image now rose to point with anguish every recollection of my life; it was by their side that I so long had shared the richest joy that earth inherits, and often had we two reposed upon the moss-clothed banks, and watched the play of the waves in every variety of shade and sunshine, and of breeze or calm; or stood beside the shore while a halo surrounded the earth, like that which now rested on its brow. These scenes rose to memory, as bitter now as they were once enchanting.

Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I loved:
The wife and mother, pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!

CHAPTER XXL

The rack, the grave, all—anything with thee, I
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall
Be ignorant of each other: yet I will
Share that, and all things save new separation;
It is too much to have survived the first.
The Two Foscari.

WITH thoughts like these flitting through my mind, I sat for some time upon the beach, and then rose to return to my lodgings. I was just stepping upon the quay behind the inn where I stayed, when a man came forward from the opposite quarter of the wharf, and approaching me, touched his hat.

"Mr. Pulteney, I believe!" said he.

"Yes."

"Your servant has just gone to look for you along the opposite beach, which he thought you had taken. I have a communication of great importance to make to you, and there is no time to be lost. When he returns, he will assure you of my being worthy of credit. He and I were born in the same village in Criti, and he knows me well. If you will walk this way, out of hearing of those houses, I will explain to you what I mean."

The speaker was a man of ordinary and even rough appearance, and might have belonged, so far as his dress and aspect indicated, to the laboring classes of the island. His language excited my curiosity, and I followed him some distance along the beach, until, having passed out of danger of being overheard, he stopped.

"You are probably under the impression," said he, speaking rapidly and in a low tone of voice, "that Mr. Armadi has sailed from Cyprus for some of the European ports."

I was silent for a moment, while wondering how it was possible that this man could know anything about my affairs or opinions, and asking myself if it was certain his question referred to Harford.

"Perhaps," said he, "you do not recognize the person I speak of, by that name?"

"I believe I know whom you mean," said I. "Go on."

"I must beg your forgiveness for having been engaged in assisting him to carry off your son. I have been employed by him for a long time in various services. To-night we have quarrelled and parted. He has done me a deep injury, and I am determined to be revenged. If you will listen to me, you may recover possession of your boy this night."

"Where is he?" said I, with breathless anxiety.

"He is on this island, and in the castle lately belonging to prince Menitzen."

"Have you seen him lately? Is he well?"

"I saw him an hour ago. He cries constantly for his father, and refuses to eat anything. He seems to be very wretched and discontented."

I clasped the hand of the speaker with the thankfulness and agitation of one who stood beside the person upon whom depended all was dear to life.

"Tell me how I may reach him," said I, "and you may name the reward you desire. But has not the castle of Menitzen been sacked by the mob?"

"The mob," he replied, "were unable to penetrate beyond the left wing of the building. That part of the structure is separated from the central portion by a passage containing an iron gate of such strength and thickness that no force, short of the heaviest artillery, can possibly break through. It is in the opposite wing that Mr. Armadi is now staying, and your son is with him."

"How did he get there, and what connexion has he had with prince Menitzen?" said I.

"His movements, so far as I know them, have been thus. Three months ago, he engaged me, at this port, at which I had just landed from a cruise, to serve him for a year, at high wages, for accomplishing some important business, the nature of which however he did not disclose. He sent me immediately to Baffa, with orders to wait there until he arrived, and to be in constant readiness to join him at a moment's notice, adding that it might be several months before he came. A few weeks since, he came there and directed me to hire a vessel at this port, and drop down to Baffa without delay, and wait in the offing. I accordingly did so, and a boat, the next day, put out from the shore, and brought Mr. Armadi and a little boy on deck. We set sail at once for this port, and Mr. Armadi having desired me to leave the ship in the command of another person, and to follow him to take charge of the child, we landed here, and entered the castle of prince Menitzen, who received Mr. Armadi with great cordiality and friendship. They have been talking together a great deal in private, and I understood that they were contriving how to get Mr. Pulteney into their hands. Mr. Armadi has been absent from the castle for several days, and returned yesterday. How you were prevailed on to accompany the prince within the walls, you know better than I do. Meanwhile, I have gathered from your son, who has been consigned to my keeping, an account of the manner in which he was stolen from you by Mr. Armadi, who, he says, was residing with you as a servant."

"Can you tell me," said I, when he had finished this singular narration, which did not seem very probable, in contemplation of the issue to which the whole had been brought, "how it happened that so much pains and contrivance were employed simply for the purpose of bringing me under the axe of the executioner? By your statement, it appears to have been in consequence of the designs and efforts of Armadi, as you call him, that I was brought into Menitzen's castle. But I am at a loss to imagine how *he* should desire to put me to death who has long since exposed his life in order to preserve me for purposes of his own; or, if he wished that catastrophe, why he did not take a shorter and easier method."

"Of prince Menitzen's design to put you to death," replied the man, "I was informed a few moments since, by the person to whom the execution of that intention was assigned. It was certainly agreed upon between Mr. Armadi and the prince that you should be confined in one of the dungeons of the castle for ten years, and then released and permitted to depart in safety. This was solemnly promised, in my hearing, by that nobleman to his companion, and was the specific condition on which the latter brought you into the hands of the other. It was understood that this would gratify the anger which, for some cause, the nobleman had towards you, and suit the views which Mr. Armadi also had. But this prince, who seems to have been as treacherous to his friends as he was cruel to his enemies, ordered your death immediately you were in his hands. Unless Mr. Armadi has been informed of the facts by the person who told me in casual conversation,—and it is not very probable that he has taken that trouble,—he no doubt imagines that you are at this moment lying in one of the deepest dungeons of that ancient and fearful building. I heard the prince assure Mr. Armadi that that was the case."

"And how do you propose to rescue my boy from the hands of this man?"

"I propose," said he, "to lay before you a method in which, by encountering considerable danger, you can probably succeed in getting him into your possession. Are you prepared to undertake the enterprise on those terms?"

"Certainly; I will make any attempt that holds out the slightest promise of prevailing in that object."

"Listen to me, then. That enormous rock on which the castle is built, and of which the opposite side falls directly into the ocean, is pierced by several passages, the toil of remote years and many generations, by which the interior can be gained both from the beach on this side, and the sea upon the other. Through one of these, I will engage to lead you this night to the apartments in which Mr. Armadi and your son sleep. They will either be in the same chamber, or in adjoining ones. It is for you to rescue and carry him out. In the latter case there will be no danger; in the former, the undertaking will be somewhat hazardous, but may be accomplished either by putting Mr. Armadi to death, or escaping with the boy while he is sleeping. Will you submit to my guidance?"

"I will."

"Meet me, then, precisely as the clock of the castle is striking twelve, at that part of this adjoining beach where three rocks rise from the water. You cannot mistake the spot. It is quite remote

from the castle, and it is the entrance to one of the passages I spoke of. It is now two hours till noon. Good night."

"If you will be faithful to me in this business," said I, as I placed a purse of gold in his hand, "and enable me to regain my child, you shall have three times this amount."

"You may depend upon me. Farewell. At twelve, exactly!"

He left me, and turned off at a rapid pace from the shore. I remained pondering his words with an agitation and interest not to be described. I had so completely given up all hope of ever recovering my son, and habituated myself to consider that every attempt towards that end must bring with it a fearful struggle, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that so speedy and peaceful a method as this man suggested could put me in possession of the only thing I longed on earth to gain. The plan he disclosed seemed to me abundantly safe, and the circumstance which he referred to as an obstacle,—the possible necessity of killing Harford,—I regarded as being of itself sufficient inducement even to a far more hazardous enterprise. Of course, I could feel no reluctance in putting to death a man the end of whose life would be the only beginning of my comfort. The existence of that man, which I knew to be fruitful in nothing but injury and ruin to me, had thrown a gloom and uneasiness around me which was so constant and unshunnable that it had grown to be the abiding and natural condition of my mind and feelings; and the prospect now held near and plainly open of destroying for ever this source of disquiet, and bringing back to my days the peace of assured security, rose before my thoughts with the brightness of a long-continuing, sky-casing cloud, suddenly retiring before the morning sun. The very scene around me seemed gayer and lighter. I felt as if a heaviness were taken from the air, and a deep uneasiness from my heart. I breathed a profoundness of joy which for years had been a stranger to my bosom. If I could fold my darling boy to my bosom, in the consciousness that there dwelt no longer on the earth a power to disturb or separate us, and feel that amidst whatever circumstances of happiness heaven might place around me, I might lie down in confidence and rise up in safety, I could then consider myself as relieved through all future time from every serious apprehension or distress; and though that mighty grief which must ever be a great eclipse to all my hopes—the death of Helena—could never be undone, yet it would be changed from that harshness of regret, which the horrid guardianship which had befallen that pledge of love she had consigned to my keeping, threw around every thought of her to a softness and tenderness which transformed severity to sweetness.

The place which this person had specified as the spot for meeting me, was on the beach which extended on the side of the town opposite to that on which I had before been strolling. As it still wanted two hours till midnight, I walked slowly back along the shore I had traversed before, to pass the hours which must intervene ere it was time to act, in considering the undertaking which was before me. I paced along the glittering sands for a considerable length of time, until I reached that barrier of projecting rock which had terminated my walk before. Feeling then somewhat fatigued, and yet far too excited in mind to render it at all worth while to retire to the house to repose, I seated myself in the same little niche of rock in which I had before rested myself, and looked out again upon the sea and sky. I remained here until I heard the clock in the central tower of the castle above me strike eleven o'clock, when I thought it time to return home to make my preparations for the enterprise which was before me.

The last ringing stroke of the heavy bell above me was still vibrating in the air, and echoing among the rocks, when a little boat, rowed by a single person, pulled swiftly and silently around the promontory of rock which separated the beach from the water beyond and extended a considerable distance into the sea, and came directly towards that part of the shore where I was concealed. I had partially risen from my seat as this object came upon my sight, and I immediately sunk back to wait for the issue.

The oarsman quietly brought his boat to rest at that point of the shore which was hidden from my view by one of the small rocks beside me. By leaning forward a little, I was enabled to see him with distinctness. He was covered by a large cloak, and sat with his face turned from me. He had taken in the oars, and appeared to be waiting for the arrival of some one, or the occurrence of some time or signal. In a little while, he applied a small instrument to his lips and blew a long and low whistle. A moment after the sound had ceased, I heard a footstep just beside me, on the other side of the rock which sheltered me, and a man walked down towards the water. I could not conceive for a moment where he had come from, for there was no possibility of his having been hidden among the rocks during the whole period of my being on the spot, even if there had been, which there certainly was not, any place, except that where I was, large enough to give shelter to a person at all. I soon concluded, however, that he must have come from the castle by one of the passages which the man I had conversed with had described to me as existing in various parts, and had now stepped out upon the beach by some secret opening in the great rock, which I had not been able to discover. The man in the boat rose at his appearance, and stepping from his bark, while he wrapped his cloak closely about him, joined him on the shore, and the two walked slowly along in earnest conversation.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to request you to meet me here," said the one who came from the boat, "but these men are so fickle and lawless, that I neither like to leave them so long a time

as would be necessary for reaching you in the castle, nor do I feel safe in letting them know yet that there is any passage from the place where they are to the interior."

These words were spoken in a certain harsh, shrill voice, which sounded fearfully familiar to my ears. Taken with what I had so recently heard of the presence of Harford at that place, I felt little hesitation in believing that my old and devoted enemy was before me. I listened with the keenest anxiety for the communication which was taking place between these persons, for I thought it every way probable that I was to be the subject of it. Unfortunately, the increased distance which their walk placed between us, and the lowness of tone in which their succeeding remarks were uttered, prevented my catching anything that followed. They continued their progress some distance along the shore, and broken words which in the deep silence of the scene fell upon my ear, showed that their conversation was earnest, but were too few to enable me to gather their object. Presently they turned round and began to walk back, and when they reached my position again, the person whom I supposed to be Harford said to the other, as he stepped into the boat, "The hour at which he is to meet him to-night is precisely twelve."

With these words, he pushed his little boat from the shore, and rowed off in the same direction that he had come. His companion turned towards the bank, and as the moonlight fell upon his features directed towards me, I recognized the countenance of lord Angstein, the brother of Helena. He passed a few steps beyond me, and then entering a crevice of the rock, disappeared from the sight.

The instant the last remark of Harford fell upon my ear, it flashed upon me that it must have reference to the appointment which I had made with the stranger upon the beach a short time before; and a suspicion of the honesty of that offer darted across my mind. When I saw that lord Angstein was the person with whom Harford had had this conference, I felt more firmly convinced of the connexion which must exist between their purposes and myself. That nobleman conceived that he had high and just grounds for detesting me, and I doubted not that all the nobleness of his nature—and as far as any passions can be honorable, his were such—would be enlisted in revenging what he might deem an injury to his house, and punishing one whom that knowledge which he possessed might teach him to scorn. Was it not therefore probable that the whole three of these persons had been united in the attempt which had failed that morning, and that the survivors of the plot, stung and mortified by that defeat, had resorted to another stratagem to get me into their power? I rapidly ran my thoughts over the story which the supposed servant of Harford had recounted that evening, and though it possessed a character of unusual probability, especially in the circumstances of his appearing to be unaware of the name by which that person was known to me, and his detailing what seemed likely to be the precise truth, and which undoubtedly must have had a large share of accuracy, about the method by which Harford had thus far accomplished his plans, yet there was even in this little that was not entirely reconcileable with the supposition that the habitual cunning of that persevering man had been employed on this occasion to contrive a plan which should be adequate to deceive even the most vigilant suspicion.

As soon as I thought that I should not be observed, I issued from my hiding place, and hastened quickly to the inn where I lodged. I inquired if my servant had returned, or had been seen within an hour. The landlord told me that more than three hours before, and previously to the time when I had left the house, a man had called for my servant, and that the two had gone out together, and not since come back. This converted my suspicions to assurance; for the statement of the stranger that my attendant had set out to look for me just before the period at which he met me could not be true, and even if he had gone as he said, he could have returned long before the time of my inquiry.

It was necessary to decide without delay upon the course to be followed, and I was not long in forming my plans. It was plain that my safety might be easily secured and their plans entirely frustrated by not keeping my appointment, then near at hand. But still, the guidance thus treacherously offered, although it might lead me into dangers and difficulties, would very probably bring me into a position which would afford some prospect of rescuing my boy, who in all likelihood was within the walls of prince Menitzen's castle. Wherever there was a chance of accomplishing this object I was prepared to throw myself, in disregard of every personal risk; but in this case it was scarcely possible that the counsels of my enemies should be so badly taken as to allow the faintest probability of my resisting their schemes when once within their hands. While pondering on these considerations, and doubting what it were most advisable to do, a method suddenly occurred to me by which I might turn the proceedings of my foes into my own advancement, and employ the knowledge I had gained to their destruction. It was now, however, within half an hour of the hour appointed for the meeting upon the beach, and no time was to be lost in executing what I purposed. I left the inn, and hastened rapidly along the road which I had traversed that morning in the carriage of the prince. As it lay in the direction of the point at which I was to be at twelve, being on the land above it, I was not going out of my way, or losing time, even if I did not succeed in what I undertook. I had gone but a short distance when I was met by my servant, who was hurrying rapidly from the direction of the castle, in quest of me.

"You have agreed," said he, as soon as he recognized me, "to enter the castle of Menitma to-night, by a private passage, in hope of regaining possession of your son!"

"I have."

"Do not go."

"Why not? What have you learned?"

"The whole affair is a plot. If you go, you will be slain or imprisoned."

"Account to me first for your absence," said I, wishing to know where he had been, and thinking it possible that he was himself engaged in the plot. "Why have you been absent for three hours from the house?"

"There came to the inn," he replied, "a person with whom I had formerly some acquaintance, and telling me that he had a boat on the beach, which he was going to row to one of the islands opposite the harbor, asked me if I was inclined to accompany him. I assented, and we stepped together into the boat. Instead of pulling into the bay towards any of the islands, he rowed directly round the great rock of the castle, as he said, to get something which he wanted. He brought the boat up within what seemed a great niche or cavern in the rock; but we had no sooner struck it with our bow, than a door opened in the stone, and half a dozen stout fellows seized me and dragged me into a large chamber in the rock, where more than fifty of the same sort of persons were assembled. The person by whom I had been brought there, ordered me to sit down on a bench in a corner of the apartment, the whole of which appeared to be channelled out of the solid rock, and told me that if I remained quiet I should sustain no injury, but would be confined there till the morning, and reconveyed whither I had been brought from. The company, as I judged from their conversation, were a gang of pirates, and seemed desperate and lawless. I gathered from the discourse between two persons, one of whom seemed the leader of the set, which they did not seem careful to prevent my hearing, the purpose for which they were to be employed, and the degree in which you were interested in their movements. It appeared that you were to be brought, by the very person who led me thither, to the great central hall of the castle, under the deception of there finding your son and rescuing him. At the moment that you are in that place, defenceless and without any means of escape, the large bell of the castle is to be sounded twice, and the gang are to proceed thither, and having secured your person, will convey you by water to the castle of lord Angstein, some miles farther along the coast, in whose dungeons you are to be confined. When I had gained this information, I determined to look out for every means to escape and warn you of your danger. By accident, I discovered that there was a private door in the rock near to where I was, which appeared to conduct to a passage leading out from the cavern. Seizing a moment when attention was not directed towards me, I made my escape through this way, and gained the interior of the castle above. I am glad that I am in time to save you from this peril."

"Nevertheless, I am going into the castle, and shall defeat neither the time nor the place they have appointed. Are you willing to undergo some risk to aid me greatly, on condition of receiving a sum which will make you independent for life?"

The man was considerably attached to my person, and was faithful and devoted in no common degree. He waived immediately the condition I proposed, and professed himself ready to incur any danger to benefit me.

"Hasten, then, to the inn," said I, "as fast as possible, and disguise yourself in such a manner that those whom you have left will be unable to recognize you. Return, then, to the cavern by the passage through which you escaped from it, and inquire there for Mr. Armadi. Tell him that you have been sent by lord Angstein to inform him of a change in the signal agreed on between them, and to say that if the bell of the castle sounds once, the company under his control are to come as agreed upon; but if it strikes twice, they are *not* to come. Can you promise to do this?"

"I can and will," said he.

"Go, then," said I, "and lose not a moment in executing this plan. Every thing depends on preventing these men from marching into the castle when the bell strikes twice."

He left me, and I continued my course. My purpose was to arm a band of those fishermen who had that morning been engaged in an attack on the castle, and to lead them in by the same passage that I myself entered. I had no doubt that I should find them entirely inclined to undertake another assault, especially if, as I thought it probable, the object of their previous attack—the recovery of the lost daughter of one of their party—had not been attained.

All of the cottages which I passed seemed deserted and silent. At length I came to that which was the residence of the man who was chiefly injured by the prince, and who had borne the most conspicuous station in the operations of that day. I was stopped upon the steps by a person who was keeping guard before the door, and forbidden to enter. I quickly conjectured, and with accuracy, that the band were again assembled with the intention of renewing the assault, and were planning the mode of their procedure. I stated my wish to speak with the occupant of the dwelling on business of the utmost importance, and equally interesting to both of us. Upon his appearance, I briefly unfolded to him the intentions which I had. They were, that he with his friends, who amounted to more than a hundred persons, should station themselves near the place where I was to enter the passage leading to the castle, at twelve o'clock, and that I would contrive to leave

the doors unfastened, so that they could gain access to the interior; when the bell struck twice, according to the signal agreed on between Angstein and Harford, they were to hasten in, and gain the chamber in which I was, and be prepared to execute the orders which I should give.

He assented to this proposition, and as the hour of midnight was nearly arrived, no time was lost in conducting the band silently to the spot of my appointment. They were here concealed among the rocks and bushes, with directions to await the signal of the castle bell. Having completed this arrangement, I walked forward along the beach, and waited for the person I was to meet.

[To be continued.]

B A A L B E C .

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY OF PALESTINE.

The great and mysterious ruins of Baalbec are referred by tradition among the Arabs to Solomon, whose name is familiar to them as a mighty king and magician. "He was assisted," say they, "by Genii and Devils."—Three of the stones in the wall measured 190 feet in length, are 13 feet high, and 11 feet wide. Nothing is known concerning either wall or temple from any ancient author, excepting John of Antioch, who ascribed the temple to Antoninus.

Where Lebanon in glory rears
Her cedars to the sky,
Baalbec amid the sand appears
To catch the curious eye:
And mid her giant walls of old,
The wild goat seeks a quiet fold.

No pen has traced thy ancient state,
No poet sung thy pride;
But yet we know that thou wert great,
O'er all the world beside;
Thy lofty columns proudly stand,
Lone relics of a giant's hand.

And say who built thee up, thou queen?
Did Solomon the great?
Did Sheba's lovely mistress lean
On yonder parapet,
And listen to the tinkling sound
Of Judah's daughters, dancing round?

The Saracenic prophets taught
Amid their cavern'd halls,
That devils and the genii wrought
Thy everlasting walls:
That Solomon designed thy plan,
And they built up what he began.

Beth-horon, and the cities vast
That towered in Palestine,
Have crumbled into dust at last,
But still thy glories shine;
Six pillars rear their capitals
An hundred feet above thy walls.

And fresh, as from the sculptor's hand,
The carving now appears,
The leaves of the Acanthus stand
The test of countless years;

In grand Corinthian order they
First catch the morning's purple ray.

Three eras speak thy ruin'd piles:
The *first* in doubt concealed,
The *second* when amid thy files
The Roman clarion pealed.
The *third* when Saracenic powers
Raised high the Kaliph's mossy towers.

But, ah! the walls, the giant walls,
Who laid them in the sand?
Belief turns pale, and fancy falls,
Before a work so grand.
And well might heathen seers declare
That fallen angels labored there.

No! not in Egypt's ruined land,
Nor 'mid the Grecian Isles,
Tower monuments so vast, so grand,
As Baalbec's early piles:
Baalbec, the city of the sun,
Why art thou silent, mighty one?

The traveller roams amid thy works,
And searches after light,
So searched the Romans and the Turk,
Yet all was hid in night.
Phœnicians reared thy pillars tall—
But did the genii build thy wall?

Oh! silent are thy orange bowers,
On Judah's lonely hills;
In wildness bloom her blushing flowers,
And sadly sound her rills—
Her temples fall, her mountains nod,
And o'er her rests the curse of God.

J. E. D.

Washington, Dec. 1833.

EXPERIENCES OF A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

" Dans les petites boîtes les bons uguens."

LESSON THE SEVENTH.

XLVII. AN INEXPERIENCED PUNSTER is invariably a nuisance; juvenile jokers know no medium, and respect neither time nor place. Proud of their acquirement, and eager for its display, they never "give away a chance." One of them lately, at his father's funeral, when some officious friends had placed the coffin in the hearse wrong end foremost, said to the correcting undertaker, "Re-hearse that once more!" An experienced wit, like a good shot, watches his opportunity, and never wastes a charge; but the youngster pops at every thing, and seldom hits. I would sooner go to a tea party, and sit next to a young poet who has just published his pretty-looking volume of inanities, or companion with a ferocious politician at a literary conversation, or be dropped in the midst of a squad of tea-totallers at a flow-of-soul wineing, than be the Pythias of an hour to a punning Damon of some twenty years experience. A pun, like wine, is "a good familiar creature, if it be well used;" but, on the other hand, "every inordinate *pun* is unblessed, and its intruder, a devil!" A young punster invariably concocts his puns before hand, and the half hour between waking and rising, is passed in running over every possible variety of play upon various unfortunate words; a rhyming dictionary is invaluable, and a stolen fancy, well re-shaped, as good or better than new. Wit is unnecessary; perseverance, occasionally termed impertinence, and a ready-reckoner kind of mental exercise, in running over similar sounds, constitute the young punster's stock in trade. He utters every nonsense that comes into his mind; and if, amid twenty attempts, he stumbles upon two tolerable puns, he can repeat them twenty times at twenty different places. An inveterate punster keeps a string of stereotyped jokes, "adapted to the meanest capacity;" and, if any of them fail in delivery, you may know when the laugh comes in by the ready sound of his own chuckle. A young punster generally shines at dinner-time, and retails the usual standard puns with as much *gout* as if he had just made them for the occasion. Over the *potage*, if there is any herb soup, he will be sure to say it is *soup herb* (superb); that the fish look so well they can't be real, because they are *hearty-fish-all*; that conversation during the early part of the meal should be light and trifling, to suit the viands—in short, a *soup-or-fish-all* chat. If asked to help a lady to chicken, he gives her the breast, and hopes to be considered her *bosom* friend; or tells her that a partiality for the wing is a mere matter of *a pinion*. Your juvenile word-catcher always takes your bread, for the sake of a wretched pun or two—if you do not look like a fighting man, he apologizes in answer to your remonstrance, by saying, aloud, that he was always fond of a *calf's sweet bread*; then roars for the waiter, orders you a loaf, and hopes now you are *better bread*, you won't be so *crusty*. Wine is a fertile source—it is a stock answer, when you are about to resent his familiarity, "Come, come, *wine* as much as you like, but don't grumble." Ten to one but he stabs you with the venerable Josey, of asking for the Rhine-wein as "*hic, haec, hoc*;" and finishes his crime by saying, "You see that I know how to *decline* it, although I drink it." Wait till his drink is over, and then burst him up by calling him vulgar for sipping hock from either a green or a round bottomed glass; complete his astonishment by handing him a celery vase, or the largest tumbler on table, and turn the laugh on your side, by saying that *hic, haec, hoc* should be drank from a *hujus* (hugeous) glass. An inveterate and injudicious punster is a bore, and not a wit; his efforts are too palpable and frequent to please. A *paté fois gras* is a very good thing once now and then, and relishes from its rarity and contrast; but no one likes to be eternally feeding upon diseased goose livers. The worst of the infiction is that you cannot silence him (the punster, not the goose); he laughs at his own jokes, and cares but little whether you laugh or no, if you but allow him time to gabble his gooseries. Conversation is impossible in his presence; drop a strange-sounding word, and he twists it into every form and turn—alters the syllabic emphasis, reverses the spelling; and failing in scenting a pun, he runs its synonymes over in his mind's ear, and stops you in the height of your peroration, by blurring out some stupid jest, and follows up his blow by indulging in a

rude and goosey cackle. If the synonymes afford no chance, he mentally scales the gamut of similar sounds, hoping to jump upon something funny, at least, in the way of jingle. The point of your discourse is unheeded in his erratic search, for sense is sacrificed to sound. One young and presumptuous punster, with the mania full upon him, is sufficient to annihilate the enjoyment of an entire party of rational beings.

This specimen must not be confused with the story-teller, or the dealer in old Joe Millers, or the jolly fellow who possesses a knowledge of the when and the what in his wit, or the funny man and droll fellow without any wit at all. The punster is *sui generis*; but if properly pruned in his youth, and not allowed to run to seed, will sober down in time, and become a decent fellow.

XLVIII. HOT DRINKS, of an alcoholic nature, are dangerous enjoyments, when exposed to the action of a cold current of air, or the dews of night. Experienced travellers sip their grog in a cold state, however low the thermometer may range. A warm draught imparts a momentary glow, but it also opens the pores, and renders the human frame particularly susceptible of the chilly and dangerous reaction. A cup of lukewarm coffee is the best drink while travelling in extreme cold weather.

XLIX. CANVASS-BACK DUCKS.—I have seen, and others may daily see, slices of venison and portions of canvass-backs cooked in different chafing dishes, but using the same sort of gravy, compounded principally of mustard and currant jelly. After a quarter of an hour's stewing, the edible is withdrawn, and I defy any man to shut his eyes, and tell by taste the difference between the flesh of the bird and the beast. Roast mutton is just as good a subject for this sweet coddling method of spoiling the choicest viands. A canvass-back duck is insulted when sopped in a chafing dish; let him be roasted, not baked, before a clear fire—let him not be too much done, or the gravy will refuse to run red—have him hot from the fire—rub a small piece of butter over his dear bosom and beautiful back—cut a few full length incisions along the vicinity of the breast bone—squeeze a lemon into the fissures, and be liberal with the cayenne. Put him with his partner into a hot-water dish—carve him instantly, and submit his qualities to the perception of your palate. All wild ducks, teal, or widgeon, should be cooked in the same way—a broil is occasionally a tasty variety; and a young duck, nicely split, and not too much grilled, is a pretty addition to a breakfast table.

L. COFFEE ROASTING should immediately precede its use. Place an earthen bowl full of the best Arabian berries in an oven or cooking stove with the door open; stir the berries frequently with a spoon. This method allows the coarse particles to fly off, and renders the flavor more delicate than when the coffee is roasted in a close cylinder. Let it be coarsely ground as soon as it is cool; but do not roast or grind more than is required for two day's consumption. Remember that when the berries assume a cinnamon color, they are sufficiently roasted. Two ounces and a half of coffee, placed in a pint of boiling water, in a closely-covered coffee-pot, left for two hours surrounded with hot cinders so as to keep up a gentle simmering, without bursting into a positive boil, will, after a quarter of an hour's settling, be fit to drink. For the genuine *café au lait*, put one cupful of this mixture, to three or four cupfuls of boiled milk, and sweeten to your taste. Never use brown or moist sugar in your coffee; it is an insult to the foreigner, which common decency forbids. Half the weight of refined sugar will give more sweetness, and the flavor of the berry will not be injured. In Holland, upon the canals, the boatmen are very choice in their coffee sweetening. If a cup of coffee be stirred a few times with a pod of vanilla, the beverage will acquire a delicious, perfumed flavor—but isinglass, fish-skin, or hartshorn shavings, used to clarify the fluid, destroy its aroma. A cup of cold water poured into the pot, will almost immediately settle the coffee, and preserve its taste. Count Rumford, in his "Eulogium on Coffee," says—"It excites cheerfulness without intoxication; and the pleasing flavor which it contains, lasts many hours, and is never followed by sadness, langor, or debility; it diffuses over the whole frame a glow of health, and a sense of ease and well being, which is exceedingly delightful. Existence is felt to be a positive enjoyment, and the mental powers are awakened, and rendered uncommonly active. It has been facetiously observed, that there is more wit in Europe, since the use of coffee has become so general among us, and I shall not hesitate to confess that I am seriously of that opinion. Some of the ablest, most brilliant, and most indefatigable men I have been acquainted with, have been remarkable for their fondness for coffee; and I am so persuaded of its powerful effects in clearing up the mind, and invigorating the faculties, that on very interesting occasions I have several times taken an additional dose for that very purpose. That coffee has contributed to our innocent enjoyments, cannot be doubted; and experience has abundantly proved that so far from its being unwholesome, it is most certainly very salubrious." There is very little doubt about its wholesomeness: Voltaire, Fontenelle, Fourcroy, and Racine, were coffee drinkers to an astonishing excess, yet they lived to a good old age. But, remember—coffee must not be taken just before going to rest, for its stimulating qualities upon the nerves of the stomach exert a power destructive to sleep. It promotes an activity of mind, and gives a range to the imagination which prevents repose.

ALMALEK, THE LION HEARTED.

A KOORDISH TALE.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN, ENGLAND.

HARD and unhappy is the fate of him who trusteth to the tyrant! Never was this truth better exemplified than in the history of the Shahs of Persia; from whose sacrilegious power none are safe, the very harem—that sacred portion of a Musulman's house—not being respected by them. The people, however, almost deserve the fate they suffer, for neglecting the obvious remedy which God has placed in their hands, but which they never apply, save in some desperate extremity, when their calamities exceed endurance. Even the poor, but brave and dauntless mountaineers, are within the grasp of the Shah's rapacity. The royal harem is filled with their wives and daughters; the men are borne away as slaves, or to recruit his army. But fierce and bloody is the revenge with which they sometimes follow up such insults; attacking and cutting in pieces the marauding bands, or seizing whole parties by stratagem, and, if not redeemed by heavy ransoms, carrying them across the mountains, and selling them to the Tartars,—thus, to use a common expression, repaying them in their own coin.

Not far from Takti Suleiman there stands a very large and extraordinary rock, three sides of which are almost perpendicular; and when the traveller passes beneath, he may behold the eagle or the falcon wheeling above his head, and entering or issuing from its cavernous nest, bearing home, or seeking food. Sometimes, also, the dauntless mountaineer may be seen descending in search of the eggs or young birds; which he bears away, in spite of the piercing screams, and fierce but impotent attacks of the parent eagles. The fourth side is likewise a steep declivity; but a zig-zag road, cut in it by some former inhabitants, leads to the top, which is a smooth plain, covered with a slight coating of earth, driven thither by the wind, or composed of soft portions of the rock, worn away by the rains of a thousand years.

In this romantic and almost impregnable fortress, a small tribe of mountaineers had established themselves, in number about three hundred, and commanded by Almalek Sifeddin, a young man who had just succeeded his father in authority. Brave, resolute, and humane, full of intellect and extraordinary powers of mind, accompanied by great personal beauty, he was dreaded by his enemies as the lion by the deer, but by his own tribe and friends was loved as a brother.

These accomplishments had gained him the love of Azula, surnamed "the Golden Star," a maiden of surpassing loveliness and beauty, the only daughter of a chieftain, who, having fallen in battle, had committed her to the care of Almalek's father: in whose tent she often met and conversed with Almalek, to whom her voice was sweeter than the nightingale or the early-rising lark. Her he prized above every thing—before riches, fame, power, or even life itself. To win her approbation, he performed the most daring exploits, and, after all his toils and dangers, was more than repaid by her smile.

Having, by unremitted exertions, gained the consent of the damsel,—for women, in those tribes, have a voice of their own,—it was agreed that their marriage should be celebrated during the Spring Festival, on the sixth of Moharram; on which day, the nuptials of thirteen other youths and maidens were likewise to be celebrated.

The ceremonies and rejoicings which it was intended should take place, were to be solemnized on a small plain, at the foot of the hill, and surrounded every where by a thick forest, filled with all the larger species of game, which the natives hunted for food and clothing, or, when not otherwise occupied, for pleasure.

The day at length arrived. It was in the beginning of spring. The year was putting forth its first verdure; the trees were covered with small leaves; and fresh flowers sparkled like diamonds upon the emerald plain. The sun, which in these mountains is of much the same temperature as in Europe, now began to scatter its genial warmth upon the earth, exhilarating the spirits, and rendering every one merry and happy. Numerous white tents were erected in the middle of the plain, and around these the inhabitants of the camp, and also men from the neighboring tribes were collected.

"They tarry unreasonably," exclaimed Hassan, an old warrior; "they should have been here long ago."

"Not at all," replied another. "But see! here they come."

And a gallant band of horsemen were beheld galloping down the road, at the full speed of their horses.

"Truly," continued Hassan, "it is Almalek and his companions; but wherefore this haste? wherefore these sabres flashing in the sun?"

Sifedden was now at hand, far beyond his companions, his fiery barb scarce touching the ground with his hoofs; and, as he approached, he shouted, "To arms! to arms! In the name of Allah and the Holy Prophet, to arms!"

"Allah Kerim!" (God is merciful!) exclaimed some from the crowd, "what is the matter?"

"Wallah! Billah!" cried others, "let us to arms!" And before Sifedden could reply to their inquiries, the fiery mountaineers had dispersed, in search of their spears and cimeters. In a few minutes they returned with their horses and arms, which had been placed in readiness behind the tent: and they had scarcely begun to confer with their chief, to learn the cause of his alarm, before a large band of cavalry issued from the wood, each man leading a horse; for which the mountaineers could not account, until looking towards the hill, they with horror perceived a number of dismounted cavaliers descending from the camp, with women on their shoulders.

"Allah Akbar!—to the rescue! to the rescue!" shouted Almalek; and, dashing his spurs into the flanks of his fiery barb, rushed forward, followed by his companions. It was, however, too late; for the enemy, as soon as they reached the bottom of the hill, flung the women upon their horses, and mounting behind them, urged forward to the wood; upon reaching the borders of which, they all turned round to await the attack, excepting those who bore the women, in number about two hundred. However, upon receiving a volley of arrows from the mountaineers, they again fled.

Almalek now halted, to learn from the wounded, brought down by the winged messengers of death, who and what the enemy were: but the shafts had taken such effect, that out of the two-and-twenty, one only was able to speak.

"What are these troops, and who commands them?" inquired the chief.

"We are the Shah's troops, and are commanded by his favorite son," was the reply.

"And whither are they bound?"

"To Senna."

"Quick forward, my companions! we can yet intercept them. To the defile! to the defile! Disperse, and meet me there."

We shall now explain how the Persians affected their entrance into the stronghold of the Koorda. Prince Azbek, eldest son of the Shah, having come out on a hunting party, heard of this encampment; and being informed that it contained many beautiful women, he conceived the desire of lodging them all in his harem. He therefore, several days before, sent a man in disguise into the camp, who gave him exact information of all the proceedings of the Koorda; and, on the day of the marriage, having informed Almalek (for the purpose of leading him out of the way), that a troop of horse had been descried in the distance, drew up the prince and several of his followers with ropes. Then, seizing the women, they bore them down the hill, and escaped, as has been before related.

The enemy, in number about a thousand, having reached the wood, advanced at a slow pace, being without a guide, as the one they had brought with them had escaped in the hurry of the moment. Azbek, the prince, with Selim and Hussein, two youthful warriors, rode considerably in front; and, after proceeding for some time in silence, Azbek thus addressed his comrades:—

"Wallah! (by God!) I think we shall have some difficulty in finding our way out of this wood, what with our ignorance of the pathways, and the fair burdens that our companions bear."

"May I give my advice?" inquired Hussein.

"Certainly," replied the prince.

"Then it is this: kill or throw away the women, as they incommode us; and with the full speed of our horses, Inshallah! we may attain some place where we shall be out of their reach; for, by my head, the infidels are in much greater numbers than I expected."

"Ah!—What abomination are you eating?" replied Azbek, angrily. "By the beard of our Holy Prophet, this is not spoken like a soldier! What has made your liver white to-day, man?"

"Methinks," interposed Selim, "death would be welcome to them, torn from their husbands, or dragged away thus into captivity on their wedding-day."

"You say well," observed Hussein, sneeringly; and he was about to add something which would have roused the anger of his more humane companions, when they perceived, at a short distance before them, a person seated beside a camel, smoking his chibouque.

"Ah! here is luck!" he exclaimed; "let us ride forward; perhaps he may serve as a guide."

And advancing towards him, he inquired who he was, and whither he was going.

"I am a poor man," he replied, "proceeding with this camel-load of shawls and beads, etc., to endeavor to sell it among the women at Almalek's camp."

"Listen, now, to me!" said Azbek: "from whence come you?"

"From Senna."

"Can you lead us back thither?"

"Why? Back! My lord, be merciful! I am poor; consider, I shall be too late for the great marriage. Let me go forward, therefore; and may the blessing of the Holy Prophet light upon you! may he overshadow you with his wings!"

"Misbelieving dog! have we not wealth? Lead us in safety, and you shall be rewarded. But, by Allah! if you deceive us, your head is not worth a dirhem."

"La illah il ullah, wah Mahommed rasoul illahi!" (God is God, and Mahommed is the Prophet of God!) muttered the pedlar between his teeth, as he proceeded to mount his beast; having done which, he advanced; and after leading them about for several hours, they arrived at an open glade in the forest, which Azbek thought would be convenient for an encampment; and turning to the guide—

"How far are we from the Koordish camp?" said he.

"Two fursungs and a half," was the reply.

"No more than that! However, we will stay. Pitch the tents."

This being done, Azbek and several of his principal officers collected together in a large tent, to supper; having finished which they retired to rest. The guide was placed in a tent, under the guard of four soldiers; who, however, being excessively fatigued, were soon overcome by drowsiness. In a short time their heavy breathing informed him they were asleep.

"Now is the time, Wallah! I am not to be kept here!" muttered he.

Saying this, he raised the canvas which formed the doorway, and issued forth into the open air. All was still as death; not a breath of wind was stirring; the sentinels lay sleeping at their posts: he threaded his way, with noiseless footsteps, through the camp; but presently he heard a whispering in one of the tents. What could it be? He approached still nearer,—'twas the voices of women. With beating heart, he advanced close, and heard as follows:—

"O, Almalek! beloved of my soul! where art thou? Why comest thou not to deliver me from captivity?"

"Azula, grieve not! he will surely rescue us! Almalek, 'the lion-hearted,' will never abandon us; fear not!" replied one of her companions.

"His followers are too few in number," she replied. "But what is this?" exclaimed she, as a ring fell into the middle of the tent, thrown there by the guide.

"'Tis Almalek's ring,—the one I gave him," continued she, joyfully; "but by your life and by your soul, whoever you are, speak me one word of comfort."

"Fear not!" answered he, "succor is near."

And, without awaiting their reply, he continued his walk; on which we shall accompany him. Having reached the edge of the camp, he lay down upon the grass at the foot of a tree, keeping his eye fixed upon the forest, where several dark forms were seen moving to and fro, apparently awaiting eagerly for some signal. After a few minutes' pause, he placed his finger on his lips, and uttered a sound, like to that of a bird as it falls from the air in the agonies of death, brought down by the unerring aim of some hunter of the woods. Presently the same sound was repeated twice from the forest; and he was about to reply again, when feeling a heavy hand upon his shoulder, he turned round, and beheld Hussein before him.

"You rise betimes, friend," said he.

"'Tis true, my lord!" answered the guide.

"Yahoudi! Kelb! think not to deceive me thus, I know some treachery is a-foot. Follow me."

"Certainly," rejoined the man, and prepared to obey.

"Thou diest this night," exclaimed Hussein, after a short pause, "unless I am instantly informed on what errand thou art here."

"Ah!" replied the guide coolly, as if he did not fully comprehend him, or supposed a jest only was intended; "why does my lord speak thus? Thy servant is ignorant how he can have offended."

"Dog! son of a burnt father!" exclaimed Hussein, exasperated at his contemptuous manner; "I can see the kafirs among the trees of the forest yonder, and say thou shalt die, and the crows shall feed on thy filthy carcase, ere morning."

"We shall see that!" answered the guide; and he plunged the dagger he had in his hand into the breast of Hussein, who, muttering a dreadful curse, fell dead at his feet.

"Allah Kerim! (God is merciful!) peace be with his soul!" he exclaimed; and turning round, was in a few minutes surrounded by a hundred mountaineers, whom he informed of what had happened, and commanded to follow him.

Advancing cautiously and without noise, he led the way to that portion of the camp where the horses were picketed, and speaking in a whisper—

"Comrades," said the guide—whom the reader has doubtless recognized—"you must follow my example; see—" and drawing a sharp poniard from his side, he cut the leather of the stirrups—for the horses remained harnessed—nearly through, leaving just enough to support the iron footing, and no more. His companions accordingly performed their task with the greatest expedition;

upon which he proceeded to the women's tents, which were placed around that of the prince Azbek. Then dividing themselves into several bodies, they proceeded on their undertaking. Sifeddin, knowing the tent in which Azula was placed, hastened thither, and on coming near, listened attentively. All was silent, save the soft breathing of the young damsels. As he was proceeding to cut the tent cloth with his poniard, a low but firm voice, which he immediately recognized, exclaimed,

"Who is there?"

"An old friend," answered he, "whose life depends upon your silence."

All was still as death.

"Here, throw it open—that's right—now follow me!"

So saying, they entered the tent, which was of large dimensions, and contained above fifty women, whose surprise and delight on recognizing their friends may be imagined, but cannot be expressed in words. Azula, who, in the dim light, immediately distinguished the form of Sifeddin, restrained, however, the impatience of her joy, and followed him without speaking. The chief, having given the necessary orders to his companions, led the way towards the skirts of the camp; where, one after another, they were joined by the rest of the women, whom he delivered to the care of six faithful mountaineers, who instantly departed, leaving him with a single young man,—one of the fourteen who were to have been married that day,—the rest remaining concealed in the tents of the women.

"Ah! Hassan," said he, after a short pause, "listen to me. Follow your companions, and take the command of the troops, lead them round immediately to the front of the camp. You will have sufficient signals. I know your courage, and therefore trust you;" and without awaiting his reply, disappeared among the tents.

"Wallah!" exclaimed the young man, with an air of confidence, as if he knew that he deserved the important trust. "Wallah! he shall not be deceived. I will hasten and execute his orders."

Sifeddin now proceeded to the principal tent, where (the morning being not far distant) he found Azbek and several officers already risen.

"Salam Aleykoom (Peace be with you!) are you about to proceed, prince?"

"Aleykoom Salam!" (and with you be peace!) was the reply.

"What causes you to rise so early, friend?" inquired Selim; "methinks you seem very eager to be off."

"La illah il ullah! (God is God!) You will soon think otherwise."

"Why so?" exclaimed Azbek.

"If the mountaineers attack us before we depart."

"Wallah! the rogues know better," observed one of the officers. "They do not wish to feel the sharp edges of our cimatars so early."

"I always knew them to be cowards," continued the prince.

"You lie! Kafir!" exclaimed Sifeddin, in a voice of thunder, which made them all start to their feet in astonishment.

"What says the dog?" exclaimed Azbek.

"You lie!" continued Amalek, casting off his cloak and tunic, and standing before them in complete armor. "Allah Akbar! (God is victorious!) To the charge! To the charge!" And at the word, his impatient companions, who had stealthily surrounded the tent, rushed in upon the astonished prince. Startled and terrified, Azbek made his way through them, not at all impeded by the delighted mountaineers.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted he;—"treachery! treachery!" in a voice which soon brought his retainers about him.

"Allah Kerim! (God is merciful!) they have heaped abominations on our heads, our arms have all been abstracted," replied an old warrior with a most rueful countenance.

"Traitors! to horse, then!—let us make our escape: there is no time to be lost!" And the whole body, urged forward by one impulse—the fear of death—rushed to that part of the camp where their beasts were picqueted. Azbek, seizing the first horse he met, placed his foot in the stirrup, and sprang upward; but the leather snapping asunder, he was flung flat upon his back. His comrades, who, in their hurry, neither regarded nor thought of any one but themselves, for the most part experienced the same fate; and, when they arose, found themselves surrounded on all sides by the Koords, with their long steel-pointed spears thrust out towards them; and all hope of escape being cut off, they surrendered to their mercy.

The prince and his principal officers were immediately seized, and dragged in chains to the principal tent; where they were placed under a guard of fifty sturdy mountaineers, commanded by Ali Hassan.

Amalek then ordered the rest to be brought before him in the plain; where he appeared surrounded by his armed followers, and mounted upon a splendid war horse. When they were collected together, he addressed them thus:—

"Persians! Behold! You are now my prisoners, and your lives are in my hands. Had fortune otherwise ordered the chances of war, we know what would have been your conduct. Experience has taught us that. Ye seized, and bore away as captives, the women of our tribe; ye are

new captives yourselves,—and what punishment do you deserve? You shall presently hear. You say you are commanded by the eldest and favorite son of the Shah, (may Eblis singe his beard!) Well, I have determined that one from among you shall depart for Senna, and inform your Shah, that unless he sends me, in six days, five hundred purses of gold, he shall receive from me five hundred heads. But whom shall I send? Is there a Persian present, who will dare to be my messenger?"

"That will I, Sifeddin!" answered Selim, stepping forward.

"But can I trust you, friend? How can I be certain you will not laugh at my beard, when your horse's heels have put three fursongs between us?"

"Behold my son! young man!" answered the veteran. "He shall answer for my honor. You may slay him, if I betray you. At the same time you doom me to an almost certain death. Yet if it be so fatal, let it happen!"

"Why to a certain death?"

"Noble mountaineer! you are free, and know not the manners of a despot. No sooner shall I deliver your message, than, in the first impulse of passion, he will probably strike off my head, though the unwilling bearer of ill news."

"Well, then a messenger shall be sent whom he dare not injure—one of my own followers. Otherwise, by my beard, he shall rue the day! All the ransoms in the world shall not save Azbek from death."

He then wrote an epistle in the following words:—

"TO THE RENOWNED SEFI, SHAH OF PERSIA; FROM ALMALEK SIFEDDIN, SURNAMED THE LION-HEARTED.

"A band of thy soldiers having, under the command of Azbek, who I understand is one of thy sons, attacked the free inhabitants of the mountains, and sought to bear into captivity their women, have been surprised in the perpetration of their wickedness—being all now prisoners in my camp; and unless five hundred purses of gold are sent as a ransom, before the expiration of six days, they shall suffer death, as the due reward of their villany.

"7th of the blessed month Moharram, in the 1151 year of Hejira."

This being delivered to the messenger, he mounted a powerful horse, and galloped off on his way to Senna, where he arrived on the evening of the second day. The Shah, hearing that he brought news of his son, granted immediate audience: but, when he read the epistle, dire was his rage.

"Ransom!" he exclaimed, dashing the paper upon the ground, "does the dog talk of ransom? we will soon show him that kings grant no ransom to their subjects." Then turning to the principal black eunuch, "Yousseuff," said he, "command the captain of my guard to attend. Where is the fellow who bore this message?"

"Here am I before you," answered he boldly. "What would you?"

"Speak more respectfully, or, by my beard, I will have thee skinned alive, and stuck upon the gates of my palace, as a warning to all passers-by, not to rouse their sovereign's anger by their impudence."

"Azbe's head shall answer mine," replied he in the same determined tone.

Sefi started.

"Ah! my son's head in the power of the Koords!" he exclaimed, his anger giving way to alarm. "La illah il ullah! (God is God!) there is no remedy!" Then turning to the chief treasurer, he said, "Mohammed, deliver unto this fellow five hundred purses of gold, and provide him a camel to carry them."

He then hastily retired to his harem, to vent his rage in secret.

"No sooner shall my son return," thought he, "but I will give him the command of fifty thousand men, and he shall exterminate the whole Koordish race! not one shall be spared! I will make them sadly rue the day when they thus demanded ransom from me."

We must return to Azbek, whom we left in the tent. It was now midnight, and he, amongst all his companions was alone awake. Sitting upon the straw which served him as a bed, with a dim lamp by his side, dismal were his thoughts: a prisoner, perhaps even doomed to death; what fate had reserved for him he knew not, whether to live or die. No sound was heard, save the heavy tramp of the sentinel without, or the snoring of his sleepy companions; and he was just about to compose himself to rest, when he heard a low whispering, and presently the canvass of the door was pushed aside, and Ali-Hassan entered.

"Arise! awake your companions, and follow me!" said he.

Azbek made no reply, but, jumping up, roused his companions, who unwillingly arose, and followed their conductor. At the door of the tent a guard of horse and foot awaited them. Ali-Hassan, placing himself at their head, led them forward, until they reached the edge of the camp, where they perceived several thousand mountaineers marshalled in the open glade before them. It was a splendid, but to them an awful scene. The silence, the hour, the half day produced by the

blazing torches, the spears glittering in their light, and behind, the dim outline of the trees, finished the landscape. They were now led to the presence of Almalek, who having remained silent for a few moments—

"Prince," said he, "do you repent your courageous enterprise, to tear our wives and daughters from their homes?"

"Insult not your fallen enemy, Sifeddin! but answer me, wherefore am I brought hither?"

"Behold!" replied the Koord.

And, as he spoke, the ranks opened, and exposed to their view fifty blocks, and the same number of headsmen, with heavy axes in hand, standing beside them. The Persians turned pale; but, on recovering their self-command, walked forward to their doom, with heavy step and heavier heart. They stood before the fatal blocks; they knelt; they laid their heads upon them, and awaited, in silence, the last blow, which was to deprive them of all earthly hopes, and launch them into eternity. Presently, Almalek, in a deep, sepulchral voice, exclaimed, "Strike!"

Each clenched his teeth, a cold sweat burst over them, an universal tremor shook their bodies, but no blow followed; and, when they raised their heads to see the reason, all were gone except those who had led them from prison.

"Arise, and follow me!" said Ali-Hassan.

Their surprise and joy, at this unexpected change from what was worse than death, transfixed them to the ground; they gazed in silence at their guards, unbidden tears overspread their cheeks; and it was not until Ali repeated his injunction, that they obeyed, and were conducted back in silence to their prison.

On the evening of the sixth day, the messenger arrived, bearing with him the gold; and Almalek, calling them all together, informed them that they were free. The common soldiers, however, refused to depart:—"for," said they, "the Shah will surely revenge himself upon us, for suffering ourselves to be taken. Permit us, therefore, to join with you," they continued; "you will find us faithful and brave."

This being agreed to, Azbek, accompanied by his officers, departed, and in a short time reached Senna in safety.

In the meanwhile, Almalek prevailed on all the inhabitants of the mountains to unite themselves to his band, and retreat farther northward, until the edge of the Shah's anger should be blunted, when they could return, and take up their former stations. This being done, Almalek and Azula were united in marriage, and lived the remainder of their days prosperous and (if any one ever was so,) happy, and contented: and, in course of time, Azula became mother of a numerous family: the sons equalling their father in courage and genius, and the daughters, their mother, in beauty, loveliness, and fondness for their husbands.

C. A.

THAT LITTLE SONG.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

Give me again that little song,
Oh! sing it once again!
A thousand buried memories rise,
Before its simple strain.

I heard it when a happy child,
Amid a merry throng,
From gloesome voices long since hush'd—
Oh! sing that little song!

I see again the bright green sward,
Whereon we gladly play'd,
I hear again the echoing sound
Their little footsteps made.

Their voices, like a ringing shell,
Are murmuring in mine ears,

And not a single eye is dim
With sorrow or with tears.

Hither they come, the rose-lip'd ones,
In many a sister pair,
While the rich music of their hearts,
Swell out upon the air.

Oh! thro' the long, long lapse of years,
They greet me once again,
Those young companions of my mirth,
Waked by that simple strain.

Heed not the tears within mine eyes,
While the quick memories throng
Of other days upon my heart,
Oh! sing that little song.

A CHAPTER

ON

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

SKATING.

WE commence our series of papers on matters connected with the various sports and pastimes on flood and field, with a seasonable word or two on the art of skating, a subject which allows but little illustration, requiring only the possession of nerve and perseverance, to become expert and skilful.

Skating is one of the most ancient of the gymnastic exercises. It is mentioned in the older or Samundie Edda, an Icelandic collection of poems, written eight hundred years ago, that the god Uller is distinguished by his beauty, his arrows, and his skates. Fosbrooke, in his Dictionary of Antiquities, mentions that the Icelanders used as skates the shank-bones of a deer or sheep, about a foot long, which they greased, because they should not be stopped by drops of water upon them.

In Pontoppidan's "History of Norway," we find it recorded that an ancient northern hero, named Holson, boasted of nine separate and wonderful accomplishments, in each of which he was well skilled. "I know," says he, "how to play at chess; I can engrave Runic letters; I am expert at my book; I can handle the tools of the smith; *I can traverse the snow upon skates of wood*; I excel in shooting with the bow; I use the oar with facility; I can sing to the harp; and I compose verses."

In Hoole's translation of the Vocabulary by Commenius, the skates are called *scrick-shoes*, from the German; and in the print at the head of the section, they are represented longer than those of the present day, and the irons are turned up much higher in the front.

The first notice of skating in England is obtained from the earliest description of London, by Fitzstephen. Its historian relates that "when the great fenne, or moor, (which watereth the walles of the cite on the north side,) is frozen, many young men play upon the yce." Again, "Some stryding as wide as they may, doe slide swiftly; some tye bones upon their feete, and under their heeles, and shoving themselves by a little picked staffe, doe slide as swiftly as a birde flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crosse-bowe." Here, although the implements were rude, we have skaters. It seems that one of their sports was, for two to start a great way off opposite to each other, and when they met, to lift their poles and strike at each other, when one or both fell, and were carried to a distance from each other by the celerity of their motion. Of the present wooden skates, shod with iron, there is no doubt we obtained a knowledge from Holland.

Of all skaters, the Frieslander is considered to be the most skilful. Fifteen miles an hour, and that maintained for a long distance, is a frequent pace with him. In his country, and at national festivals, there are public courses, where the two sexes indiscriminately are admitted to dispute the prize. Here no regard is paid to the fine movements of the body, each taking the attitude which appears the most to accelerate speed. Often the Friesland skater is seen with his body leaning forward, and his hands placed on the ice, to increase his impulse. The women surpass the men in fleetness, and frequently carry off different prizes in the skating-contest.

"Sometimes, too," says Captain Elias, in his work on Gymnastic Exercises, "persons may be seen together, that is, fifteen young men with their mistresses, who, all holding each other by the hand, appear, as they move along, like a vessel driven before the wind. Others are seated on a sledge, fixed on two bars of wood, faced with iron, and pushed on by one of the skaters. There are, also, boats, ten or fifteen feet long, placed on large skates, and fitted up with masts and sails. The celerity with which these boats are driven forward exceeds imagination; and it may be said they equal the rapid flight of a bird. They go three miles in less than a quarter of an hour."

Klopstock has sung the praises of skating in several of his finest odes; in one of his poems, he

stiles it a science by which "Man, like the Homeric gods, strides with winged feet over the sea, transmuted into solid ground." The philanthropist Franke, in his *Police Medecinale* affirms that he knows no other exercise more adapted to developing and strengthening the human body.

The severity of the winter in the northern and middle parts of the United States, affords opportunities for long and continuous practice on the ice. Consequently, expert skaters are more general here than in any country; and we have seen a few, on the glassy surface of the Schuylkill, whose evolutions have never been surpassed in England, Russia, Germany, or Holland.

It is asserted in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that Edinburgh produced more instances of elegant skaters than perhaps any other country, and that the institution of a skating-club there contributed to its improvement. "I have, however, seen, some years back," says Mr. Strutt, "when the Serpentine (in England) was frozen, four gentlemen there dance, if I may be allowed the expression, a double minuet in skates, with as much ease, and I think more elegance, than in a ball-room; others again, by turning and winding with much adroitness, have readily in succession described upon the ice the form of all the letters in the alphabet." The same may be observed there during every frost, but the elegance of skaters on that sheet of water is chiefly exhibited in quadrilles, which some parties go through with a beauty scarcely imaginable, by those who have not seen graceful skating.

Wonderful exertions and curious feats have been executed upon skates. In 1808, two young females, named Johanes and Scholtens, won the prize in a skating match at Groningen, in Holland. They went thirty miles in two hours.

In January, 1821, a Lincolnshire man, for a wager of one hundred guineas, skated one mile two seconds within three minutes; and, about twelve years ago, on the Grantham canal, a gentleman of Nottingham, accompanied by his brother, set off at twenty minutes past eight o'clock from that town, and reached Grantham to dinner. They then started on their return to Nottingham; but it became so dark before they reached home, that they deemed it imprudent to pursue their way on the canal; they, therefore, took off their skates, and walked home, where they arrived before nine o'clock; thus performing a distance of more than seventy miles, in twelve hours and a half, including dinner and stoppages.



Skating is a fashionable amusement in London, and, from the nature of the climate, an exercise of rarity and worth. A work before us states that in January, 1826, the whole of the Serpentine river, in Hyde Park, from the extremity of the Knightsbridge end to the wall in Kensington gardens, not more than a mile, was covered by a mob of skaters and gazers; and that not less than one hundred thousand persons were on this sheet of ice at one time. "The number of the skaters administered to the pleasure of the throngs on the banks; some by the agility and grace of their evolutions, and others by tumbles and whimsical accidents from clumsy attempts. A motley collection of all orders seemed eager candidates for applause. The sweep, the dustman, the drummer, the beau, gave evidence of his own good opinion, and claimed that of the belles who viewed his movements. Ladies in robes of richest fur, bid defiance to the wintry wind, and ventured on the frail surface. Skaters, in great numbers, of first rate notoriety, executed some of the most difficult

movements of the art, to universal admiration. A lady and two military officers, who performed a waltz with a precision scarcely conceivable, received applause so boisterous as to terrify the fair cause of the general expression, and occasion her to forego the pleasure she received from the amusement."

Saunders, Goethe, Herder, and other distinguished German authors, have written on the delicious and wholesome practice of skating. Coleridge, the poet and the philosopher, says, "Mercury surely was the first maker of skates, and the wings at his feet are symbols of the invention. In skating, there are three pleasing circumstances—the infinitely subtle particles of ice which the skaters cut up, and which creep and run before the skate like a low mist, and in sunrise or sunset become colored; second, the shadow of the skater in the water, seen through the transparent ice; and third, the melancholy, undulating sound from the skate, not without variety; and when very many are skating together, the sounds and the noises give an impulse to the icy trees, and the woods all around the lake *trinkle*."

Wordsworth has given us almost the same ideas in one of his beautiful poems:—

All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, the resounding horn,
The pack loud bellowing, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din,
Meanwhile, the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed; while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

Skating is an art that cannot be taught "by book arrange." It must be gained by practice. We can but give a few general rules to the tyro, with a description of the best form of skates, and the manner of putting them on.

When we buy skates, we should choose them with the wood not longer than the sole of the shoe. When the wood of the skate projects beyond the sole of the shoe, either before or behind, it retards the progress, by rendering the movement less secure, and may occasion falls. The bottoms should be of good steel, well tempered, and very hard; those which are too thin and weak break easily, and cut too deep a track in the ice; therefore, we should always prefer those which are nearly a quarter of an inch thick, to those which are narrower. The greater part of skates which are used in Holland, are grooved, and have two edges. This form may be useful, because it hinders the foot from slipping, when it gives the impulse. However, those who are accustomed to skates, whose irons have a plain face, will go with as much security, and even faster, than those which have others. It is essential, that the iron be of the same height from the beak to the heel. The common height is about three quarters of an inch. Those which are lower are good for nothing; for as soon as the body inclines a little on one side, the skate being no longer in a perpendicular direction, the wood may easily touch the ice, and occasion a slip. We must especially take care that the iron be well secured in the wood, for the most important thing in this exercise is to have the skates properly fixed.

Some of the modernized skates are made of iron all throughout; this plan is approved by some of the fancy practitioners, and condemned by others. The alteration is unimportant, if the shape and size are attended to. We have seen some newly-fashioned skates with a toe piece, like the end of a slipper, fastened on to the beak of the skate. This is a ridiculous innovation that can never become general; and must appear as contemptible and useless as the old fashioned gambado boots. The greatest difficulty being to balance well on bases so narrow as those of skates, it will be very advantageous to teach young persons to walk with them in a room before going on the ice, and to balance themselves, sometimes on one foot, and sometimes on the other. These preparatory exercises will soon enable them to tie on their skates themselves, which, though simple in appearance, is certainly an essential preparation. In order to prevent sprains, on first making use of skates, we should give our hand to some one near us, or hold fast by the surrounding objects, till we are sure of our equilibrium.

When beginners go alone, they must lean the upper part of the body forward, till they have acquired a perfect carriage, and confidence in their own agility. Let them strike boldly forward—laugh at their frequent tumbles—a few hours practice will give them command of their legs, and their future success depends on their suppleness of limb and strength of nerve.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DOG

IN ALL HIS VARIETIES.

Of all animals, the dog seems most susceptible of change, and most easily modified by difference of climate, food, and education; not only the figure of his body, but his faculties, habits, and dispositions, vary in a surprising manner—nothing appears constant in them but their internal conformation, which is alike in all; in every other respect, they are very dissimilar; they vary in size, in figure, in the length of the nose and the shape of the head, in the length and direction of the ears and tail, in the color, quality, and quantity of the hair. The several species are absolutely different; how can we believe that a greyhound comes originally from a spaniel? it has neither its hair, legs, shape, voice, scent, nor instinct. A man who had never seen any dogs but harbets or spaniels, and who saw a greyhound for the first time, would take it rather for a dwarf horse than for an animal of the spaniel race.

Linnaeus, in his System of Nature, has placed the dog as the second genus of the third order of mammiferous animals, or those which suckle their young by means of lactiferous teats. It is not worth while to enumerate the distinction of the order FEAR, or delineate the specification of the genus *Canis Familiaris*, or common dog, as mentioned by Linnaeus. Cuvier, in his Animal Kingdom, gives the following generic character of the dog, which differs but little from that of Linnaeus, except in his new and more distinct terminology.

The upper cheek teeth are six on each side; the three first are sharp and trenchant—called by Cuvier false molars; the following, a carnivorous tooth, has two cutting lobes, beyond which, on each side, are two flat teeth. In the lower jaw there are seven; four false molars, a carnivorous tooth has two cutting lobes; beyond which, on each side, are two flat teeth, and two tuberculous teeth behind. The length of the jaws and muzzle vary greatly; the tongue is smooth; the ears are extremely variable—there are five toes on the fore feet, and four on those behind, furnished with longish nails, obtuse, and not retractile, and the mammae are ventral; the eye pupils are circular and diurnal, formed for seeing by day.

It is impossible to denote, with positive exactness, the original breed from which the present countless varieties of dogs have descended. Each writer has his own hypothesis, and adduces plausible evidence in support of his theme. Many of the classifications adopted by popular authors omit the principal members of the canine race in their lists, and persist in retaining the titles of various breeds that are known to be extinct. We intend to present our readers with the collected wisdom of the established authorities, noticing, *en passant*, their discrepancies and omissions. It is well known that Great Britain and Spain have furnished the choicest breeds of dogs from the earliest ages: the British mastiff was in high estimation among the ancient Romans; the blood hound, the talbot or southern hound, the spaniel, including the setter, and the pointer, owe their origin to Spain; the spotted hound, or coach dog, came originally from Dalmatia, a province of European Turkey; the greyhound, or gazehound, from Ireland; the pug from Muscovy and the Dutch States; the English bull dog is a cross breed between the last named animal and the old English mastiff; the shepherd's dog and the old English stag hound are said to be the most ancient of Albion's canine productions; the Scotch terrier is an original breed—the English terrier is doubtless a cross from the Scotch animal; the fox hound and the harrier are also cross breeds, but purely English in their growth; the Newfoundland dog tells its origin in its name. The Russian pointers, setters, and greyhounds, the lurcher, the water dog, and other varieties, will be duly noticed in the accounts given of their original breeds. The native dogs of North America will form the subject of a separate chapter.

Buffon, with much ingenuity, has traced out a genealogical table of all the known dogs, deducing all varieties from the shepherd's dog, variously affected by climate and other casual circumstances; but Pennant is of opinion that the original stock of dogs in the old world, is, with great reason, supposed to be the jackal; that from their tamed offspring, casually crossed with the wolf, the fox, and even the hyena, have arisen the numberless forms and size of the canine race. This idea is most worthy of entertainment; from the recent observations of travellers in the high northern parts of the European continent, where, although dogs have been employed, they still retain much of the external appearance and general character of a wild animal. But it is a singular fact that the race of European dogs evince as great an antipathy to the Esquimaux species as they do to a wolf; and Ulloa, the military philosopher, in his voyage to Peru, assures us that the Spanish dogs recognise the men of the Indian race, pursue them and tear them to pieces; and that the Peruvian dogs do the same with the Spaniards. This would seem to prove that each species of dog still retained the hatred with which it was inspired at the time of the discovery, and that each race always fought for its master with the same valor and attachment.

In an ancient treatise upon the "Craze of Huntynge," composed by William Twici or Twety, and John Gifford, masters of the game, or grand huntsmen to King Edward the Second, there is the following enumeration of dogs employed in the sports of the field. *Raches*, or hounds; *running hounds*, or harriers, to chase hares; and *greyhounds*, which were favorite dogs with the sportsmen. *Almutes*, or bull-dogs—these were chiefly used for hunting the bear; the *mastiff* is also said to be a good hound for hunting the wild bear. The *spaniel* was of use in hawking—"hys emile," says

the author, "is for the perdrich, (partridge) and quayle; and when taught to couch, he is very serviceable to the fowlers, who take those birds with nets."

In the sixteenth century, beside those already named, we find a longer list, including bastards and mongrels; lemons, kennets, terrours, butcher's hounds, trindel-tailed dogs, prick-eared curs, and ladies' small puppies.

Modern naturalists have divided dogs into several classes: 1st. *mastiff*, including the dog of New Holland, the English mastiff, the Danish dog, and the varieties of the greyhound. 2d. *the spaniels*, including the water dog, the hound, the terrier, the shepherd's dog, the wolf dog, the Siberian dog, the alpine or Mont St. Bernard's dog, the Esquimaux dog, and the *alco*, or dog of Peru. 3d. *the bull dog*, including the varieties of the English bull dog, the house dog, the turnspit, and the pug.

The following synopsis of British dogs affords the best classification of the several varieties, agreeable to modern usage.

1. Most general kind.	Dogs of Chase.	Hounds which hunt singly.	Talbot, or Rache, or Lyemer, or Levisner—the old Southern hound
			Bloodhound
	Fowlers.	Hounds which hunt in packs.	Greyhound, or Gazehound
			Irish Greyhound, or Wolf-hound
2. Farm. 3. Curs.	Lap Dogs.		Fox Hound
	Watch Dogs.		Harrier
			Terrier
	Mongrels.		Spanish Gentle, or Comforter
			Shepherd's Dog
			Mastiff
			Bull Dog
			Wrappé
			Turnspit
			Dancer

Although it is said by naturalists that there are only thirty-seven varieties of the dog, yet the fact is that every nation on earth, intertropical, temperate, and polar, has its own peculiar variety.

Dogs are found in all parts of the world, with the exception of a few islands in the southern Pacific ocean. It is only in the temperate climates that they preserve their ardor, courage, and sagacity. When transported to very hot countries, they lose those qualities for which we admire them.

The dog seldom lives beyond fifteen years.

These animals form an important article of food among many nations; Hippocrates placed dog's flesh on a footing with mutton and pork, and declares that the meat of a young dog is wholesome and nourishing. The Romans admired sucking puppies, and sacrificed them to the gods as the most acceptable offering. In China, the Society Islands, etc., young puppies are considered a great delicacy, and are allowed by Europeans, who have overcome their prejudices, to be very sweet and palatable.



THE OLD ENGLISH STAG HOUND.

It seems extremely probable that this large, strong, and bony hound was the primeval stock from which all the collateral branches of this race have descended; and that all deviations from the

original stem have been the result of crosses and improvements, during many centuries, by those skilled in rearing dogs for the chase, and varied in size and strength, according to the particular sport for which they are intended. A practical breeder, by judicious crosses, can always enlarge or diminish the stature and strength of his dogs in the course of three or four generations.

The stag hound, (the *canis strenuus* of Linnæus,) is the largest and most powerful of all the dogs which go under the general term of hound. He is held in higher estimation, in England, than any other dog of chase, and has a most commanding and dignified aspect, blended with every mark of intellectual mildness. We are not aware that this rare and valuable breed has ever been introduced into America.

The points of a good hound are thus laid down: his legs should be perfectly straight, his feet round and not too large, his shoulders back, his breast rather wide than narrow, his chest deep, his back broad, his head small, his neck thin, his tail thick and bushy, and well carried.

The Royal Buck Hounds, kept in Richmond Park, England, are famous for their extraordinary sagacity. They are an improved cross between the old English southern hound and the fleet fox hound, grafted on the blood hound.

England, perhaps, excels all other countries in her breed of hounds, not only from the climate being congenial to them, but also from the great attention paid to their breeding and management. Græsius, who flourished in the reign of Augustus, about thirteen years before the Christian era, is the first writer who notices the excellence of the dog of Britain. Strabo, who lived about thirty years later, mentions them as being exported to Gaul on account of their excellence in the chase. Nemesian, a writer of the latter part of the third century, mentions the excellence of the British dogs in terms of high commendation. Oppian, who flourished A. D. 204, in his *Cynegeticon*, a poem on the wild sports of the age, says:—"There is beside an excellent kind of scenting dogs, though small yet worthy of estimation. They are bred by the fierce nation of painted Britons, who call them Agassæos. In size they resemble worthless, greedy house-dogs, that gape under tables. They are crooked, lean, coarse-haired, and dull-eyed, but armed with powerful claws and deadly teeth. The Agassæos is of the most excellent nose, not only sagacious in finding the track of animals, but skilful to discover the aerial odour." That this description refers to the original breed from which the modern hound is descended there can be little doubt. The writer, it must be observed, was a native of Cilicia, and that when he speaks of the British dogs being coarse-haired, he probably does so with reference to the smooth-haired dogs of the Levant; and when he describes them as being small we must call to mind the large hunting-dogs which were then in request among the Romans, who appear to have hunted every animal that would run, from the elephant and the lion to the ichneumon and the rat. The term crooked applied to their knees, a peculiarity which still may be observed in some of the hounds kept by the farmers of Cumberland and Westmoreland, for the purpose of destroying the foxes among the hills. Shakspeare, who from his old habits of deer-stalking, must have had some idea of what were then considered good points in a hound, uses the term "crook-kneed" as one of commendation. The general expression of the old English hound, or lyemer, appears to have been dull and heavy, and the character given to the Agassæos of being dull-eyed, is indicative of a like appearance.

"The History of Manchester" states that the Talbot, an old English hound (*canis sagax* of Linnæus,) was the original breed of the island, and used by the ancient Britons in the chase of larger kinds of game, with which the country at one time abounded. They were common in all parts of the kingdom, although now nearly extinct. The want of speed peculiar to the Talbot has been remedied by crossing with lighter hounds, but the characteristics of the old race have been preserved. The Talbot was termed Rache in Scotland, and Lyemer, in various parts of England, from lyem, the thong or slip by which the dog was led previous to being cast off.

THE BLOOD HOUND.

The blood hound (the *canis sanguinarius* of Linnæus) is taller than the English stag hound, most beautifully formed, and superior to every other kind in activity, speed, and sagacity. He seldom barks, except in the chase, and is commonly of a reddish brown color. In the darker ages he possessed the fabulous reputation of pursuing *naturally*, and with unerring precision, murderers, robbers, and other depredators, if he were laid on the footsteps of those intended to be pursued within a certain given time. Without giving assent to the character thus ascribed to him, we know, for experience has taught us, that all sorts of hounds may be broken in to follow any kind of scent, when resolutely taught that they are to run on no other. The blood hound is remarkable for the perfection of his sense of smell, and was doubtless much employed, in former days, in pursuing criminals escaped from justice, but he required the usual information and knowledge of the fugitive's scent to enable him to discover the trail. In Scotland, this dog, there called the sleuth hound, from sleuth or slot, the track of a deer, was frequently employed upon the borders, which were greatly infested by robbers and murderers; and a tax was laid on the inhabitants for keeping and maintain-

ing a number of these animals; and the Scottish laws enacted that whoever denied entrance to one of these dogs, in pursuit of a criminal, should be deemed an accessory.



In South America, the Spaniards employed fierce dogs to aid them in conquering the Indians; but it is not certain that the dogs, trained by them to this cruel business, belonged to the actual breed of blood hounds, although such a supposition is generally supposed to be correct; and has latterly been borne out by Dallas, in his history of The Maroons, who declares that blood hounds were used by the Spanish chasseurs in the island of Cuba, for hunting down the fugitive slaves. He says that "the dogs carried out by the Chasseurs del Re are perfectly broken in—that is to say, they will not kill the object they pursue, unless resisted. On coming up with a fugitive, they bark at him till he stops; they then crouch near him, terrifying him with a ferocious growling, if he stirs. In this position, they continue barking, to give notice to the chasseurs, who come up and secure their prisoner. Each chasseur, though he can only hunt with two dogs, properly is obliged to have three, which he maintains at his own cost, and that at no small expense. These people live with their dogs, from which they are inseparable. At home, the dogs are kept chained, and when walking with their masters, are never unmuzzled, or let out of ropes, but for attack."

Rainsford, in his history of San Domingo, affirms that these hounds were trained to the scent of human footstep by being fed on blood, and rewarded at the end of their long chase, by being encouraged to pull down a figure representing a negro, stuffed with the blood and entrails of beasts. On the authority of Strabo, they did more than this: they were made the means of attack, in a body, on the Gauls. Nimrod, in his German Tour, gives an account of some dogs, said to be blood hounds, kept at the seat of Count Hahn, in Germany; these animals, used for the chase of the wild boar, are not unlike the old Irish greyhound, with a touch of the mastiff, but with more power and great apparent ferocity. To guard against danger to strangers, these savage dogs were kennelled in a long gallery-like building, and chained to the walls at certain distances from, and opposite to each other. The celebrated Colonel Thornton, of England, had a leash of these animals at his lodge at Clapham, Surrey, which, from the name they bore, were the terror of the neighborhood.

A few of this race are still kept in the royal forests in England, to enable the keepers to find the deer that have been previously wounded; and we perceive by late accounts that they have been successfully employed in tracing deer stealers, which they do from the blood which issues from the wounds of the animals.

As a proof of the indomitable perseverance and high breeding of the blood hound, we append a curious anecdote selected by Bewick. "A hound bitch, belonging to the Rivington Hunt, near Bolton, England, pupped four whelps during a hard chase, which she carefully covered in a rush aside, and immediately after joined the hunt. Shortly after, she pupped another, which she carried in her mouth during the remainder of a chase of many miles—after which she returned to the place where she had dropped the four."

THE FOX HOUND.

In hunting the deer in former ages, large greyhounds, it would appear, were employed at the same time with the common hounds, which ran by scent. The lyemers, accompanied by persons who held the lyem or slip, were chiefly used to rouse the game, by steadily following the slot till they tracked the deer to his lair. When the deer was roused, the swift-running dogs, which were usually distributed in what were called relays, or rauntlays, throughout those parts of the forest where the game was most likely to pass, were then slipped, and as fresh relays were from time to time let loose on the line of chase, the animal had seldom a chance of escape, except from a sudden change of direction. When this style of hunting became altered, and deer were no longer hunted

by relays but by a pack of hounds laid on at once—this latter mode becoming more general in the reign of James the First—the *Iyemer*, or old English hound, became merged in the buck hound; and as deer-hunting declined and fox-hunting became popular, crosses of the buck-hound and the beagle, a dwarf variety of the old English hound, produced the fox hound of the present day.

Old writers on the subject of hunting usually distinguish two varieties of the breed, known as the "hound" by way of eminence. The southern hound—so called from being most common to the south of the Trent—was a tall, heavy-bodied dog, with a large square-formed head, and long pendant ears; slow of foot, but stanch and enduring in the chase, and possessed of a most delicate nose. The northern hound, which was more generally bred in Yorkshire and the northern counties, was of a lighter make, with a smaller head and more pointed muzzle, and more swift and active than the southern hound, though not endowed with such acuteness of scent.

Having thus traced the primitive stock of the modern fox hound, and noticed his affinity to the *Iyemer*, *rache*, or old English hound—to the blood hound, the buck hound, and the beagle—I must now speak of him as he is.



¶ The muzzle of the fox hound is somewhat square; the head moderate-sized, neither so large as in the Spanish pointer, nor so small as in the setter. The ears are naturally long and pendant; the legs strong and muscular; and the body rather long, but well ribbed and compact, at once indicative of agility and strength. The hair is short, and nearly of a uniform length all over the body; and the stern, the hair of which is usually longest on the lower side, is slightly curved upwards. The fox hound hunts naturally—is endowed with a most exquisite sense of smelling—is ardent in the chase, and displays a considerable degree of intelligence. Its color is various—dun, fallow, black, or brown, more or less mingled with white; but the most prevalent is pied or dark brown, growing lighter towards the belly and the inner part of the legs, intermixed with broad patches of white.

The shoulder of the fox hound ought to be well thrown back, for it is not difficult to show on mechanical principles that this conformation is necessary to the light and easy motion of the animal. When the shoulder blades appear to stand forward, and the joints to project outwards, the dog, whatever may be muscular strength will rarely run well, and will from his carrying too much weight perpendicular to his foot-fall, be always more liable to be beat in the feet when hunting over hard ground, than hounds of the former conformation. The fore-legs should be perfectly straight—for crook-knees are no longer considered signs of excellence—and the dog should stand well upon them, neither having his fore-feet too much under him nor the toes turning out. His back should be straight from the shoulder to the insertion of the tail, which should be strong and well set on. The strength of the tail—which is only a continuation of the vertebrae or joints of the back—is frequently considered, and probably with truth, as indicative of strength in the loins. A perfect hound should not be round in the croup, nor thick and short in the quarters, but in these points should resemble the race-horse. He should be straight in the hams, not sickle-houghed; and if he goes rather wide behind it will not detract from his excellence; as it has been observed that both horses and hounds which go in this manner are frequently the stoutest and most enduring. A small head, a thin neck and cat-feet, are equivocal marks of excellence in a fox hound. The small-headed, sharp-muzzled hound from the diminished development of the pituitary membrane has generally the sense of smelling in a proportionately inferior degree, and seldom runs a cold scent well; and in some districts where the scent lies indifferently, and checks are in consequence frequent, such would be absolutely good for nothing. A flat neck is certainly desirable, but a thin narrow one, when the head is of a proper size, is like a beam too weak for the weight which it has to sustain; and neither affords room for a free respiration, nor admits of sufficient muscular development to support the head in its long continued pendant position, without being extremely fatiguing to the animal.

C H I N A .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY."

No. I.

It is no longer necessary to measure half the circuit of the globe, and subject one's self to the hazards and privations of a six months' voyage on distant and dangerous seas, to enjoy a peep at the Celestial Empire. This is a gratification which may now be enjoyed by the citizens of Philadelphia, for the trouble of walking to the corner of Ninth and Sansom streets, and by the citizens of other parts of the United States, at no greater peril of life and limb than is connected with locomotion by means of our own steamboats and railroads. Some of our readers will understand to what we allude; to others, doubtless, we are uttering a mystery. We hasten, therefore, to relieve their curiosity from suspense, and to vindicate ourselves from the charge of talking nonsense, by saying that we refer to the new Chinese Gallery, recently opened in the room below the Philadelphia Museum.

NATHAN DUNN, Esq., the proprietor of this vast and splendid collection of Chinese curiosities, having so far completed his arrangements as to be able to open it to the public, on the evening of Saturday, the 22d December, last past, entertained a select party of his friends in the saloon in which it is fitted up. We should think that considerably over a hundred gentlemen were present upon that occasion, and among them were many of our most eminent citizens. Artists, merchants, mechanics, editors, literati, military and naval officers, and a goodly representation from all the learned professions, graced that ample and magnificent hall, which now contains the richest deposit of rarities and oddities from the Celestial Empire in the whole world. Rarely have we passed a pleasanter hour, or formed one of a happier company. Every body was at his ease; conversation was brisk; the joke and the laugh were intermingled with the graver reflections which could not be wholly suppressed; and all seemed filled with admiration at the splendor of the scene, and the enterprize and taste which had called it into being. Our host did the honors of his station with refined and easy dignity, and with evident, though certainly pardonable, gratification at beholding his labors so happily terminated, and the long cherished object of his ambition crowned with so brilliant a success. The beverage extracted from China's most celebrated plant, of a richness and delicacy of flavor extremely rare among us, was served to the guests in cups of native manufacture, various in shape and size, though not without those heretical accompaniments of sugar and cream, which would destroy its value in the eyes, or rather to the palate, of a true Chinaman. The vineyards of France, and the skill of our own unrivalled confectioners, were also put under levy by our entertainer, to minister to the gratification of his guests.

Such were the occasion, the party, the host, and the entertainments; it remains to discourse somewhat to our readers of the wonders we were gathered to see, and the place which has now become their home. We will begin with the latter, as soonest despatched.

The Chinese collection occupies the lower saloon of that noble edifice recently erected in Ninth street by the Philadelphia Museum Company, for the reception of their numerous curiosities. This saloon is one hundred and sixty-three feet in length, by seventy in breadth, with lofty ceilings, supported by twenty-two neat and substantial wooden pilasters. Behind each column, on either side of the vast and well-proportioned hall, has been fitted up a capacious alcove, which is enclosed by plate glass windows of the purest transparency. The inter-columniations are each occupied by two cases exactly the width of the pilasters, in like manner enclosed with glass, and advancing so near to each other as just to leave sufficient space clear for one or two persons to pass between them without inconvenience. Not far from the entrance are two octagonal glass rooms, occupying a portion of the ample space between the two ranges of pilasters, one of which is completely filled with a superb China state lamp, of huge proportions, gorgeous materials, and rich workmanship. The other contains a most luxurious cushioned saddle, and several other smaller matters. At the extreme end of the saloon, are a large pavilion, a silk draper's shop, and a Chinese street, nearly filled up by a palanquin and its bearers. So ample is the space, and so capacious and numerous the receptacles of this grand apartment; and yet such is the extent of the collection of curiosities gathered by Mr. Dunn, during his nine years' residence in China, that a large residuum remains in the store-rooms, for want of sufficient room in the hall for their convenient display.

We have called this the richest Chinese collection in the world. Let us make good our assertion. There are but three others anywhere, so far as we are informed, between which and this one of Mr. Dunn any sort of comparison can be instituted. Those three are, the collection at the Hague, that in the rooms of the East India Company in London, and the Museum at Salem, Massachusetts. The first mentioned of these collections does not occupy more than one-fifth of the space devoted to our townsman's, and its main, nay, almost its exclusive object is a display of the national costumes of China. To this end, a multitude of miniature men and women, not likenesses as are those of Mr. D., have been dressed in illustrative attire. In this one particular, viz: the exhibition of the distinctive dresses of the Chinese, there is probably a difference in favor of the European over the American collection, but the advantage goes no farther. The gathering of Oriental curiosities displayed in the rooms of the London East India Company is rich in whatever can illustrate life and science in India, but boasts comparatively few objects, either natural or artificial, from the Celestial Empire. The same remark holds true, to a considerable extent, of that large, interesting, and valuable deposit of eastern curiosities in the Salem Museum, which has been accumulating through a long series of years by the intelligent and generous enterprize of the hardy sons of the ocean.

But we are lingering too long, both for our time and our space, upon these preliminary matters; let us proceed to our notice of the gallery itself. Through the kindness of the proprietor, we had enjoyed repeated opportunities of seeing and examining his collection while the hall was fitting up, and the curiosities were in process of arrangement; yet we must confess that we were fairly taken by surprise, by the spectacle offered to our view on the evening to which we have before referred. We are at a loss by what terms to attempt a delineation either of the scene itself, or its first effect upon the mind. It is so gorgeous, so imposing, and withal so unlike every thing we are accustomed to look upon, that we could scarcely do justice to the subject without appearing extravagant. Besides, it is not easy to find the adjectives which are exactly and distinctively apposite in the description. A Chinaman would think it sufficiently described by the expression "can do;" but our fastidious taste is apt to demand something a little more explicit. It is a splendid pageant, no doubt; and many, probably, will look upon it merely as such. To these it will be a mere nine days' wonder; an object to be stared at with idle curiosity, and remembered only as a useless gewgaw. For ourselves, we see it with far other eyes, and linger among its strange and multitudinous variety of objects for a widely different purpose. To us it is a volume redolent of instruction; the best we have ever seen on the Celestial Empire. It is, in effect, China in miniature. It almost realizes, in reference to the manners and civilization of that remote, unique, and interesting people, the fable of the woods moving to the sound of the lyre of Orpheus. Mr. Dunn is our Orpheus; and the soul of the empire of "heaven's son," this truthful representative of Chinese intelligence and life, has traversed the mighty tracks of ocean, obedient to an instrument which, in a world where the *sacra auri famas* is a hunger unfortunately but too rife, has been found to be omnipotent for almost every purpose.

The many thousands of individual objects which this collection embraces, are not, of course, susceptible of a perfect classification; yet the principal and most instructive of them may be ranged under the following heads:—Figures, of the size of life, in full costume, representing Chinese men and women, all of them, or nearly all, being real likenesses; implements of various kinds; paintings; specimens of japan and porcelain ware; models of boats; lanterns; natural productions, including birds, minerals, shells, fishes, reptiles, insects, etc.; models of pagodas; with a numerous assemblage of *et cetera*, which refuse to be classed.

We do not propose a full description of this numerous, or, to speak more correctly, these *innumerable* curiosities. This would probably be as heavy a tax upon the patience of our readers, as upon our own time. All that we can undertake is to throw off a few imperfect sketches, interspersing them with such items of information, gleaned in the course of our reading, as may seem fitted to relieve our own dullness, and afford somewhat of entertainment, if not of instruction, to our readers. To our sketches of this kind, will perhaps be added some account of our trade with China—its nature, history, value, and prospects.

Having thus chronicled the opening entertainment, briefly described the hall of exhibition, made a few general remarks upon the collection treasured within it, and announced our plan and purpose, we take leave of the subject for the present; promising, however, to resume it in the number for March.

C. F. W.

[To be continued.]

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOB STUBBS.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

SOME poet has observed that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial; how much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions, or seen the wonders of travel in the desert of Arabia, or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them, as the way now is. I never left my native England, nor spoke to a lord, (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras,) but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck, that I believe it would melt the heart of a mile-stone to read of it—that is, if a mile-stone had a heart of anything but stone.

My adventures contain a part of the history of a great, and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe. I never injured a fellow-creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shown the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a tolerably good family; and yet, born to wealth—of an inoffensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more, I have been going down hill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name; and I haven't got a shilling: I have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of king George, and am *now*—but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses—a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and afterwards became bankrupt. My papa married this Miss Smith, and carried her off to the country, where I was born, in an evil hour for me.

Were I to attempt to describe my early years, you would laugh at me as an impostor; but the following letter from mamma to a friend after her marriage, will pretty well show you what a poor foolish creature she was; and what a reckless extravagant fellow was my other unfortunate parent.

To Eliza Hicks, in Gracechurch Street, London.

O Eliza! your Susan is the happiest girl under heaven! My Thomas is an angel! not a tall, grenadier-like looking fellow, such as I always vowed I would marry:—on the contrary, he is what the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then? when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob! as I sit on one knee, and baby on the other, and as he dances us both about.

I often wish that we had Sir Joshua, or some great painter, to depict the group; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world to see three such loving merry people.

Dear baby is the most lively creature that *can possibly be*,—the very image of papa; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *every body*. Nurse says, that when he is older, he will get rid of his squint, and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Doctor Bates is as kind, and skilful, and attentive as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him! Ever since poor baby's birth, it has never had a day of quiet; and he has been obliged to give it from three to four doses every week;—how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is! It got through the measles wonderfully; then it had a little rash; and then a nasty whooping-cough; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

But dear Tom is an excellent nurse; and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man, in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it *for hours*, singing a kind of song, (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea-kettle,) and bobbing his head backwards and forwards, and looking, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, *so droll*. O, Eliza! how you would laugh to see him.

We have one of the best nursemaids in the world,—an Irishwoman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother, (but that *can never be*.) She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy very often, and slovenly which I cannot conceive;—to be sure, the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

But what of that!—these little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one thinks, how many mothers have no nursemaids: how many poor dear children have no doctors: ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates's bill is forty-seven pounds! How ill must our dear baby have been, to require so much physic!

But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs us. Ten shillings every week; a glass of brandy or gin at dinner; three pint bottles of Mr. Thrall's best porter every day,—making twenty-one in a week; and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates's bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich uncle John mortally offended because he was made god-father, and had to give baby a silver cup: he has struck Thomas out of his will; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was *not* asked; he will not speak to me or Thomas in consequence;) twenty guineas for flannels, laces, little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware; and all this out of £300 a year. But Thomas expects to make a *great deal* by his farm.

We have got the most charming country-house you can imagine; it is quite shut in by trees and so retired, that though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a week. The roads, it must be confessed, are execrable; it is winter now, and we are up to our knees in mud and snow. But O, Eliza! how happy we are: with Thomas (he has had a sad attack of rheumatism, dear man!) and little Bobby, and our kind friend Dr. Bates, who comes so far to see us, I leave you to fancy that we have a charming, merry party, and do not care for all the gayeties of Ranelagh.

Adieu! dear baby is crying for his mamma! a thousand kisses from your affectionate

SUSAN STUBBS.

There it is. Doctor's bills, gentleman-farming, twenty-one pints of porter a week; in this way my unnatural parents were already robbing me of my property.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out, (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me;) and besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Whenever I saw six half-pence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back;—if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I!—those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me the copper merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well regulated boy may better himself: and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels: I never was very high in the class or very low; but there was no chap more respected;—and why? *I'd always money*. The other boys spent all their's in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when their's was gone, and they had but their sixpence a-week to look to for the rest of the half-year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that threepence out of the sixpence a-week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. Swishtail's school, came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, Tom Hicks wanted a slice of gingerbread, who had the money? Little Bob Stubbs, to be sure. "Hicks," I used to say, "I'll buy you three penn'orth of gingerbread, if you'll give me sixpence next Saturday:" and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not

pay me more than threepence, then there was the threepence I was to have *the next Saturday*. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half-year:—I lent a chap, by the name of Dick Bunting, threepence for the first Saturday, for sixpence the next: he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blest if I did not make him pay me threepence *for three and twenty weeks running*, making five shillings and ninepence. But he was a sad, dishonorable fellow, Dick Bunting; for, after I'd been so kind to him, and let him off for three and twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and threepence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due. For the

First week the 3d.	 3d.	Fourth week	4s.
Second week	1s.	Fifth week	8s.
Third week	2s.	Sixth week	16s.

Nothing could be more just; and yet, will it be believed? when Bunting came back, he offered me *threepence*! the mean, dishonest scoundrel!

However, I was even with him, I can tell you.—He spent all his money in a fortnight, and *then* I screwed him down! I made him, besides giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread and butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out, I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king: and, what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, besides fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle screw, which I got from another chap. It wasn't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I'd had in the year, was it? Heigh ho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. "Bless him, bless him," says she, "to think of his old father. And where did you purchase it, Bob?" "Why, mother," says I, "I purchased it out of my savings," which was as true as the gospel. When I said this, mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. "Is he not a noble boy?" says she to my father: "and only nine years old!" "Faith," says my father, "he is a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy: and here is a crown piece in return for thy bottle screw;—it shall open a bottle of the very best, too," says my father: and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine, (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar;) and, by Jupiter! on this night I had my little skin full,—for there was no stinting,—so pleased were my parents with the bottle screw. The best of the joke was, it only cost me threepence originally, which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous towards my parents: and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades, from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it, that she went into town and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper; but I am sorry to say of my dear father, that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. "I sha'n't give you anything, Bob, this time," says he: "and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents,—for, really, they are too expensive." Expensive, indeed! I hate meanness,—even in a father.

I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which Bunting gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth,—that it was a present from one of the boys, for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do, but writes back to Dr. Swishtail, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat!

"What waistcoat is it," says the doctor to me, "and who gave it you?"

"Bunting gave it me, sir," says I.

"Call Bunting:" and up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it? he burst into tears,—told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it for a debt to Copper Merchant, as the nasty little blackguard called me. He then said, how, for threepence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings, (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the threepence!)—how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in this manner,—and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas.

My courage almost fails as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said he should put them into the poor box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said, "Take off your coat, Mr. Stubbs, and restore Bunting his waistcoat." I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat,—

"Stop!" says he. "Take down his breeches!"

Ruthless, brutal villain! Sam Hopkins, the biggest boy, took them down—horsed me—and *I was flogged, sir; yes, flogged!* O, revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age!

[To be continued.]

THE WEARISOME HOURS.

"The wearisome hours,—the wearisome hours,—
Oh! how can such be on this joyous earth?"
Cried one whose home was a scene of flowers,
Of joy, and of sunshine from her birth.

And she was one of those fair young forms,
Which are looked upon with such sad delight,
By those who have shivered beneath life's storms,
And know how its gloom can transcend its light.

"The wearisome hours,—the wearisome hours,—
How slowly, how sadly they wane away."
The lips of the speaker were like unto flowers,
Whose rose-tints have changed into hues of decay.

An orphan heiress, she sat alone,
In the hall where years of joy had sped;
Youth rested still on her forehead's throne,
But roundness, and softness, and bloom, had fled,

She mourned for a sister's gentle care,
For brothers who viewed her with eyes of pride,
The mother who braided her golden hair,
The father who never looked on her to chide.

Young, flattering lovers came with words,
Which woman delightedly hears—
But what were they to one, the chords
Of whose heart were so stained with tears?

She turned from them—how might she choose,
Who had seen such bright ones pass away,
To love again, with the chance to lose
The last lone star that could shed a ray?

She had seen too soon life's deary side,
Her heart grew sick of earth's lonely bowers;
The once light-hearted drooped and died,
Of wearisome hours,—of wearisome hours.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Letter, addressed as a Circular to the Members of the Willard Association for the Mutual Improvement of Female Teachers. By Emma Willard, Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, and President of the Association. Troy, N. Y. 1838.

We are informed by Coleridge, that it was the practice of his teacher, Dr. Bowyer, to allow the thesis of each of his pupils to accumulate, as if through inadvertence, to the number of some half dozen. He would then call in the writer; and spreading the several productions on the table abreast together, read them over in connexion, and institute a most searching examination into their structure and merits. Whenever, in the progress of his scrutiny, he came to a sentence that seemed irrelevant, he would say to the pupil, "Why would not this sentence do just as well in this other thesis, as in the one where it now stands?" If a satisfactory answer could not be given, the inexorable doom was that the thesis must be burned, and a new one produced upon the same subject.

If this wholesome, though, it must be confessed, somewhat stern principle, were applied to the works of Mrs. Willard,* we fear there is scarcely one of them that would escape the flames. This may be thought a harsh judgment, and wanting in the gallantry due by the common consent of well bred gentlemen to the female sex. In reference to the first charge, if it is preferred by any sensible persons, we have only to say, *Read and judge for yourselves.* In reference to the second, we admit that it would be valid in the majority of cases, but we deny that in the present instance it has any proper force; for Mrs. Willard has voluntarily surrendered all the immunities peculiar to her sex, by fairly doffing the simple and graceful attire of feminine modesty, and substituting in its place the flaunting robes of a more than masculine self-complacency.

Let not the inference be drawn from what we have said above, that we deny all merit to the fair author of the pamphlet before us. We neither have committed, nor mean to commit, any such denial. Mrs. Willard is, beyond a doubt, a woman not deficient in talent, and possessed of abundant energy and indomitable perseverance. We have always supposed her to be a lady of considerable shrewdness and tact; somewhat versed in the knowledge of the world; and, withal, rather skilful than otherwise in touching the springs of human action. We believe her to be a respectable instructor, who has, with some evil, done much good; but, we are far from according to her that place as a teacher and educationist, which she has evidently assigned to herself. We do not believe that she stands at the head of the profession in this country, or anywhere near it. Her mind, though vigorous enough by nature, wants discipline; her knowledge is extremely limited; her taste is neither pure nor discriminating; her judgment is defective to a degree; and her philosophy—Heaven save the mark—much as she prides herself in it, is neither more nor less than pure drivelling. We think that all persons of intelligence and candor, seized of sufficient knowledge in the premises, and not biassed by private friendship, will allow that no injustice is done to Mrs. W. in the judgment here pronounced.

As a writer, Mrs. Willard cannot be said to shine; nor will her warmest admirers claim that, as such, she ought to be considered a model in any one particular! It is to be hoped, for the sake of her numerous pupils, that she teaches the art of composition better than she practises it. The name of her faults is "Legion." Witness her *French Travels*, the pamphlet on our table, and her other works, *passim*. She neither thinks forcibly, nor clothes such thoughts as she has in a graceful and correct style. What she says does not come welling forth from the deep, clear, overflowing fountain of her own mind. It does not seem to be a portion of her own spirit, transferred to the warm and breathing page, but has rather the air of something that has been picked up here and there, and brought together and arranged with infinite toil and pains. Her power of analysis is exceedingly feeble; her conceptions are often confused and indistinct; her knowledge of the real power and apposite use of words seems scarcely to have passed its monage; and the ordinary current of her thoughts is very common place. Yet her egotism makes up for all other deficiencies. This

* Since the pamphlet under review was published, Mrs. W. has availed herself of one of the privileges of her sex, and changed her name. She will hereafter be known as Mrs. Emma Willard Yates. As, however, we are dealing with a production, written and published before her marriage, and as whatever of reputation she enjoys, was won under the name of Emma Willard, and that is the appellation by which she is best known to the public, we have concluded to retain it in our present article.

literally knows no bounds. Obviously, in her mind, Mrs. Emma Willard and the Troy Female Seminary are the two most important entities within the limits of the United States. Her imagination riots in the idea of her own greatness, and she looks upon herself as the greatest benefactor of the female sex in this land.

We were not apprized, before these thirty-two pages fell under our eye, that any such society was in existence as the Willard Association for the mutual improvement of female teachers. Verily, our countrymen, and countrywomen too, seem to be getting beside themselves in their zeal for doing every thing by societies. We trust that our modicum of patriotism and general philanthropy will preserve us from ever casting contempt upon any enterprise truly great, liberal, and beneficent, or upon any association of either men or women formed to carry such an enterprise into effect; provided always, nevertheless, that the proprieties be not violated either in the principles of organization or the practices based upon them. But, in the name of true dignity and of intelligent philanthropy, we protest against parading before the world as noble and comprehensive institutions, as results of the liberal wisdom of our age and country, such narrow, partial, exclusive, and, we had well nigh added, mercenary combinations, as we cannot but suspect this Willard Association to be. Look at these "Prefatory Remarks."

"Those to whom the following Letter is addressed are FEMALE TEACHERS, mostly young, scattered throughout the extent of the Union, from Maine to Georgia, from Boston to Nachitoches beyond the Mississippi. Though they were all prepared for their duties at the Troy Female Seminary, under my care, yet a portion of them paid the expenses of their education at the time of receiving it, another portion were educated by me on the pledge of payment from the first avails of their labors as teachers; of these, some have already faithfully and honorably discharged their obligations; another, and large part of the whole, are still indebted to me more or less, and, by the terms of our contract, are to teach until their debt is cancelled according to directions received from me, the responsibility resting upon me of providing them suitable situations. It is this last portion that I have particularly kept in view in writing the following Circular; not because their labors are felt by me to be more important or interesting when considered in relation to what has been the grand object of my existence, the improvement of young females, or because personally I have more attachment to them, but because, it being my place and duty to address them with a degree of authority, less ceremony, and more brevity and directness of style are allowable; and these, if attained, will make the instruction given more valuable to all. Perhaps, too, some weight will be added to my remarks when in addition to the general interest which I feel in female education and the responsibility which I am under to society from having recommended and sent forth as my pupils the whole number addressed, it is considered that in regard to the particular portion especially kept in view, my pecuniary interest is deeply involved in their success; no one will doubt, under such circumstances, that I write in earnest, and truly give the benefits of my experience and reflection to aid those whom I address."

From the above extract, it appears that this so called "Association for the Mutual Improvement of Female Teachers," is neither more nor less than a cunningly devised scheme to aid Mrs. Willard in the collection of her outstanding debts. The fair president stands forth as the keen and calculating creditor, rather than the highminded and disinterestedly benevolent educationist. She appears as the mistress, not the president, of the association. She speaks, according to her own declaration, with authority; not the authority of persuasion, but of command; not the authority which belongs to eminent abilities and large experience, but that which makes those to whom its mandates are addressed feel that they are inferiors, subject to the yoke. We say nothing of the indelicacy of this mode of address; but we do say, that in this entire scheme of operations, the dignity of genuine benevolence is, to our weak apprehension, completely merged in the shrewdness of self-interest. An air of suspicion, nay, almost of burlesque, is thus thrown over the whole affair, which chills every generous sympathy, and puts a stop to the play of all the higher emotions. In our opinion, Mrs. Willard would have consulted her own dignity, and served the cause of education more effectually, while she would certainly have shocked less the sense of propriety inherent in most minds, by addressing her letter as a private circular to her hundred and fifty *protégés*, than by the open display of vanity and self-importance she has here made. But that modest, unobtrusive mode of doing good, which is so eminently appropriate to the female character, would not comport with her passion for notoriety. To be in some way continually before the public eye, to be noticed, talked about, eulogised,—all this has become an essential element of her happiness.

But enough of these generalities. Come we now to the letter itself. Mrs. Willard ranges the "requisite of a good teacher," under the two heads of ABILITY and FAITHFULNESS. "Ability to teach must be physical, intellectual, and moral." We invite attention to the following passage on the first kind of ability.

"INTELLECTUAL ABILITY to teach is in part from nature, and in part from education; and when the good teacher stands forth well formed in this respect, it is not easy to distinguish in what degree she is indebted to each. It is true, though it may seem a paradox, that a good teacher can teach what she does not know. That is, she may take up and investigate a new subject as she teaches it; her superior intelligence enabling her to keep ahead of her pupils. And for the im-

portant consideration of self-improvement, which should never be lost sight of, I *ADVISE* you, when you can, to have some one subject like this connected with your daily teaching; and if you have not more than one such at a time, your pupils in this, may chance to be your best instructed class. For though you understand it less, (in the particular part which you are to teach, you should, however, always prepare before you go to your class,) the interest you take in it, from its novelty and from the ardor of acquisition, will be greater; and you will never more skilfully conduct your pupils through the difficulties of the study, than when you have just passed them yourself. You will, also, in this way be likely to form for yourselves independent methods of teaching, which, while they conform to the general laws of mind, will peculiarly suit your own."

Victor Cousin, what think you of that? And you, Dr. Thomas Dick? And you, Mr. Thomas Wyse? Is it heresy, or is it the true faith? To us it seems scarcely less than a eulogy on ignorance. We wonder if the Prussian seminaries for the education of teachers leave their pupils unschooled in certain branches which they are afterwards to teach, in order to afford them the opportunity of "forming for themselves independent methods of teaching;" and also, whether, on leaving the normal schools, the young educators receive the valedictory advice, to have, "when they can," "some one subject connected with their daily teaching" of which they are profoundly ignorant, "for the important consideration of self-improvement." Both Cousin and Stowe are silent on this point, and as the fact would have been a little remarkable, it is probable that this is a step in the march of improvement which Prussia has not yet taken. Seriously, we would ask, could Mrs. Willard have thought what she was saying when she penned this extraordinary *advice*? If so, if this is her deliberate opinion, we must say that in our judgment, she ought to be held incompetent to give any advice in the premises. To tell the members of her association that under peculiar circumstances they might occasionally venture to undertake to give instructions on a subject with which they were not thoroughly conversant, is one thing. To recommend the habitual practice of it as desirable, is another, and quite a distinct matter. Such a recommendation indicates either levity in the expression of opinion, or the want of a proper mastery over the element of opinion. Mrs. Willard has probably seen or heard the anecdote of Dugald Stewart taking a class in this way through a course of mathematics, and that, too, with signal success, and to the entire satisfaction, nay, the delight of his pupils. But we are apt to imagine that this is not altogether a safe precedent for most of the pupils to whom Mrs. Willard writes. That profound and illustrious philosopher, with a mind originally strong, penetrating, and capacious, enriched by almost every kind of learning, and trained by long and laborious study to a perfect command of all its powers, was there can scarcely be a doubt, quite a different person from the great majority of the graduates of the Troy Female Seminary, whatever just celebrity that institution may have gained. It is scarcely worth while to notice the inaccurate structure of the last sentence in the above extract, as faults of that kind, many of them much worse than the one here signalized, occur in almost every page.

The following sentences are in juxtaposition with the passage last quoted:

"It was in this way that I taught and introduced into my school the whole system of mathematical, metaphysical and philosophical studies now taught in the Female Seminary at Troy. English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, as it was then taught, and the abridgment of Blair's Rhetoric, being, when I began to teach, the extent of female learning, as taught in the best academies of New England, and the adjacent States."

The first sentence in this extract casts a strong light upon the president of the Willard Association. From various circumstances, we have been led to entertain doubts whether the course of instruction in Mrs. W.'s school was *very* thorough, and these doubts are assuredly not laid by the declaration here made. As to our author's metaphysics, we should suppose they must have been acquired in exactly the mode here indicated. We have here a solution of that superficialness which every one acquainted with Mrs. Willard's mind, knows to be one of its characteristics. The second sentence in this extract (which, by the way, is no sentence, for it has neither subject nor predicate,) contains an assertion which it is worth while to look into. Wisdom was not *born* with Mrs. W., if perchance it should *die* with her. She should be cautious of hazarding such bold and boastful asseverations, without being quite sure that they have a good basis of truth to repose upon. Nearly or quite thirty years ago, which was certainly before the Troy Female Seminary had shown the world what the female mind was capable of achieving, Labbeus Booth, Esq., had a ladies' school in the city of Albany, at which the following works, among others, were studied; viz. Blair's Rhetoric (not abridged), Kames' Elements of Criticism, Bignal's View of the World, in five large octavo volumes, Paley's Moral Philosophy, Paley's Evidences of Christianity, and Dugald Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind. These works were not merely introduced into a prospectus, but they were studied through, and not only that, but so thoroughly was the work done, that each pupil was required to make abstracts of them, some of which performances are now lying before us. All this, strange as it may seem to Mrs. Willard, and sternly as it rebukes the presumptuous and groundless insinuation she has thought fit to make, all this was before "I began to teach."

But Mr. Booth's school was far from being the only one in the country at that time, where a thorough education could be obtained by females. Dr. Park's school, in Boston, Dr. Cleveland's, and Mr. Gould's, in Baltimore, were both excellent and thorough-going institutions. In addition

to most of the branches taught in the best seminaries of the present day, young ladies were here taken through a highly respectable course of classical instruction. Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and even Livy, were among the authors studied. Mr. Brewer's school in Philadelphia, may also be mentioned as affording far higher opportunities for mental culture than Mrs. W. is willing to allow were any where enjoyed before she led off the race of reform. We are very much inclined to think that all the schools named above, with others not enumerated, held out advantages quite as substantial and valuable as those now offered to the youthful female at the Troy Female Seminary. Our readers are thus enabled to judge for themselves, whether, "when I began to teach," female education was quite the bald and meagre affair it is represented to have been by the President of the Willard Association. The teachers of those comparatively simple and unsophisticated times, indulged less in boasting, and made less noise, than some others who have flourished since; and hence their silent and unobtrusive, but none the less useful and efficient labors, are set down as naught, nay, it is even denied that such labors were ever performed.

Mrs. Willard's sneer at the methods generally in use, "when I began to teach," for imparting a knowledge of geography, has more foundation, but even then there were teachers who employed a truly philosophical system of instruction in this interesting and delightful branch of knowledge. We are well acquainted with a gentleman who, more than thirty years ago, had a class of young ladies in geography, any one of whom, if a sixpence were twirled upon a blank map of the United States, could name instantly the place on which it rested when it assumed a quiescent state.

"Whoever," says Mrs. Willard, "has that uncontrollable disinclination to the company of the young that she can have no sympathy with them, that determined irascibility of temper that she can have no patience with their waywardness or levity, or whoever has not the energy and active resolution to govern them, and 'when they rise up, to rise higher,' has not the moral ability to become a good teacher. The old remark is full of truth and wisdom, that the teacher must be both loved and feared. Whoever has not the first quality, will not be loved, and whoever lacks the last, cannot be feared."

A premium might safely be offered to any one who would extract sense from this passage, or without an entire reconstruction, convert it into king's English. In the first place, "disinclination to the company of the young," and "irascibility of temper," two things which we had ignorantly supposed somewhat distinct in their elements, are here called one quality, and we are then informed, what we surely should not otherwise have known, that "whoever has not this quality will not be loved." Such is the novel, luminous, and profound philosophy of one who, without previous knowledge, "introduced into my school the whole system of mathematical, metaphysical, and philosophical studies now taught in the Female Seminary of Troy." We may remark in passing, that "determined irascibility" is a new phrase to us, and without some higher authority than our author, we are hardly prepared to admit that it is drawn from the "pure well of English undefiled." We cannot suppose, and we will not believe, except upon the clearest evidence, that there is any person so madly in love with the feeling of anger, as to have resolved beforehand to fly into a passion every chance he can get.

The following may be taken as a fair if not a favorable specimen of Mrs. Willard's analytical powers:

"Beccaria and other writers have said, that the end of punishment is two-fold, to reform the offender, and to deter others from committing the same offence. This is all true, but not all that is true. Take a case in civil government. According to these writers, if a man steals a horse he should be punished, because, first, you wish to reform him so that he shall not steal horses again; secondly, that others seeing his punishment, shall refrain from the same species of theft. These are good and correct reasons why the man should be punished; but there is another, more general, and more important. It is necessary that he should be punished to PRESERVE THE SUPREMACY OF LAW. Without law there can be no rational government; all must be anarchy and violence—the weak at the mercy of the strong—the good subject to the bad. By whatever benefit government confers, all are bound, then, to uphold the laws. The unpunished transgression of one law leads, by precedent, to the violation of others; the same impunity being naturally expected."

And this is gravely put forth as an original and most important discovery! Truly, the "light of the nineteenth century" is a marvel. Does Mrs. Willard, then, really suppose that she has added anything to what "Beccaria and other writers have said?" According to her, the "more general and important," the paramount "end" of punishment is to "preserve the supremacy of law." The "supremacy of law," then, is an *ultimate end*; a theory which reduces it to a naked abstraction. For ourselves, we confess a propensity to the opinion that that theory is more philosophical which, like Beccaria's, regards it rather as a *means to an end*, than as an end in itself. Beccaria's theory provides effectually for the "supremacy of law," inasmuch as, without it, the second end of punishment specified by him could not be attained. Mrs. Willard herself unwittingly admits this, when she urges the necessity of "preserving the supremacy of law," from the fact that "the unpunished transgression of one law leads by precedent to the violation of others, the same impunity being naturally expected." Let us sift a little this magnificent discovery of our author. "Beccaria," she says in substance, "declares the twofold end of punishment to be to reform the offender, and to

deter others from committing the same offence. Good, so far as it goes; but there is a third and *more general and more important*, viz. to preserve the supremacy of law, *because*, otherwise, when an offender is punished, his punishment will not deter others from committing the same offence!" This logic may be thought by its author very luminous and profound, but if such a mode of talking be not darkening counsel by words without knowledge, then we know not what degree of silly mystification will be entitled to rank in that category. If it be not arguing in a circle, then do the logicians not know whereof they affirm. Such nonsense do those run into who undertake to go beyond their depth, and to enter upon discussions for which they are not qualified by the mental habits they have formed.

Under the second division of her letter, viz. *faithfulness*, Mrs. Willard gives the following advice, which strikes us as of doubtful soundness in a moral point of view:

"But should you ask, Can I always make known to parents my entire opinion of the character of their children? I should be loth to say, no, but I should sorrowfully shake my head. Though candor be a virtue, can we always tell the persons with whom we associate our whole opinion of their own character? Equally, if not more difficult, is it, to tell them, without reserve, that of their children, as it often develops itself to us in the discharge of our duties as teachers. Where the parents have the strength of mind to hear of their children's faults, and make a candid estimate of their characters, greatly is the teacher's task aided; and though, in many cases, to tell the parent all you think, would only be to have the child taken from your care, when you mean to discipline it for its good. Yet you can generally do something to draw aside the veil of parental delusion; and, in no case, should you, by false or exaggerated statements, weave its web; for always, where it is excessive, it hangs dark and ominous, as to your final success, either in benefiting the child, or satisfying the parents."

We have given the passage entire, and leave our readers to form their own opinion of its morality. To us, it seems conceived in the very spirit of Jesuitism, and we cannot but look upon it as a piece of advice fraught with untold mischief. Is the pleasant or unpleasant nature of an act, to be the standard of our duty in any given case? We are sure that Mrs. Willard did not mean to utter such a heresy. Yet she seems to say, or at least to insinuate, that such is the fact. In the second and third sentences of this quotation, there is an example of the abuse of analogy in reasoning. A false similitude is seized upon, and used to justify a concealment which appears to us, upon every principle of honesty and honor, wholly indefensible. Is there no inherent difference between the relationship existing between a teacher and the rabble in the street? and that between the same person and the parents who have submitted to him or her their dearest treasures,—the children who are "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh?" And because it may not be a teacher's duty to "tell the persons with whom he associates his whole opinion of their character," is he *therefore* excused from telling parents the whole truth respecting their children? We think not. Is the fear of losing a pupil a more valid reason for concealment? *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, is an old proverb, the spirit of which may well be allowed to operate here. If the principle recommended by Mrs. Willard is admitted, what limit shall be set to the application of it? Who shall say how far it is sound, and where the rotten part begins? What moral engineer shall run the line between the concealment which is just, salutary, and honorable, and that which is immoral, mischievous, and unworthy? The difficulties here, we think, are innumerable and insurmountable, and we feel inclined to doubt altogether the excellence of those moral rules which are supposed to be partly right and partly wrong—sweet at one end and bitter at the other. Mrs. Willard has not the courage to pronounce the little monosyllable No, in which the gist of the advice lies, but accomplishes her purpose by a significant shake of the head.

We had marked some other passages for extract and comment, particularly one where Mrs. W. attempts the pathetic; but we forbear. We have already devoted more space to the production before us than its length and merits entitle it to. We have been influenced in our notice by no unkind feelings towards its author. We have controverted some of its doctrines, because we believe them to be unsound; and we have rebuked, we hope, in a proper spirit, that overweening vanity which would be merely ridiculous, if it did not lead her to disparage others. She has placed herself upon a pinnacle which the voice of an intelligent public will not allow her to occupy. We claim to be the friends of education, and we know something of the female schools of this country. We could name several both within and without the limits of New England, and one in the neighboring city of Albany, which, for all the purposes of a sound and useful education, we regard as superior to the Troy Female Seminary. They may have less of notoriety; but let it be remembered that the earth is often more fertilized by the gently distilling shower than by the noisy tempest.

The Only Daughter. A Domestic Story. Edited by the Author of "The Subaltern," "The Hussar," &c. Two volumes. Carey and Hart.

A capital novel, creditable to the author, the editor, and the publishers. If it is the trial effort of

an unfledged authoring, we hope its success may be commensurate with its worth, to induce the writer to again essay the path he now so worthily treads.

Tales illustrating the Passions. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Gipsy," "Darnley," etc. One volume. Lea and Blanchard.

In one volume, we have here the elements of half a dozen novels. Each story supplies a sufficiency of plot and character for the construction of a modern "romance of real life," in two volumes—and carries the recommendation of superior writing, by an author of established and well-deserved popularity. If this system of efficient condensation is persevered in, the art of book making will experience a painful collapse, and the reading public be deprived of nine-tenths of their labors. The press cannot present a volume of greater merit, as regards the quality and quantity of amusement afforded.

The plots of the various tales painfully exhibit the intimate connexion between the evil passions of our nature; the exemplification of "REMOUSE," the first tale in the volume, will serve as well for the tales of "HATRED," or "REVENGE;" and the plot of "Revenge" is equally connected with a delineation of "Hatred"—a natural result, although the author has made each passion the subject of a separate history. The first tale, "Remorse," is the recital of the mental agonies of a certain Austrian count, who, in the solitude of the cloister, repents of the guilt of fratricide. The second story, "Jealousy," is the best in the book, and depicts the *Remorse* of an Italian lady, who had incited her father to the murder of her husband's sister, whom she suspected to be a leman in disguise. "Revenge," the next tale, is powerfully written, and develops the rascally practices of a bastard sprig of English nobility against an old school-mate, who is suspected of interference in the matrimonial designs of the revengeful hero. We look upon this story to be the least effective in the volume—the *animus*, as the lawyers say, is not sufficiently bold for the violence of the revengeful practices which ensue. "Love," is founded on the life, or at least, marriage of Blanche of Navarre with Francis of Foix. This capital *novelette* would make a good subject for a play; it is essentially dramatic in all its details, and affords various striking situations, and excellent points of effect. If we had a drama in America, we would recommend this tale to the attention of our playwrights; but, if the plot is to be introduced to the stage, we must wait till we can steal it from the English. The next tale in the volume, "Despair," is, in our opinion, a hideous failure, and ought to be called *The Idiot*. We are sorry that Mr. James thought fit to waste such excellent writing on an absurd and impossible idea, for it is beyond the bounds of possibility that any human being could indulge in the contemptible actions and drivelling opinions of the hero of this portion of the book. Positive and unmitigated despair is not the lot of humanity; Pope's beautiful line, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," is a perfect truism; and the every day experience of each living soul in this work-a-day world, confirms the fact beyond the power of contradiction. The author, with a just perception of the necessity of violent degradation in the depicting of his hero, has made him a selfish, morose, and violent sensualist, a gambler, a parricide, the murderer of his wife and child, and, to crown the very pinnacle of horror and crime, an avowed and unblushing atheist—but the constant accusations of his conscience, and his violent death, too painfully evidence the emptiness of his unbelief, while they fail to convince the reader of the possibility of the existence of such an insult to frail mortality. The concluding tale, "Hatred," is remarkably well told, but it will serve equally well for an illustration of the passions of Love, Jealousy, or Revenge. We have freely noticed the faults of this excellent volume; it is but fair to state that its beauties are innumerable, and deserve the patronage of the reading world.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard.

We have been favored, by the kindness of the publishers, with some of the sheets of this work, and readily cancel sufficient of our prepared notices of new books, to afford room for an early mention of these amusing "Memoirs," and some portion of their contents. The title page announces the work to be from the pen of the wife of the deceased comedian, with the exception of a few pages written by Mathews himself. The lady has acquitted herself with credit, and deserves praise for the candor and impartiality with which she has used the heterogeneous mass of materials scraped together for the purpose of illustrating her husband's life. The fact of the intimate connexion between the subject of the biography and the writer of the memoirs, somewhat excuses the high-flown opinions continuously advanced respecting the comedian's talents, which else had been unpardonable. The general fault in all biographies—a swamping preponderance of dull letters—is painfully evident in the work before us; and there is also a little too much of playhouse record, in the detail

of Mathew's early life and metropolitan career, to please the fancy of the general reader. But the faults of the work are too trivial to be placed in position against the variety and interest pervading each succeeding chapter; capital stories, wherein the worthies of the last half century conspicuously figure—the "sayings and doings" of the choice spirits of Momus's court—characteristic sketches and dialogues—practical jokes and theoretical wit—fill the majority of the pages of these memoirs—the most readable and pleasant affair of playhouse chit chat and good humored fun that we have been favored with for many a year.

It cannot be denied that, in the relation of the subjects detailed by Mrs. Mathews, there is a sad want of originality forcibly evident to all persons intimate with the passing occurrences of the dramatic and literary circles; there is also a painful difference in the printed manner of relation contrasted with the life-like effect and theatrical "point" wherewith Mr. Mathews related the comic portions of his experiences, or detailed the earlier scenes of his career. We, who have sat at the social board, and have heard the comedian rattle with untiring tongue and ceaseless humor during the whole of a long evening, and have listened to the repetition of his inimitable stories till we could detect the slightest variation in their well-known periods, feel most forcibly how different is the quiet and unpretending matter of fact style of the wife to the fidgetty but earnest vivacity of the husband. But although Mathews mingled much with society, both in Great Britain and America, the great majority of the reading public will now, for the first time, be made acquainted with the chiefest portion of Mathews' history, and learn the origin and nature of the principal of his humorous delineations of life and manners.

Mathews has left behind him no claim to the reputation of an actor; his name is not associated with the successful performances of any principal character in the whole range of the legitimate drama. He was essentially a mimic, and, in his way, unequalled. He was never able to compete with the genuine drollery of Liston or Lovegrove, or rival the unaffected good humor of Bannister or Fawcett. It was not till he abjured the stage, and confined his personations to half-lengths at the table, that he attained his distinguished reputation. The strong points of character which made his table performances so effective, were, strange to say, seldom visible in his dramatic representations; he shuffled, grumbled, and twisted about in his parts as if he cared not for success, and wished but for the fall of the curtain to end his uneasiness. But, when seated between his lamps, or standing before the fiddlers, singing one of his almost interminable but perfectly inimitable songs, he dazzled his audience by the rapidity of his flashes of wit, the force of his hits, and the wondrous changes of voice and manner which he assumed with instantaneous quickness and never-failing certainty and truth.

In private life, if Mathews liked the party he was amongst, he was frequently more entertaining than when upon the stage. But he would not be interfered with, either in the way of dictation or opposition. If, in the height of his utmost flow of spirits, any one pressed him hard for the recital of a certain story or well-known joke, or bored him to sing anything but the very song he had resolved to sing, he would become sulky, and refuse to open his mouth, except in the way of complaint. If any other member of the party infringed upon the comedian's province of imitation, or any other mirth-creating power, he would instantly yield the field to the intruder, but certainly not with a very good grace. And yet Mathews despised, as a gentleman ought, the people who crowded round him, not as friends and participants in the general glee, but as rude spectators and greedy listeners—vulgarians, who expect an actor to bring his profession with him into the social circle, and boldly ask him to spout or sing, as if they had a right to demand the exercise of his ways and means at all hours and in all places. The general spread of education has not yet taught these fellows that it is equally correct to insist upon a lawyer repeating his last speech in court to the domestic party assembled round his friend's board—to force a doctor to describe the last operation in which he was concerned—or to drag a venerable bishop from the fireside, and, sticking him upon a table at the cold end of the room, insist upon a repetition of his last charity sermon. Mathews once went to a party given by his stockbroker—a hearty, good-natured, John Bull sort of man, who adored Mathews, and repeatedly intreated him to visit the country box where he kept his red-headed wife and chubby children. Mathews was, of course, the centre of attraction—the magnet of the day; the party was tolerably large, the rooms small, the dinner profuse, and the civilities of the host and hostess of the most overpowering description. The cloth being removed, Mathews found himself "the observed of all observers;" there was a dead silence, and every body looked, not at every body, but at Mr. Mathews, with an awful kind of anticipatory glance, as much as to say, "now, sir, we are ready for you." The actor began to fidget and fret, and, by way of relief, challenged his host to a bumper round. The wine went its routine, and then another awful pause ensued. At last, the lady of the house, stimulated by certain nods and becks from the matronly portion of the party, called up a little, curly-headed, red-poll'd urchin, and whispered something in her ear, casting most ominous looks at the perplexed comedian. The little girl slowly and unwillingly wound her way amid the ranks of chairs that crowded the small dining-room, and at last sneaked to the side of Mr. Mathews, who observed that the gaze of the whole party followed the evolutions of the child. Mathews was ever a nervous hypochondriac man; the perspiration stood upon his face in huge drops. The little girl perked up her curly head, and, in obedience to a sign from her mama,

said, in a low tone of voice, "Mister Mathers, ma's compliments, and when are you going to be funny?" "I want my hat, my little dear. Can't be funny without my hat; get my hat for me, and I'll do something directly." Half a dozen men flew to the narrow passage yeelped a hall, and brought in the comedian's hat. Mathews stood up, and, buttoning his coat, looked right and left, and, in his most jocose tone of voice, began—"Ladies and gentlemen." A round of applause from the cits and their wives cheered him on. "Ladies and gentlemen—good day." And, saying this, he opened the room door, pushed through the servants who had come to hear the player man amuse the company, and before the host could interfere, had gained the road with his face turned towards home.

The opening chapters of this work comprise Mathews' own attempt at autobiography. We are introduced into a circle of conventiclers, babes of grace and saints elect—among whom figured the father of our hero; he kept a bookseller's shop in the Strand, and notwithstanding the ultra nature of his creed, was visited by Hannah More and David Garrick, who took the little Charles Mathews in his arms, and remarked the peculiarity of his mouth and eyebrows, which had been twisted from their propriety by the violence of a series of hysteric fits. Then we are made acquainted with his first attempts at mimicry, directed towards the peculiarities of his schoolmaster and an itinerant vender of eels who wreaked terrific vengeance on his *petite* imitator. A description of the fanatical preachers is excellent. The following letter from "a teacher of the word," to the elder Mathews, on the death of one of his servants, deserves to be copied:—

MR. MATHUS

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS

I simpothis with you under this verey sollom providenc the deth of your survant, may our all wis Covenant God by His blessed Spirit santeify it to Every one of you and my famley may owr gracious Lord fill our souls with the oyell of his gras that we may allwayes be redey We mest you last Nigt bus the Lord was with us may He Espeselly be with you and der Mrs. Mathus your der Child and famley under this Visettation prayes your ffinat Br. in der Redemer.

Io HILL.

Doctor Ferean of No 3 Lams Condict plase tould me yesterday he was goin to part with a good young woman his housemaid if you thought proper to inquire after hor you are welcom to maik yours of my Name.

6th Jany. 1804.

After a severe probation at the Merchant Taylor's School, young Mathews went to an evening academy to learn the French language; Master Elliston and Miss Flaxman, the sculptor's daughter, were also pupils; an amateur performance of several dramatic pieces by the ladies and gentlemen of the academy, introduced our hero to a taste for the drama, and decided his future path in life. The editorship of the *Thespian Magazine*, an obscure periodical devoted to the drama, fell into the hands of Mathews, but the smallness of the pay, one guinea per month, soon induced him to resign. It is odd that an unfledged youth, who confessedly had seen but half a dozen plays, should be allowed to write criticisms upon plays and players, and censure those who had devoted their minds and lives to the study of the art. Coleridge forcibly styles such persons "the animalculæ that feed upon the bodies of genius."

In 1790, the greatest comedian of the day, the Edwin, died, and our modest Master Mathews, then but fourteen years of age, wrote to the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, and offered to succeed him! At this time, he had never witnessed a performance in a regular theatre! The well-known interview with the veteran Macklin is here introduced in almost the literal wording used by Mathews in his table entertainments.

After several amateur performances at various private and provincial theatres, Mathews fairly left "his father's home, where small experience grew," and embraced the profession of an actor. He accepted a sort of an engagement at the Dublin theatre, vague enough in its purport, for his salary was to depend upon his success. He landed in Ireland, according to his own account, the thinnest and most consumptive specimen of an Englishman that ever set foot on the Emerald isle. His success was indifferent, except in one or two parts in low comedy. The following account of one of his performances describes a laughable but perplexing incident in the career of the young histrion:

"Imagine, then, a tall, thin, awkward youth, with a deportment utterly unfit for a stage-gentleman of that starched day, with a craving appetite for *Old Philpot*, which he in after-years performed so admirably, compelled to submit to the *butt* not only of *Maria*, but of all the audience in *Beaufort*. Miss Farren, accustomed as she must have been to the worst sort of acting in the part, probably never before saw a total novice represent it; and it was with dismay that she observed him appear in the green-room dressed in a scarlet coat (the only one provided by the theatre for the occasion) which had obviously been made for a man a head shorter than himself, and whose arms were in proportion with his stature, for the sleeves reached only within an inch of the wrists of the present unfortunate wearer; a yellow embroidered waistcoat, a pair of black satins scarcely covering the knee, and

showing more of a leg guileless of calf than grace or fashion demanded; his hair liberally powdered and tied in a *queue*, according to the mode; a *chapeau bras* which he scarcely knew how to dispose of, and which now and then in his embarrassment he was tempted to put upon his head. Fancy Mr. Mathews in such a dress, and at the age of seventeen playing a puling, sentimental drawl of a lover to a woman of elegant, easy figure and accomplished manners! When he came before the audience there was a general about, as if a clown in a pantomime had made his appearance, succeeded by an almost simultaneous shriek from the gallery, and then the following delicate *issues*—“Oh! see the mopstick!”—“Ah! Pat, hould yer breath hard, or y’ll puff him off the stage.”—“Oh! and it’s the only puff I’ll give him, any how.”—“Oh! the crethur! what a slice of a man! Arrah! where’s your other half? Why didn’t ye bring it with ye, jewel!” These and such like pleasantries greeted his first appearance. When *Maria* came on the stage to him, he being directed by the author to look thoughtful and embarrassed, Miss Farren *felt obliged* (by the same authority) to imitate the performer’s peculiar action, and then laugh in derision of it. Hereupon followed, from *on high*, a dreadful noise, that might be supposed to resemble the war-hoop of American Indians, in token of their approval of the imitation.

“At length, when the love-sick *Beaufort* made his exit, he was followed by a universal *whoo!!!* After this had subsided, one of his tormentors got up and proposed “*a groan for the long lobster*,” which was loudly and heartily accorded with due honors, as far as the gallery was concerned, to the infinite amusement of the rest of the audience.”

Mathews obtained many parts through his facility in studying the words of the author in a less time than the majority of his comates. Whilst engaged at Limerick in “studying” the part of *Lisardo* in *The Wonder*, he walked into the river Shannon, and (was rescued from death by the intrepidity of an actor, one Seymour, who was also studying in an adjoining field, and humanely jumped into the river, and saved our hero’s life. Mathews treats this action rather cavalierly, and never again mentions his preserver’s name.

After a series of entertaining letters from Mr. Mathews, with agonising eulogies from Mrs. Mathews in way of comment, we are presented with copious extracts from *Dunlap’s Life of George Frederic Cooke*, without one word of acknowledgment or apology. It is possible that the writer found the worn-out stories amongst her husband’s manuscripts, and fancied them to be his original productions; we know that he was in the habit of relating them, and believe that Dunlap obtained them from him in the first instance—but some notice ought to have accompanied their present appearance. Their staleness is positively offensive to the eye.

In one of Mathews’ letters from Dublin to a friend in London, he mentions the fact of Cooke’s enlisting as a private soldier, and departing with his regiment to the Isle of Man, rather than make up a quarrel with his manager, Daly. “Many of the performers,” says Mathews, “saw him in his military garb when he was going off, but he seemed to wish rather to avoid speaking to them, appearing quite melancholy. *He was drunk when he enlisted.*” This is a new item in the tragedian’s biography (the enlisting, not the drunkenness) which has hitherto escaped the notice of his biographers.

From Dublin, Mathews went, with a young wife, to Swansea, and thence to York, under the famous and eccentric, but kind-hearted manager, Tate Wilkinson, the author of *The Wandering Patentee*, one of the most amusing theatrical books in print. The whole of this portion of the *Memoirs* is racy and agreeable in the extreme. Each chapter abounds with incident, and the description of the various characters is of a masterly kind. Johnny Winter, the Yorkshire wardrobe-keeper, has often been portrayed, but never so happily as in the pages before us. For instance:—

“All manner of spectacle was Johnny’s particular dread and detestation, and Shakespeare’s plays were classed and confounded by him with all pieces requiring show, dress, and numbers. In fact, all that gave him trouble, was certain to meet with Winter’s hearty condemnation. Above all, he hated to look out dresses for the supernumeraries, whom he called *superneedlesses*, without considering the propriety of such auxiliaries, or that “by opposing” he could “end them.” He argued against and resisted their aid, in the most senseless, selfish manner he was master of; and when the night came, he would abuse the people and obstruct their preparations. Whenever the manager ordered the revival of any of Shakespeare’s plays, (which gave him additional trouble from the number of dresses he had to select and prepare, not only for the actors, but the odious “*superneedlesses*,”) his abhorrence of them was proportioned to their processions, and he was almost frantic during John Kemble’s engagement, when the play of “*Coriolanus*” was revived. “*That John Kemble and Shakspeare*,” Mr. Mathews heard him say, “have given me more trouble than all the other people in t’ world put together, and my spouse into t’ bargain.” He especially hated “*Henry the Eighth*,” and others of the historical plays that required numbers to be dressed; and he set down every dramatic piece to our immortal bard, which consisted of any thing like show, spectacle, and procession. “Well, John,” said Mr. Mathews one day, in order to draw him out; “there is a grand piece coming out spick and span from London.”—“What, ‘*Blue Beard*,’ I reckon? Eh! it’s more of that fond Shakspeare’s stuff. I wish he was drowned i’ t’ river Ouse. I shall have no peace

while he's alive, I see. What with his 'Henry t' Eights,' and 'Perouse,' and 'Pizarro,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Coriolanus,' and his 'Jubilee,' and such fond stuff, I'd better be a galley slave, I'm sure. D—n the chap! why doesn't he get his bread by some honest trade, or if he must write plays, why can't he write 'em without so many folk in 'em! he niver thinks of the trouble he gives to t' poor tailors and wardrobe-keepers."

"When one of the "superneedlesses" applied to him for a dress, he would throw one at him, and reply to the request—"Please, Mr. Winter, give me a dress, for a herald?"—"Eh! choke thee, I could like to give thee a bit of sponge, and mak' thee eat it, thou nasty, idle hound! Why don't thee stop at home wi' thy wife and bairns, and not come neglecting thy business to daub thy face for a shilling a-night."

Of the death of Mr. Mathews' first wife, and his marriage with the second, (the writer of his Memoirs,) it is not now our cue to speak. In the next number of the Gentleman's Magazine, we intend to give our mind on that and other matters; but the length of this article warns us to beware, inasmuch as we wish to present our readers with rather a long but most amusing story about Mathews' personation of

THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

"MR. MATHEWS'S various powers of disguise naturally tempted his friends into a strong desire of witnessing the effects arising from them upon others. We had returned to town, and resided in Great Russell Street; and as our only wooded view was the gate of the British Museum, which faced our windows, my husband took every opportunity of running away from it for a day; and it became a sort of fashion amongst a knot of his male friends, to make parties for him to the neighborhood of London, where good entertainment for *man and horse* was to be met with. At one period six or eight of these worthies determined to make a trip of pleasure, partly on a water excursion. It was at the time when the excitement prevailed about Ferdinand of Spain; and it was suggested and arranged that Mr. Mathews should travel on this occasion as the Spanish Ambassador. His *suite* therefore disposed themselves in two carriages, "His Excellency" dignifying the foremost till they arrived at Woolwich, the place destined for the first halt. Here Mr. Hill,* one of the party, undertook the office of Interpreter, and he speedily whispered to the landlord the rank of the personage he had the honor to entertain under his roof. The intelligence acted like a spark of electricity, communicating its effect to the whole establishment, and setting it all in motion. In the mean time, "His Excellency" sallied forth on foot with his suite, in order to behold the wonders of the place. His appearance in itself was very striking, without the quick-spreading knowledge of his rank. He was dressed in a green frock-coat, buttoned up to his neck; his bosom, ornamented with a profusion of orders and ribands of every sort, dazzled the curious eye of the observer. On his head he wore a large cocked hat with patriotic devices affixed, such as "*Viva Ferdinand!*" upon a riband of purple ground, in golden characters; and "His Excellency" also wore a pair of green spectacles. In the streets of Woolwich he was followed and cheered by all the little boys in the neighborhood, to whom the condescending Ambassador bowed in amiable humility. He went into the shops and bought divers things, speaking volubly the jargon which his Interpreter rendered into good English. At last, almost to "His Excellency's" consternation, a communication was made by the higher powers of the place, that whatever the "Spanish Ambassador" deigned to notice would be open to "His Excellency's" inspection the rest of the day, for which purpose the workmen had received orders not to quit the spot at their customary hours of refreshment, but await his commands! This was alarming. It was more than "His Excellency" reckoned upon, and fearful was the thought of detection under such a distinguished mark of attention. However, the Ambassador graciously accepted the proffered exhibition, and viewed all that was to be seen, with due show of surprise and commendation, faithfully interpreted to the comptrollers of the works. When at last this ludicrous scene ended, the Ambassador and his suite returned to take their "ease at their inn," where the preparations were indeed appalling. Every bit of plate that could be got together, not only belonging to the house, but, as they afterwards learned, from the neighborhood, was displayed in gorgeous array, to grace the visit of so distinguished a guest. The landlord and his family, and his servants, were tricked out in all their best attire, to wait upon the great man, whom they were all drawn out to greet upon his return, courtesying and bobbing to him; all of which this high-bred man and illustrious foreigner acknowledged with a grace and condescension that won all hearts. He talked unceasingly, but they could only dwell upon what his Interpreter was kind enough to render intelligible. Now and then, indeed, a word of English would gratify their tortured ears—"Goode Englis' pepel!" "Fine houze!" "Tanks!" and such like comfits sweetened their laborious attendance.

"I cannot now recount half the absurdities "His Excellency" committed, or that were committed for "His Excellency," whose avowed habits differed very strikingly from those of the English. His

* Mr. Thomas Hill, proprietor of "The Monthly Mirror," (so often alluded to in the early pages of this book,) and always the very good friend of my husband.

Interpreter informed the landlord that, amongst other peculiarities, "His Excellency" required every article of use in vast quantities; hundreds of napkins, spoons, forks, plates; in fact, no man that had not lived in Spain could be aware of such inordinate demands. The first view of his bedroom presented to "His Excellency" about twelve dozen towels, piled up upon a table by the side of the washing-stand, for his one night's use. The Ambassador ordered about him in his *own language*, which was *translated* according to circumstances by his accomplished follower, whose interpretation sometimes was enough to overset the gravity of any *hidalgo*, though it was curious to observe that every where, when only a solitary advantage was to be obtained, and that advantage was reserved for the great man, the Interpreter always felt under the necessity of explaining that "His Excellency" had a taste for inferior things, and preferred what, to an Englishman was objectionable, particularly in warm weather, namely, very small sleeping rooms, short and narrow beds, low pillows, etc. Things usually disdained by our higher orders were, in fact, matters of luxury in Spain: consequently the said Interpreter enjoyed the superior accommodation as a matter of duty which called upon him to appropriate the best of every thing to himself. All this added to the amusement of the time, and laid up cause for future mirth.

"The next morning the farce was resumed, and the same mockeries repeated. "His Excellency" breakfasted with the same ceremonies and results as at his previous day's dinner, *preferring* the stale bread, and resigning the new to his Interpreter, etc. Thus "perked up, in a glittering sorrow," he was not sorry, with all his love of "fun," to see preparations for a removal, which at length took place amid a crowd, assembled to see "His Excellency" depart, and which cheered him as he drove off.

"The water excursion followed, and a small fishing smack was hired for the purpose of a sail. The master of it, a simple, illiterate, fresh-water tar, was duly impressed with the honor bestowed on his little craft by the noble freight it carried, and was all deference and delight. The Ambassador, feigning to suppose this little dirty-faced fellow a naval hero, expressed great respect and affection for the noble "British Capitaine," while he directed his Interpreter to inform him that he should boast of his acquaintance to Ferdinand, and predispose the whole of the Spanish nation in his favor. The old man shed tears of gratification at all this, and "His Excellency" would not suffer his favorite the "Capitaine" to move from his side. Refreshments had been carried on board, and amongst these a can, said to contain a quantity of lamp-oil, for "His Excellency's" exclusive drinking. Every thing was done to excite surprise in the little master of the boat that could be devised at the moment. One thing I well remember. A piece of an apple had been cut into the form of a candle-end, and a bit of scraped almond completed the deception. The Ambassador, happening to drop his tooth-pick in a dusky corner of the boat, demanded a light from his Interpreter, who presented him with the above preparation in a luminous state; and "His Excellency" having searched for the tooth-pick and found it, blew out the candle, and after a minute's pause of hesitation where to place it, put it into his mouth with unconcern, and ate the whole of it! The "Capitaine" looked wonder and disgust at this, and more especially when "His Excellency," expressing a desire for some lamp-oil to wash it down, a glass full of yellow liquid was poured out, supposed to be what he asked for; and he swallowed it apparently with much relief. The master's chest absolutely heaved at this finishing proof of a depraved taste. However the time came when the Ambassador and suite wished to land at their dining-place, and it was agreed that the master should wait to take them back to Woolwich, where the carriages were left, to convey them to town. "His Excellency," however, had had enough of his empty dignity, and hungered for the solid advantages of a common man, of which it was the fancy of his Interpreter to stint him, while he wanted language to assert his rights and wishes. It was accordingly resolved that he should resign his honors, resume his mother-tongue, and leave his title behind him. Doffing his spectacles and medals, and exchanging his green for a blue coat—in fact, becoming himself, he re-entered the boat as a stranger, who desired to be taken to Woolwich; and, as it was understood by the master that his noble patron, the Ambassador, was not to return, he asked leave of the party to admit the gentleman applying. On the voyage back, it may be guessed that not much else was talked of on board but "the Spanish Ambassador;" and as the stranger expressed an interest in the particulars of "His Excellency's" trip, the master undertook the relation. This was by far the better part of the whole affair; for the vanity of the poor little man induced such exaggerations of his intimacy and favor with his noble friend, that my husband was inwardly convulsed while he listened to the account. He described "His Excellency" as a "very personable man—not what in Hengland we should call 'a'nsome, but *very personable*, and the *haffablest* cretor I ever seed in my life! Why, sir, he treated me more like a brother than any *think* else: called me *Captain*, and promised to mention me kindly in Spain, and offered to *interdoos* me to King Ferdinand! (But I couldn't bear to live with such *nasty devils*!) What a *happetite* he had too! I couldn't live with Spaniards, I'm sure, if they all eat like 'His Excellency.' He made me quite sick, old as I am, with his dirty Spanish ways. Why, if you'll believe me, he swallowed at one draught a whole quart of lamp *ile*, and eat up a large tallow candle at a mouthful! I *seed him* with my own eyes, or I wouldn't have believed it. I *seed it* all go down his Spaniah throat! I've been very much puzzled, though, to think whatever he did with the *rick*!"

M I R A B I L I A E X E M P L A .

Statistics of French Periodical Literature.—The number of authors, poets, dramatists, journalists, and literary characters of all descriptions that throng in Paris is incalculable. They are found in the most miserable garrets, as well as in the gilded saloons of spacious hotels. Thousands and thousands of individuals depend for their daily bread on papers. Paris swarms with scribblers of indifferent merit, authors of well-founded reputation, editors, stenographers, vaudevillists, translators, compilers and correctors of works, correspondents of journals and periodicals, etc. Literary hermits are rare. Charles Nodier and Ballanch are the only distinguished French writers who live in a secluded manner, and do not mingle in the circle of their literary brethren.

If it be asked, how can so many votaries of the muses obtain employment and bread, the answer is, hundreds die of hunger, disappointment, blasted hopes, and defeated projects. There is, nevertheless, immense scope in Paris for literary occupation. The Parisian press is the most extensive in the world. There are upwards of twenty-seven daily political journals, of which the circulation is considerable. We will mention a few instances, and cite the leading ones:—

	COPIES.		COPIES.
Journal des Debats, - - - - -	13,000	Quotidienne, - - - - -	4,000
Constitutionnel, - - - - -	12,500	Moniteur, - - - - -	3,500
Courier Français, - - - - -	8,500	Gazette des Tribunaux, - - - - -	3,000
Le Temps, - - - - -	8,200	Le Droit, - - - - -	2,500
Le Siecle, - - - - -	7,000	Le Messager, - - - - -	2,500
La Presse, - - - - -	7,000	L'Impartial, - - - - -	2,000
Gazette de France, - - - - -	6,500	Bon Sens, - - - - -	2,000
National, - - - - -	5,500	La France, - - - - -	1,100
Journal General de France, - - - - -	4,500		

This is the average daily circulation of the leading French newspapers. The periodical works are also numerous; upwards of thirty-seven reviews, pamphlets, and *brochures*, issue monthly from the press, viz:—*La Revue Britannique*, *La Revue du Nord*, *Le Grand Livre*, *Le Panorama de Londres*, *Le Journal des Haras* (sporting magazine), etc. are amongst the principal.

The weekly periodicals are—*La Revue de Paris*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Chronique de Paris*, *La France Littéraire*, *L'Homme de Lettres*, *La Revue Africaine*, *La Revue des Colonies*, *L'Actionnaire*, etc. All these magazines resemble the English monthly publications in size and in matter. There are, moreover, seventy-seven newspapers published once or twice, some even three times, every week.

The literary papers are called *Le Voleur* and *Le Cabinet de Lecture*, each appearing six times a month. Then there are journals and magazines for particular subjects, such as for the theatres, the fashions, commerce, trade, advertisements, fashionable information, public works, scientific matters, etc. Each literary society in Paris has its periodical. *Le Journal Statistique* circulates 13,000 numbers monthly.

The Real Animal Magnetism.—The scientific journals of Europe assure the world that Dr. Faraday has succeeded in obtaining an electrical spark from the *gymnotus electricus*; a specimen of this electrical eel having been imported from South America for the purpose of experiment. A large body of learned men witnessed the successful results of the doctor's essay at the Adelaide Gallery, in London. This is the first instance known of eliciting a spark from the galvanic battery of an electrical eel, although thousands have felt the power of the fish to impart a violent and numbing shock.

The Asteroids, or Falling Stars of November.—Although we have this year experienced a disappointment in the non-recurrence of the meteoric phenomena, known throughout America as the "flight of stars," which, heretofore, has occurred for several years on the morning of the 14th of November, it seems that in England the visitation has been punctual, and the various publications speak of its appearance in terms of wonder and delight. From the following description, extracted from a London publication, we have a right to suppose that the celestial display was assisted by the evolutions of a vivid *Aurora Borealis*; an accompaniment denied to the American flight, although

the difference in the latitude is materially in favor of the United States for the appearance of these polar lights:—

"One of the most splendid specimens of the 'falling stars' and other meteoric phenomena that have ever been observed by the inhabitants of the metropolis, was observed on Wednesday morning at an early hour, and attracted considerable curiosity. For some time it appeared as if produced by an alarming conflagration—in fact, several Fire Brigade-engines were turned out, and for upwards of two hours were traversing the metropolis in search of the supposed fire. The men belonging to the Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, with their cumbersome 'fire-escapes,' were running about in all directions; as also parties of the metropolitan police. The time when the phenomenon has been observed during the last six or seven years past has been in the interval extending from the 12th to the 16th of the present month. The same phenomenon has been observed precisely at the same time in Germany, Russia, Australasia, and America.

"In consequence of the periodical accuracy of this meteoric visit, preparations have been for some months back in active operation to make more accurate observations, and we are given to understand that the principal observatories in England were put into requisition. During the progress of the meteoric phenomenon on Wednesday, the atmosphere was remarkably clear, and the stars shone with unusual brightness, the air was frosty, with a sharp breeze from the east. It began a quarter before two, and the first object that attracted the attention of the observers were several stars of an ordinary size shooting from their original spots, and falling apparently to the earth, when it appeared that they exploded, for immediately afterwards the horizon was brilliantly illuminated by a vivid light: this, in the space of ten minutes or less, disappeared, but another light of a most splendid description rose from the same quarter, and gradually expanded over the entire hemisphere. At intervals immense masses of crimson vapor appeared, intermingled with branches of silvery coruscations, which at times formed a rich and variegated canopy, covering the entire expanse from the east to the western hemisphere, presenting a most gorgeous spectacle. Towards four o'clock the phenomenon became very faint, but the bright columns of light radiating from it retained their splendor till half-past four, when it disappeared."

The phenomenon, when viewed from a high elevation, was most magnificent; the whole of the metropolis was illuminated, and also the country. In the Arctic regions the lights appear to perfection, particularly during the solstice. In England, according to various writers, the extremities of these lights are to be seen, so that in comparison the inhabitants of England have but a faint sight of their splendor, and their motions, according to the state of the atmosphere, often assume the color of blood. In Liberia, there is one species of these atmospheric phenomena which regularly appears between the west and north, like a luminous rainbow, edged with gold and silver colors. Beneath the arch is a darkness through which the stars appear with some brilliancy. This species is thought by the natives to be the forerunner of storms. There are other kinds which strike the beholders with horror, for they crackle, sparkle, hiss, make a whistling sound, and are more like the firing of a rocket. Every animal is struck with terror; even the dogs of the hunters are seized with such dread, that they will fall on the ground, and become immovable till it is over.

Van Amburgh, versus Humbug.—This celebrated beast-tamer, who has lately charmed all England, has had his life taken; two individuals have been caught in the fact, and their misdeeds published to the world. The offenders are—Washington Warren, of New York, and a certain Mister Ephraim Watts, formerly of New England, but now of old London. This worthy's perpetration we have seen, and laughed heartily at the choice specimen of biography put forth to the admiring cockneys by this expatriated Yankee. The preface is one of the most finished chapters of egotism and foolery ever penned. There is much about Mister Ephy Watts, the author, but very little about Van Amburgh, the beast-tamer, who personal appearance is thus described:—

"His body is rather steep looking. He has hard straight hip bones; shows no particular calves bulging out of the legs, and is altogether much of the same size up and down!"

At page 15, speaking of Olympia's dream, Mister Ephy Watts says—"The whole account may be read in PAUSANIAS, one of the finest writers America ever raised." To which extraordinary assertion, a footnote is appended—"I mean in translation." A wild boar is described as "a huge and ugly animal rather in years, but nevertheless as strong as he was huge, huge as he was ugly, and stuffed full of all manner of vicious and piratical qualities." A rhinoceros is termed "a chumsitudinacious brute!" At page 41, the writer breaks off in the midst of a romantic detail to assure his readers that the hero, Van Amburgh, highly praises the rifles on sale at Ephy Watts's store.

Besides various other momentous information, we are told that Victoria, the maiden queen of England, was so delighted with Van Amburgh, that she visited him *incog.* at his lodgings, and offered to confer upon him a *private order of knighthood*. Now, as Sam Weller says, this is cutting it a little too fat! What is a *private order of knighthood*? It would bother the Herald's college to explain this sentence. And how could her most gracious majesty visit the brute-tamer *incog.*, if she offered to knight him—an honor proceeding only from royalty? Nevertheless, queen Vic had a right to do the genteel thing to the menagerie man, as a return for the attentions paid to Deaf Burke by the Congressmen at Washington.





MISS L. E. LANDON.

Engraved for Portraits of Gentlemen & Ladies.

BURTON'S
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1839.

MISS L. E. LONDON.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE recent death of this accomplished poet, has cast a gloom upon the literary world; she fell a victim to the horrible climate of Sierra Leone, a British colony in the western part of Guinea, on the coast of Africa. Miss Landon had but recently given her hand in marriage to Mr. M'c Lean, and on his appointment to the Governorship of Sierra Leone, the young wife accompanied the husband of her choice in his voyage across the Atlantic. The blast of death struck her as soon as she reached the port of destination.

The following notice, from the pen of Mr. S. C. Hall, the editor of the "Book of Gems," and husband of the talented novelist, contains the only available information respecting her worldly career, with a judicious criticism on the nature of her poetic lucubrations. But Miss Landon, having earned for herself a deathless fame in the flowery paths of Parnassus, entered the field to contend with the great novelists of the day, and fought the good fight with such exceeding skill that her prose productions enjoy an equal share of public favor with the poems of "The Improvisatrice," and "The Golden Violet."

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON, was born in Hans Place, London. She is of the old Herefordshire family, of Tedstone-Delamere. Her father was, originally, intended for the navy; and sailed his first voyage as a midshipman, with his relative, Admiral Bowyer: he afterwards became a partner with Mr. Adair, the well known army agent, but died while his daughter was very young. Her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Landon, is Head of Worcester College, and Dean of Exeter. As we have heard her say, she cannot remember the time when composition—in some shape or other—was not a habit. She used in her earliest childhood to invent long stories, and repeat them to her brother; these soon took a metrical form, and she frequently walked about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night, reciting her verses aloud. The realities of life began with her at a very early period. Her father's altered circumstances induced her to direct her mind to publication; and some of her poems were transmitted to the Editor of "the Literary Gazette,"—the first and most constant of all her literary friends. He could scarcely believe they were written by the child who was introduced to him. "The Improvisatrice" soon afterwards appeared, and obtained for her that reputation, to which every succeeding year has largely contributed.

In person Miss Landon is small, and delicately framed; her form is exquisitely moulded; and her countenance is so full of expression, that, although her features are by no means regular, she must be considered handsome. Her conversation is brilliant, and abounds in wit. Like most per-

sons of genius, her spirits are either too high or too low; and those who have seen her only during her moments of joyousness, imagine that the sadness which too generally pervades her writings, is all unreal—

Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be sad to-morrow.

One of her prose tales records the history of her childhood. It is but a gloomy one—and she treats it as the shadow of her after life. In a communication before us, she says, "I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose, I often stop and hesitate for a word,—in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget every thing in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures,—but, like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overflowing sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career; and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made—but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise." It has perhaps been her lot to encounter those best of friends—enemies—on her path through an eventful life; but she has the affection, as well as the admiration, of many; and her own generous and ardent zeal in forwarding the interests of those she regards, has not always been met with indifference or ingratitude.

Miss Landon has been nearly all her life a resident in London. Her poetry, therefore, dwells upon more humble passions, desires, and enjoyments—the themes and persons that history has rendered sacred—the glorious chivalries of gone-by ages, and the ruins of nations,—than upon the gentler topics, objects, and characters which those who live in the country cherish, venerate, and love. It is to be lamented, that her intimacy with Nature has been so limited and constrained, and that the scope of her genius has been therefore narrowed. The sources of her fame have, however, been numerous and productive; and her poems have obtained a popularity scarcely second to that of any British writer. She not only obtained a reputation—she has sustained it: it is acknowledged and appreciated wherever the English language is understood. When she quitted the less substantial topics in which her early youth delighted, for themes more worthy of the Muse, she proved the strength of her mind, as well as the richness of her fancy; and her latter productions are unquestionably her best. The extent of her labor is absolutely startling. A large proportion of her poems remain scattered through various periodical works:—we believe, if collected, they would form a greater number of volumes than those already published; and her writings in prose are records of her industry, no less than of her genius.

Miss Landon, whose productions were originally given to the world under the signature of her initials, L. E. L., has indeed been a voluminous writer. When we look at the catalogue of her works, in prose and verse, we are compelled to vent our regret at the sudden prostration of our hopes of the fruits of the matured and ripened mind, which had already given forth such glorious blossoms. Her novels are—*Francesca Carrara, Romance and Reality, Ethel Churchill, or the Two Brides*, a collection of Tales for the Young called *Traits and Trials of Early Life*, and the whole of the prose and poetry of the most popular of the London Annuals, *The Book of Beauty*. Her principal poems are—*The Improvisatrice, The Troubadour, The Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, A History of the Lyre, The Ancestress, Poetical Portraits, The Golden Violet, Erinna, The Vow of the Peacock*, and a poetical Annual entitled *The Easter Gift*. Besides the many poems and metrical tales contained in the above works, her miscellaneous and fugitive pieces embrace a list of several hundred poems.

Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, have published an elegant collection of the whole of Miss Landon's works, in two volumes, large octavo. From one of her fugitive pieces, "The Churchyard," we extract the following painfully apposite quotation:—

There is a name upon the stone—
Alas! and can it be the same—
The young, the lovely, and the loved?
It is too soon to bear thy name.
Too soon!—O no, 'tis best to die
Ere all of life save breath is fled:
Why live when feelings, friends, and hopes,
Have long been number'd with the dead?

But thou, thy heart and cheek were bright—
No check, no soil had either known;
The angel natures of yon sky
Will only be to thee thine own.

Thou knew'st no rainbow hopes that weep
Themselves away to deeper shade;
Nor Love, whose very happiness
Should make the wakening heart afraid.

The green leaves e'en in spring they fall,
The tears the stars at midnight weep,
The dewy wild-flowers—such as these
Are fitting mourners o'er thy sleep.
For human tears are lava-drops,
That scorch and wither as they flow;
Then let them flow from those who live,
And not for those who sleep below.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOB STUBBS.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

(Continued from page 123.)

CHAPTER II.

WHEN my dear mamma heard of the treatment of her darling, she was for bringing an action against the schoolmaster, or else for tearing his eyes out, (when, dear soul, she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury,) and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa was stern for once, and vowed that I had been served quite right, declared that I should not be removed from the school; and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for what he called his kindness to me. Of these, the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to me, if ever I ventured on such practices again; so I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending, for the doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged, and any one who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school: not having been able to get farther than that dreadful *Propria quæ maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable—but, on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town; great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well—a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee-breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted a pair of top boots. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the housekeeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer; but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

"You are a very yong gentleman to wear dop boots," said the shoemaker.

"I suppose, fellow," says I, "that is my business and not yours; either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of rank, speak respectfully;" and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

They had the desired effect.—"Stay, sare," says he, "I have a nice littel pair of dop boots dat I tink will jost do for you," and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. "Day were made," said he, "for de Honorable Mr. Stiffney, of de Guards, but were too small."

"Ah, indeed!" said I, "Stiffney is a relation of mine; and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?"

He replied, "Four guineas."

"Well," said I, "they are confoundedly dear, but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge, you see." The man looked alarmed, and began a speech:

"Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout"—but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—"Sir! don't sir me—I'll take the boots, fellow, and, hark ye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say—sir."

"A hundert tousand pardoons, my lort," says he; "if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—sare. Vat name shall I put down in my books?"

"Name!—oh! why—**LORD CORNWALLIS**, to be sure," said I, as I walked off in the boots.

"And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?"

"Keep them until I send for them," said I; and, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in a paper.

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black-Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind: what had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the school-room, and burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

"I vant Lort Cornwallis," said the horrid boot maker. "His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honorable school, for I saw him vid de boys at church, yesterday."

"Lord who?"

"Vy, Lort Cornwallis to be sure—a very fat yong nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and swears dreadfully."

"There's no Lord Cornwallis here," said one—and there was a pause.

"Stop! I have it," says that odious Bunting, "*It must be Stubbs!*" and "Stubbs! Stubbs!" every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, ran me into the play-ground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

"Dis is my man—I beg your lortship's pardon," says he, "I have brought your lortship's shoes, which you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots."

"Shoes, fellow!" says I, "I never saw your face before;" for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. "Upon the honor of a gentleman," said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favor, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

"Stop!" says Bunting, (hang him!) "let's see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then, the cobbler's right;"—they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

"Vat!" said Stiffelkind, "is he not a lort? so help me himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper;" and then gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

"It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir," said the boys, "batling with his shoemaker about the price of a pair of top-boots."

"O, sir," said I, "it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis."

"In fun!—Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill. "Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas."

"You have been fool enough, sir," says the doctor, looking very stern, "to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home; you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys."

"Suppose we duck him before he goes," piped out a very small voice:—the doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the play-ground pump—they pumped upon me until I was half-dead, and the monster Stiffelkind stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.

I suppose the doctor, at last, thought I had pumping enough, for he rung the school-bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me; as I got out of the trough, Stiffelkind was alone with me. "Vell, my lort," says he, "you have paid *something* for dese boots, but not all; by Jubider, *you shall never hear de end of dem.*" And I didn't.

After this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was; and from boyhood until hobbadyhoyhood, (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April, when spring begins to bloom) from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home, doing nothing, for which I have ever since had a great taste, the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses in order to find me in pocket money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time articulated to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman, and not a tradesman, and the army was the only

place for me. Every body was a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. "We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment," said my father; "as we have no money to purchase him up, he'll fight his way, I make no doubt;" and papa looked at me, with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's scream, when he talked so coolly of my going out to fight. "What, send him abroad! across the horrid, horrid sea—to be wrecked, and perhaps drowned, and only land for the purpose of fighting the wicked Frenchmen,—to be wounded, and perhaps kick—kick—killed! O, Thomas, Thomas! would you murder me and your boy!" There was a regular scene: however, it ended—as it always did—in mother's getting the better, and it was settled that I should go into the militia. And why not? the uniform is just as handsome, and the danger not half so great. I don't think in the course of my whole military experience I ever fought anything, except an old woman who had the impudence to halloo out, "Heads up, lobster!" Well, I joined the North Bungays, and was fairly launched into the world.

I was not a handsome man, I know; but there was *something* about me—that was very evident, for the girls always laughed when they talked to me, and the men, though they affected to call me a poor little creature, squint-eyes, knock-knees, red-head, and so on, were evidently annoyed by my success, for they hated me confoundedly. Even at the present time they go on, though I have given up gallivanting, as I call it. But in the April of my existence,—that is, in Anno Domini 1791, or so—it was a different case; and having nothing else to do, and being bent upon bettering my condition, I did some very pretty things in that way. But I was not hot-headed and imprudent, like some young fellows. Don't fancy I looked for beauty! Pish! I wasn't such a fool. Not for temper; I don't care about a bad temper; I could break any woman's heart in two years. What I wanted was to get on in the world. Of course, I didn't prefer an ugly woman, or a shrew; and, when the choice offered, would certainly put up with a handsome, good-humored girl, with plenty of money, as any honest man would.

Now, there were two tolerably rich girls in our parts: Miss Magdalen Crutty, with twelve thousand pounds, (and, to do her justice, as plain a girl as ever I saw,) and Miss Mary Waters, a fine, tall, plump, smiling, peach-cheeked, golden-haired, white-skinned lass, with only ten. Mary Waters lived with her uncle, the Doctor, who had helped me into the world, and who was trusted with this little orphan charge very soon after. My mother, as you have heard, was so fond of Bates, and Bates so fond of little Mary, that both, at first, were almost always in our house; and I used to call her my little wife, as soon as I could speak, and before she could walk, almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbors said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary five thousand pounds, when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking, and bobbing, and smiling between the Doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband; and she did; and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was, really, amazingly fond of me.

Can any one call me mercenary after that? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten, (five in hand, and five in the bush,) I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dandling after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen, for all her £12,000. I used to be attentive to her, though (as it's always useful to be); and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry, at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. "Mary," said I, "you know that my love for you is disinterested,—for I am faithful to you, though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you."

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like having two strings to your bow. "Who knows," thought I, "Mary may die; and then where are my £10,000?" So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty; and well it was that I was so: for when I was twenty, and Mary eighteen, I'm blest if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his money in rupees, had been taken—ship, rupees, self, and all—by a French privateer! and Mary, instead of £10,000, had only £5,000, making a difference of no less than £350 per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North Bungay Fencibles, Colonel Craw commanding,) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess, having uniforms and what not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! "My dearest Robert," wrote Miss Waters, "will deplore my dear brother's loss; but not, I am sure, the money which that kind and generous soul had promised me. I have still five thousand pounds, and with this and your own little fortune, (I had £1,000 in the five per cents,) we shall be as happy and contented as possible."

Happy and contented, indeed! Didn't I know how my father got on with his £300 a-year, and how it was all he could do out of it to add a hundred a-year to my narrow income, and live him-

self! My mind was made up. I instantly mounted the coach, and flew to our village, to Mr. Crutty's of course. It was next door to Doctor Bates's; but I had no business *there*.

I found Miss Magdalen in the garden. "Heavens, Mr. Stubbs!" said she, as in my new uniform I appeared before her, "I really did never—such a handsome officer—expect to see you;" and she made as if she would blush, and began to tremble violently. I led her to a garden seat. I seized her hand—it was not withdrawn. I pressed it;—I thought the pressure was returned. I flung myself on my knees, and then I poured into her ear a little speech I had made on the top of the coach. "Divine Miss Crutty," said I; "idol of my soul! It was but to catch one glimpse of you that I passed through the garden. I never intended to breathe the secret passion (oh, no! of course not) which was wearing my life away. You know my unfortunate pre-engagement,—it is broken, and for ever! I am free;—free, but to be your slave,—your humblest, fondest, truest slave;" and so on.

"O, Mr, Stubbs," said she, as I imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, "I can't refuse you; but I fear you are a sad, naughty man."

Absorbed in the delicious reverie which was caused by the dear creature's confusion, we were both silent for a while, and should have remained so for hours, perhaps, so lost were we in happiness, had I not been suddenly roused by a voice exclaiming from behind us,

"Don't cry, Mary; he is a swindling, sneaking scoundrel, and you are well rid of him!"

I turned round! O, heaven! there stood Mary, weeping on Doctor Bates's arm, while that miserable apothecary was looking at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener who had let me in had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. "Impudence!" was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers, at the *spies*, followed her. We retired to the parlor, where she repeated to me the strongest assurances of her love.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign—I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle the doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy; miss pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business; my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly, as I always did: and I got leave of absence from the regiment in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand—knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim king of terrors might not carry her off before she became mine! With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardor, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed—the ever memorable 10th of May, 1792; the wedding clothes were ordered; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect:—

"Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs, of Sloffemasquibble, Esquire, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esquire, of the same place. A fortune of twenty thousand pounds is, we hear, the lady's portion. 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'"

"Have you informed your relatives, my beloved," said I to Magdalen one day, after sending the above notice, "will any of them attend at our marriage?"

"Uncle Sam will, I dare say," said Miss Crutty, "dear mamma's brother."

"And who *was* your dear mamma," said I, for Miss Crutty's respected parent had been long since dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground: "Mamma was a foreigner," at last she said.

"And of what country?"

"A German; papa married her when she was very young: she was not of a very good family," said Miss Crutty, hesitating.

"And what care I for family, my love," said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held, "she must have been an angel who gave birth to you."

"She was a shoemaker's daughter."

A German shoemaker! hang 'em, thought I, I have had enough of them, and so I broke up this conversation, which did not somehow please me.

Well, the day was drawing near: the clothes were ordered; the banns were read. My dear mamma had built a cake about the size of a washing-tub: and I was only waiting for a week to pass to put me in possession of twelve thousand pounds in the five per cents., heaven bless 'em! Little did I know the storm that was brewing, and the disappointment which was to fall upon a young man who really did his best to get a fortune.

"O, Robert," says my Magdalen to me, two days before the match was to come off, "I have such a kind letter from uncle Sam, in London. I wrote to him as you wished. He says that he is coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well, and that he has got a very handsome present for us! What can it be, I wonder?"

"Is he rich, my soul's adored?" says I.

"He is a bachelor with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to."

"His present can't be less than a thousand pounds," says I.

"Or, perhaps, a silver tea-set, and some corner dishes," says she.

But we could not agree to this, it was too little—too mean for a man of her uncle's wealth: and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

"Dear, good uncle! he's to be here by the coach," says Magdalen. "Let us ask a little party to meet him." And so we did, and so they came. My father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea-table, and there was the punch-bowl, and every body ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o'clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon with a portmanteau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse—a venerable old gentleman—I thought I'd seen him before.

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping at the passage: then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and "*How are you?*" and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlor-door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice,

"Good people all! my brother-in-law, Mr. STIFFELKIND!"

Mr. Stiffelkind!—I trembled as I heard the name!

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a curtesy, and papa made him a bow; and Doctor Snorter, the parson, seized his hand and shook it most warmly, then came my turn!

"Vat," says he, "it is my dear goot yong friend from Doctor Schvis'hentail's! is dis the yong gentleman's honorable moder! (mamma smiled, and made a curtesy,) and dis his fader! Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you, my niece, if you have him for a husband you vill be locky, dat is all. Vat dink you, broder Crotty, and Madame Stobbs, I ave made your sonn's boots, ha! ha!"

My mamma laughed, and said, "I did not know it, but I am sure, sir, he has as pretty a leg for boot as any in the whole county."

Old Stiffelkind roared louder. "A very nice leg, ma'am, and a very *sheep boot*, too! Vat, you did not know I make his boots! Perhaps you did not know somting else, too—p'raps you did not know (and here the monster clapped his hand on the table, and made the punch-ladle tremble in the bowl,) p'raps you did not know as dat yong man, dat Stobbs, dat sneaking, baltry, squinting fellow, is as vicked as he is ogly. He bot a pair of boots from me, and never paid for dem. Dat is noting, nobody never pays, but he bot a pair of boots, and, called himself Lord Cornwallis. And I was fool enough to believe him vonce. But look you, niece Magdalen, I ave got five thousand pounds; if you marry him, I vill not gif you a benny; but look you, what I will gif you, I ho-mised you a present, and I vill give you *neze!*"

And the old monster produced *THOSE VERY BOOTS* which Swishtail had made him take back.

I *didn't* marry Miss Crutty: I am not sorry for it, though. She was a nasty, ugly, ill-tempered wretch, and I've always said so ever since.

And all this arose from those infernal boots, and that unlucky paragraph in the county paper—I'll tell you how:

In the first place, it was taken up as a quiz by one of the wicked, profligate, unprincipled organs of the London press, who chose to be very facetious about the "*Marriage in High Life*," and made all sorts of jokes about me and my dear Miss Crutty.

Secondly, it was read in this London paper by my mortal enemy, Bunting, who had been introduced to old Stiffelkind's acquaintance by my adventure with him, and had his shoes made regularly by that foreign upstart.

Thirdly, he happened to want a pair of shoes mended at this particular period, and as he was measured by the disgusting old High-Dutch cobbler, he told him his old friend Stubbs was going to be married.

"And to whom?" said Stiffelkind, "to a voman wit gelt, I vil take my oath."

"Yes," says Bunting, "a country girl: a Miss Magdalen Carotty or Crotty, at a place called Sloffemsquiggle."

"*Schloffenschweigel!*" bursts out the dreadful bootmaker, "Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht—I tell you, sare, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my neice. I vill go down myself. I vill never let her marry dat goot-for-noting schwindler and tief." Such was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me!"

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES
IN THE LIFE OF
VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. VII.

PIERRE LOUVOIS.

At the time the French army held possession of Italy, the most strict and vigorous measures were put in force by them, to suppress the lawless habits of the inhabitants; which, under a weak form of government, had risen to such a height of crime as to require more than ordinary severity to check. These laws were not alone against the natives, for they fell with undiminished rigor on such of the French troops as were caught in the commission of any act contravening the strict code laid down for their observance, and punishment came so swiftly after the offence as to be attended with at least one salutary effect, that of taking place whilst its cause was yet fresh in the remembrance of the shuddering spectators.

In the northern part of Italy was quartered a small division, consisting of a few regiments of the line, under the command of General Duval. He was a man of a morose and stern disposition, a strict martinet, and one but little prone to pardon any offences committed by the soldiery under his command; but, on the other hand, he was just, and not slow in rewarding merit, when such fell under his observation. His notice had for a short time been attracted to a lad about eighteen years of age, for whom he began to feel some interest. Pierre Louvois, which was the youth's name, was a general favorite in the regiment to which he belonged, though his manners and dispositions were little in accord with those of his rank; there was a sort of dignity and lofty bearing not exactly in unison with the situation of a private, but yet it had never been the cause of his creating a single enemy amongst his associates. His mother, who said she was the widow of a soldier, had lived in the neighborhood of Montpellier, of which part of the country, however, she was not a native. She had maintained herself and son as a lace-worker, at which she was very expert, and from her upright conduct and modest demeanor was much esteemed. As Pierre grew towards manhood, many were the offers from the farmers and mechanics in the vicinity to give him employment, but this she always firmly but thankfully refused. To the often repeated inquiries as to what she intended to make of him, she could give no answer, and the neighbors exclaimed against a lad of such spirit and promise being brought up in idleness, with nothing to look forward to. Madame Louvois cared but little how hard she worked herself, but could not brook that Pierre should be obliged to submit to menial drudgery of any description; at times, sadness would come over her mind, when she thought how unable Pierre would be to support himself, alike ignorant of any business or profession, when she should cease to exist; but these thoughts had scarcely gained birth, when she received a pang but little expected; the Conscription had decided that Pierre should become a soldier. It was quite beyond her means to raise sufficient money to obtain a substitute, and she therefore decided on following him, in whom all her hopes centred, wheresoever his fortunes or his fate might lead him; provided she remained near him, she cared but little in what capacity, servile or otherwise; and Madame Louvois the Sutler sounded as musically in her ears, as would the repetition of his title to a new made peer. About a year after Pierre had joined his regiment, he was one day sauntering listlessly along the road to Vicenza, without perceiving that he had passed the boundary of the camp; the view before him was so beautiful that it called to mind his former home in the south of France, which he had left with much regret, for there was more than one dark-eyed brunette that had looked upon him with other than the eyes of friendship; and there was one playful smiling girl that he had early learnt to love, with whom he would often wander forth beside some rippling brook, or through the rich vineyards, and conjure up together bright dreams of future days.

He was thus gazing on the scene before him, and associating it with places far away, when the sound of some person in distress burst upon his ear; it seemed to come from a cottage standing on the road-side; to which he hastened to render his assistance. The door was open, and the noise of a scuffle above stairs plainly indicated where help was desired. As he entered the room, he per-

ceived a soldier in the French uniform, who no sooner saw that he was discovered, than, throwing open the back window, he leaped into the garden, and in an instant was flying across the country. A woman lay upon the floor, bearing the marks of recent ill usage, and apparently lifeless; the chamber was in the greatest confusion, some articles of small value and a little money lay scattered upon the floor, showing that the villain's intention had been that of robbery.

The piercing cries uttered by the woman had been heard by more than Pierre, for a small detachment which was marching from Vicenza to Verona, being within hearing at the moment, some of them ran to give their assistance, and were not a little surprised to find a French soldier in the act (as they supposed) of plundering. Pierre stated, that the cries of distress had drawn him thither, and he had just arrived in time to see the villain escape from the window. The officer listened, but shook his head in doubt, at the same time giving orders that Pierre should be strictly guarded, and instantly marched off to the head quarters of his regiment.

The news flew swiftly through the regiment, that Pierre was under arrest, charged with an attempt at robbery; but there were none amongst those who knew him well that would give it a moment's credence; circumstances might be, as they were, strongly against him, but they were convinced he could rebut them; no, no! it was a more guilty heart that planned the commission of the deed.

Pierre himself was sanguine; he felt that the woman could exculpate him in an instant, and that the court-martial, which was appointed for the following morning, would order his instant liberation. The cell in which he was confined was not very agreeable to be sure, but then it had only terrors for those guilty beings who worked up hideous thoughts in their imaginations to fright themselves; he stretched himself upon his hard wooden bed, and slept as soundly and rose as much refreshed as if he had been again in France, without a single care to obtrude itself upon his mind.

In the morning the court-martial assembled with all the usual ceremony, and Pierre stood arraigned for a crime, of which he knew himself to be as guiltless as the Court about to try him; he was extremely glad that business had drawn his mother to Milan, from whence she would not return until the following day, when it would be too late to feel uneasiness, and they could talk it through together.

When called upon to affirm or deny his guilt, he briefly stated the circumstances, and said the woman could at once prove him innocent.

"Young man," replied the president, "your story is well conceived, and told with a semblance of truth, but, unfortunately, there are discrepancies in it; and as the woman died during the night of the injuries she received, you may safely call upon her to assert that innocence, which I must say that for my own part I very much doubt."

The information of the woman's death staggered him; it was upon her evidence his safety entirely rested; the idea of her death had never once entered his imagination, and a cold shudder ran over him as he thought of the overwhelming weight of evidence, that could only be gainsaid by his simple assertion of innocence; the current set too strongly against him to be stemmed, and when proof was adduced that it was impossible, on account of the distance, that the cries of distress could have been heard within the bounds of the camp, he felt that he was a lost man.

The court were unanimous in their opinion of his guilt, and the following day, at noon, was named as that on which he was to close his short career of life. Pierre heard his sentence without showing any signs of trepidation; his cheeks blanched not for an instant; a faint smile played around his lips, which would have said, you are deceived, but still I blame you not.

The veterans of the regiment, when told of the result of the inquiry, swore a volley of oaths and insinuated that the officers did not deal justly by them; they could not see that any evidence was sufficient to find Pierre guilty of murder and rebellion to adopt any measures by which he could harmlessly ~~escape~~ during his absence; his enemies, however, deceived by his apparent tranquillity, were not apprised of his flight till it was too late to prevent it. But their malevolence was not satisfied by his exile; the name of M. de Rosanges swelled the *liste de proscription*—his effects were sequestered and sold—his family cruelly driven from their home—and his debtors commanded, on pain of being dealt with as disaffected persons, to account to the public authorities for what sums they owed him. Thus was M. de Rosanges stripped in one day of his birthright as a Frenchman, and his rank as a landed gentleman.

Many of his friends, although filled with indignation at the relentless conduct of his persecutors, hastened to pay over to government the sums of money which they were owing to M. de Rosanges; others of a more timid disposition shrunk from acknowledging their ever having had any transactions with the proscribed man, although they secretly determined not to lose sight of their own interests should fortune again smile upon him. I know not how it happened, whether from private information or the activity of its own agents, but so it was that government soon got notice of the transaction with the brothers Bidant; and an order was immediately issued for Clement's arrest. Cross-questioned, cajoled, and threatened by turns, the poor Clement continued firmly to conceal his knowledge of the alleged transaction, and, for his obstinacy, was thrown into one of the many prisons in the capital. He was given to understand, indeed, that the instant he made a full disclosure he would be set at liberty; but, satisfied that he had done his duty, Clement remained true to his oath, and cheerfully resigned himself to his fate.

Jacques endeavored by every means in his power to soften the hardship of his brother's situation; he supplied him with every little comfort or necessary which he could command; but for all the gold in the world he would not, even in this emergency, have touched a single franc of the sum which had been intrusted to his keeping. Meanwhile he sought by every imaginable *ruse* to learn something of M. de Rosanges' situation, whose return could no longer be calculated upon; but all his endeavors for this purpose were ineffectual. M. de Rosanges himself had calculated on his being able to return to his native country in the course of the following year; he was therefore not a little embarrassed by the situation in which his enemies had placed him; he could not address a letter to any of his friends without compromising their safety, and this generous motive imposed absolute silence upon him, however great the interests he had at stake. Jacques in the meanwhile spared no pains to discover the place of retreat which his beloved master had chosen; but M. de Rosanges had become unfortunate, and no one knew or cared to tell that he knew aught about him.

The firmness of Clement at last triumphed over the virulence of his persecutors; unable to extort the desired confession from his lips, they at last gave him his liberty; but this victim of fidelity had caught a mortal disease in the place of his confinement, and in a short time sealed his devotion to M. de Rosanges with his own life; worn out by the fatigue and privations which he had endured, he breathed his last in the arms of his brother, after having adjured him to maintain his secret inviolable.

Such charge was indeed unnecessary. Jacques, the son of a poor farmer in the neighborhood of Lagny, had received little or no education; but nature had bestowed upon him a quick sense of right and wrong, and a character of decided shrewdness and honesty; a virtuous action was to him a natural one; from his infancy he had been trained to uprightness of conduct, and the thought had never entered into his head that he could by any means shake himself free of an obligation once undertaken; although he clearly saw that every day rendered the return of M. de Rosanges more difficult, and although many persons argued that it was no longer to be looked for, and that the exile should be considered as having succumbed to his misfortunes, Jacques was never once tempted to appropriate to his own use the money which had already cost him so much to protect.

With the produce of his industry and his share of his father's succession, Jacques had bought a small farm nigh to Roissy, upon which he lived in a degree of comfort, to which his economy gave the appearance of competence. His heart, which hitherto had resisted the soft impressions of love, now became alive to the tender sentiment. Rose Delaunay, the daughter of a wealthy neighbor, was the first to inspire him with a real passion, and she herself did not long remain insensible to his declaration. The two lovers seemed fortunate in their attachment, and every thing favored their approaching union, when an unfortunate event threatened the destruction of their fairest hopes. Delaunay's steading took fire, and a frightful conflagration reduced him in a few hours from a state of affluence to poverty. Jacques would have gladly come to his succor; but his means were altogether insufficient for his generous purposes; and at this critical moment a neighboring farmer, who had been rejected in his former addresses, formally demanded Rose's hand from her father, and offered to rebuild, at his own expense, Delaunay's steading, and advance two thousand crowns to enable him to repair all losses, provided he would favor his suit. To a man in Delaunay's circumstances such an offer was too tempting to be resisted, and he soon gave Jacques to understand how decidedly he now preferred the wealthier Durand for his son-in-law. A sigh was the only answer from poor Jacques. With less virtue, he might still have possessed the object of his love. No person knew of the existence of M. de Rosanges' fifteen thousand francs. The silence of the proprietor, authorised him, so to speak, to dispose of it for his own purposes. But Jacques remained true to what honesty dictated; and courageously, though not without regret, he sacrificed his happiness to his integrity.

The father of Rose had given his formal and public consent to neighbor Durand's propositions. The wedding-day was fixed, and all the village sympathised with poor Rose, whose distress was too evident to be concealed. A secret presentiment led her steps one day towards Jacques' abode; she perceived him, sad and thoughtful, seated upon a stone bench at the entrance of his garden;—she approached;—he spoke;—she listened;—she became his confidant, and burst from him with a cry of surprise! Filled with admiration for a man who could thus sacrifice every thing that he held dearest upon earth to preserve his integrity unsullied, she threw herself at the feet of her father—recounted to him with tearful eyes all that Jacques had told her—extolled his heroic sacrifice with all the eloquence which love and admiration could inspire—and ended by declaring that she would never consent to be separated from him. The earnestness of her entreaties, the fervor of her words, that which ever accompanies the language of truth, shook the resolution of Delaunay. He raised his daughter from her knees; embraced her; comforted her with soothing words; and constrained by the influence of a noble example, consented to receive Jacques as his son-in-law. Virtue is not always accompanied by misfortune.

The integrity of Jacques was yet to endure fresh trial. Twice during the calamities attendant upon foreign invasion did he behold his little dwelling sacked and plundered, and his fields laid waste; and twice did he abandon his own property the better to protect the sacred deposit intrusted

to his keeping; the only thing which he preserved from danger was that which he had least interest in protecting.

The father-in-law, who while he admired Jacques' fidelity, did not altogether approve of that excess of probity which dictated such sacrifices for the sake of another, at last became desirous to know at what point of time a sum of money, already twenty-five years deposited with another, might cease to be regarded in the strict light of a deposit, and might be appropriated to the private purposes of the holder. With this view he consulted a man of business who was in the habit of looking to his own interests while managing those of others. This personage quickly proved to him, both by argument and precedent, that a deposit, if remaining unclaimed at the end of twenty-five years, had become invested with all the negative qualities of a lost sum as far as regarded the pledger, and, of right, became the absolute property of him in whose hands it had been originally placed. Well-pleased at the result of this consultation—for which our man of business received a fee proportionate to the agreeableness of his advice, Delaunay hastened to impart the information to his son-in-law, who, in the mean time, had made a discovery of another kind.

In glancing over the newspapers, Jacques had met with the name of Rosanges. He uttered an exclamation of mingled surprise and joy at the discovery; and having hastily arrayed himself in his holiday suit, directed his steps towards the house mentioned in the advertisement. With some difficulty he obtained an interview with the master of the establishment. He appeared a young man of about twenty-six years of age. Jacques trembled to ask him whether he was related to M. de Rosanges, whom he had known, for he remembered his old master had no children. "True," replied the young de Rosanges, with much suavity of manners, to the inquiry of the honest country-man; "I am only his nephew."

"And how is he himself, the worthy gentleman?"

"He is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated Jacques, with a heavy sigh.

"I am the last member of his family; I inherit his name, and the small remains of that property which he once possessed in this country."

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Jacques. "I come to add a little to your succession."

"You!"

"Yes, I myself. Your uncle, my master, left a sum of seventeen thousand francs in my hands, which I will now account for to you."

"What! account for a sum of money placed in your hands twenty-six years ago!"

"It is entire. I have never touched it."

"Honest fellow," exclaimed Rosanges, holding out his right hand to him, and wiping away with the other a tear which trembled in his eye, "an action so noble and so free surprises me—it is quite touching! And yet, judging from your dress, I should presume you dwell in the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you must have met with many losses, and often been placed in trying circumstances, and yet this money——!"

"And do you suppose, sir, that to repair my losses, I would have been justified in putting my hand into my neighbor's pocket?"

"But——"

"It makes no difference with me—a deposit is a thing which does not belong to me. I would sooner perish of hunger than touch it; my coat does not bespeak me a rich man, but it covers an honest heart."

M. de Rosanges felt that he could not sufficiently admire the integrity of the honest rustic; he wrote down his address, and promised that he would call upon him one of these mornings; whereupon Jacques made his obeisance and took his way home to his cottage, whistling as he went.

"What good fortune has befallen you to-day, Jacques?" inquired his father-in-law, as he entered with a blithe countenance.

"I have found M. de Rosanges," answered Jacques, while his wife threw herself into his arms.

Jacques had scarcely quitted M. de Rosanges' hotel, when the man of business entered. It was the same person whom Delaunay had consulted, and the young Rosanges quickly informed him of his good fortune.

"What! Seventeen thousand francs!" exclaimed our man of quirks. "Above twenty-six years! Quite inconceivable! We live in an age of wonders!" A sudden thought, however, seemed to strike him, his forehead smoothed up, and a diabolical grin distorted his saturnine features as he proceeded with his devilish insinuations: "This fellow, I presume, has imagined that you were in possession of the titles?"

"I hold none."

"That your uncle had left you this sum?"

"I do not know."

"There is no doubt of it; but with regard to the point of restitution, he has forgot one thing."

"What is that?"

"He has said nothing of interest; and the principal sum must have doubled itself by interest in

twenty-six years. Do you mark me? The dear man, you may depend upon it, has not kept this sum lying inactive in his hands all this while."

"He swore to me he had."

"And do you credit him?"

"This action is a sufficient evidence of his honesty."

"Of his address; hear me then; you are yet a young man—you know little about business-matters. Every sum of money, when placed in any one's hands, ought to bear interest. Now the money——"

"It was a deposit."

"With your leave we will come to that by and by. I would take security for it; we will give him time. You must be sensible that I would not willingly distress the man, but your interests are mine, and I ought to look after them. You will thank me some day for the interest which I have taken on your behalf." With these words the man of business took his leave.

The following morning M. de Rosanges directed his steps towards Jacques' abode. He entered—but what were his feelings when a whole family threw themselves at his feet in tears! With indignation he perused a letter which Jacques had just received from his man of business, calling upon him to pay up the whole interest on the twenty-six years' deposit, and threatening him with a prosecution in case of refusal! His indignation was, if possible, increased on its being ascertained that the creature who now, in his name, demanded payment of interest as well as principal from the faithful custodiers of his uncle's property, was the very man who had advised Delaunay to consider a twenty-five years' deposit as having in effect become his own property. He hastened to relieve the poor but virtuous family from their alarms; and though he did not offend them by pressing upon their acceptance the whole sum which had proved to them the object of so many misfortunes and so much solicitude, yet he begged that they would henceforward regard him as their protector, and offered Jacques, on the spot, the office of keeper of his chateau de Saint ———. The same day, the man of business received intimation that M. de Rosanges no longer needed his services.

F. S.

LOVE'S CURE.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

SHE is wedded to another! that once beloved one!
The ring is on her finger, the marriage rite is done;
The kiss hath pass'd between them, and the friends are gathering near,
Yet the smile that lingers on her cheek is mingled with a tear.

I wonder is she happy now, as when we used to meet
Down in the dim old valley, where the flowers grew so sweet?—
Is she thinking of those childish hours, that haunt my memory still,
Of the trysting place of first love down beside the winding rill?

Perhaps she has forgotten 'mid the round of fashion's whirl,
The promises she made me when a young confiding girl;
Or if too faithful memory recalls each well known scene,
'Tis only to create a smile at what she might have been.

I pray she may be happy *now*, she whom I loved so well!
So deeply, and so wildly too, that words may never tell
The agony of feeling strange, with which I give her up,
And drain in hopeless wretchedness deep disappointment's cup.

Happy, oh God! and can the heart that tramples on a love,
Whose ardor, and whose purity, no sordid thought could move;
Throb gently, and as peacefully as those that never bow'd
At mammon's shrine, amid the cold, and heartless worldly crowd?

Farewell! I've yet one solace left, which cheers my lonely hearth:
And in that thought, a thousand hopes are springing in to birth;
How beautiful the vision comes, amid life's gathering cares,
In shape—a *Champagne bottle and a box of fine cigars!*

Richmond, Va., 1852.

BIOGRAPHICAL RECREATIONS.

SENECA.

LUCIUS ANNEUS SENECA WAS a Spaniard by birth, his native place being the city of Cordova, where a Roman colony of great distinction had been long planted. He was born a few years before the commencement of the Christian era, and came to Rome in his childhood with his father (an orator of some repute) and the rest of the family. In compliance with the wishes of his father, the early studies of Seneca were directed chiefly to rhetoric, but his own tastes led him irresistibly towards philosophical pursuits. He entered the profession of the law, however, in a regular manner, and pleaded for some time in the courts with much success. He afterwards betook himself to public employments, and obtained successively the offices of Quæstor and Prætor. It is obvious that he had risen, during his occupancy of these posts, to considerable eminence, for the jealousy of some influential parties at the court of the emperor Claudius fell upon him, and he was banished to Corsica. The charge made against him was that of being one of the paramours of Julia, a lady of the imperial family, notorious for her incontinence. Seneca passed eight years in exile, which all his philosophy could not enable him to bear with patience, notwithstanding that he had, as is generally believed, the consciousness of innocence to support him in his calamity.

On the marriage of the emperor Claudius to his second wife Agrippina, Seneca was recalled to Rome by the influence of the new empress, who appointed him preceptor to her son Nero. The teacher did his duty to his pupil, exerting all his powers to train the youth to virtue, and fit him for the high station to which he had been destined. At first, the labors of Seneca seemed to be productive of the best effects. Both before his accession to the empire, and during the early years of his reign, the conduct of Nero was full of flattering promise. But the darker traits of his character by degrees came into view. Finding his mother an inconvenient associate in power, he put her to death, and had the art not only to persuade Seneca of the necessity of the deed, but to prevail on him to lend his influence in justifying it to the senate. The preceptor's conduct in this instance is certainly deserving of reprobation, but he seems, and not unnaturally, to have long been unwilling to admit the depravity of his pupil. It broke forth ultimately in such a torrent as to open the eyes of all men. Still, though Seneca's counsels soon lost all their influence, Nero continued to heap favor after favor upon his old teacher, giving him villas, lands, and money to the value of many hundred thousand pounds, and making him, indeed, one of the richest men in Rome. This drew down the envy of the rapacious favorites of the court; on becoming conscious of which, Seneca offered to refund all that had been bestowed on him. Nero, who was an adept in dissimulation, would not permit of the restitution of rewards which he declared to be so well merited. Now fully aware of the emperor's character, Seneca put little confidence in these plausible words, and sought safety in retirement, spending his days at his country villas, in the society of his wife Paulina, and one or two friends. But Seneca's name stood too high among the Roman people for virtue and wisdom to permit him long to escape the jealous cruelty of Nero. Poison was first tried against the philosopher, but without success. Afterwards, Nero, on detecting a conspiracy headed by Piso, found also that the latter person had sent a message to Seneca, complaining of being refused a conference with him, to which the other verbally replied, that a conference could do no good, but that he had a great interest in the welfare of Piso.

The bearer of this verbal message, a man named Natalis, was the betrayer of it to Nero, who immediately sent a military tribune, with a band of soldiers, to the house of Seneca. The philosopher was found seated at supper with his wife and one or two friends. The tribune, as commanded, simply asked him if he recollected what had passed between him and Natalis. Seneca gave an answer which implied conscious innocence, and which, in truth, renders it not improbable that the whole was a fiction of Natalis. The answer was reported to Nero, but produced no effect. He immediately sent a command that Seneca should put himself to death, leaving the choice of the mode to the victim. The sage heard the order with perfect composure. He requested time to make his will; but this not being granted to him, he turned to his friends and said, "that ~~was~~ he was unable to show his love to them in any other way, he would leave them the image of his life as the best memorial of his friendship." He then took his wife in his arms, and endeavored to console her. She, however, resolutely avowed her intention to die with him, and, being unable to move her from this determination, he gave his consent. Death by bleeding being the mode fixed upon, the husband

and wife sat down together, to undergo the operation. The veins or blood-vessels of the arms of both were opened at the same time. Seneca, on account of his age, did not bleed freely, and the veins of his legs were also opened. When far spent, he desired to be removed to another chamber, that the composure of himself and his wife might not be disturbed by the sight of each other's sufferings. A dose of poison which was administered, was found inefficient to relieve Seneca from his lengthened torments; and, after all, it was necessary to place him in a warm bath, before the blood would flow so freely as to extinguish life. Up to the last moment, he continued calmly to deliver moral reflections to his surrounding friends. Paulina was not so happy as to die at this time with her beloved husband. Nero sent orders to prevent her death, and her wounds were bound up in time to save her. But, during the few days of her future existence, a sad memorial of this fatal night was left in the pallor of her cheeks, which never recovered the hue of life, after the severe drainage which her veins had undergone.

Seneca died thus, in the twelfth year of Nero's reign, and the sixty-fifth year after the birth of Christ. The works composed by him at various periods of his life are numerous, and treat mostly of the subject of morals. He was ostensibly an adherent of the Grecian sect of the Stoics (so called from the *stoa* or porch where the founder of the sect taught,) and his principles partake of the unnatural coldness and timidity characterising the doctrines of that school; yet these peculiarities were somewhat tempered in Seneca by a warmth of natural feeling, proper to the individual. It would be impossible to point out, in all the writings of Greece or Rome, moral doctrines of a purer order, generally speaking, than those contained in Seneca's treatises on Anger, Consolation, Providence, Tranquillity of Mind, Philosophical Constancy, Clemency, the Shortness of Life, a Happy Life, Philosophical Retirement, and Benefits. The same may be said of the lessons scattered up and down his Epistles, which amount to one hundred and twenty-four in number. It has been asserted by some writers that Seneca did not act up to the principles which he taught; but the weight of evidence is in his favor, and would lead us to conclude that his own life exhibited the practical operation of the precepts which he inculcated on others. A number of tragedies are extant, which bear the name of Seneca, but it is doubtful whether they are to be ascribed to him or to another writer of the same name. It is known, however, that Seneca, the moralist, did write poetry, and some of these plays resemble the style of his other productions. They are not of a high order of dramatic excellence, being made vehicles for delivering grave axioms, rather than for portraying human characters and passions.

It is our intention in the remainder of this paper to present a few extracts from Seneca's writings, with the view of giving the reader some idea of his general opinions, and the character of his moral code, which was partly the emanation of his own mind, and partly a selection from the thoughts of preceding philosophers. The subjoined passage from his treatise on Benefits, upon the general blindness of man to the advantages which he enjoys in his position on earth, is equally just in thought and happy in expression. "We live unthankfully in this world, and we go struggling and murmuring out of it, dissatisfied with our lot; whereas we should be grateful for the blessings we have enjoyed, and account that sufficient which Providence has provided for us: a little more time may make our lives longer, but not happier; and whensoever it is the pleasure of God to call us, we must obey; and yet all this while we go on quarrelling at the world for what we find in ourselves; and we are yet more unthankful to heaven than we are to one another. What benefit can be great now to that man who despises the bounties of his Maker? We would be as strong as elephants, as swift as bucks, as light as birds; and we complain that we have not the sagacity of dogs, the sight of eagles, the long life of ravens, nay, that we are not immortal, and endued with the knowledge of things to come. Nay, we take it ill that we are not gods upon earth; never considering the advantages of our condition, or the benignity of Providence in the comforts that we enjoy. We subdue the strongest of creatures, and overtake the fleetest; we reclaim the fiercest, and outwit the craftiest. We are within one degree of heaven itself, and yet we are not satisfied. Since there is not any one creature which we had rather be, we take it ill that we cannot draw the united excellence of all other creatures into ourselves. Why are we not rather thankful to that goodness, which has subjected the whole creation to our use and service?"

In the same treatise on Benefits, Seneca considers the necessity of mutual good offices between man and man, and the "abominable vice" of ingratitude to one another for such good offices. "Ingratitude (he says) is so dangerous to itself, and so detestable to other people, that nature, one would think, had sufficiently provided against it, without need of any other law. Without the exercise and the commerce of mutual offices, we can be neither happy or safe; for it is only society that secures us: take us one by one, and we are a prey even to brutes as well as to one another; Nature has brought us into the world naked and unarmed; we have not the teeth or the paws of lions or bears to make ourselves terrible; but by the two blessings of reason and union, we secure and defend ourselves against violence and fortune. This it is that makes man the master of all other creatures, who otherwise were scarce a match for the weakest of them. This it is that comforts us in sickness, in age, in misery, in pains, and in the worst of calamities. Take away this combination, and mankind is dissociated, and falls to pieces. It is true, that there is no law established against this abominable vice: but we cannot say yet that it escapes unpunished, for a public hatred is certainly

the greatest of all penalties; over and above that we lose the most valuable blessing of life, in the not bestowing and receiving of benefits. If ingratitude were to be punished by a law, it would discredit the obligation; for a benefit is to be given, not lent: and if we have no return at all, there is no just cause of complaint: for gratitude were no virtue, if there were any danger in being ungrateful. And if a man may judge of the conscience by the countenance, the ungrateful man is never without a canker at his heart; his mind and aspect is sad and solicitous; whereas the other is always cheerful and serene."

Many authors have written folios to illustrate the duty a man owes to himself and his fellow-men, but all these bulky books put together could not place the subject in a clearer light than the following few sentences, from Seneca, *On a Happy Life*. "It is every man's duty to make himself profitable to mankind: if he can, to many; if not, to fewer; if not so neither, to his neighbor; but, however, to himself. There are two republics; a great one, which is human nature, and a less, which is the place where we were born; some serve both at a time, some only the greater, and some again, only the less: the greater may be served in privacy, solitude, contemplation, and perchance that way better than any other; but it was the intent of Nature, however, that we should serve both. A good man may serve the public, his friend, and himself, in any station: if he be not for the sword, let him take the gown; if the bar does not agree with him, let him try the pulpit: if he be silenced abroad, let him give counsel at home, and discharge the part of a faithful friend and a temperate companion. When he is no longer a citizen, he is yet a man; but the whole world is his country, and human nature never wants matter to work upon: but if nothing will serve a man in the *civil government* unless he be *prime minister*, or in the *field* but to *command in chief*, it is his own fault. The common soldier, where he cannot use his hands, fights with his looks, his example, his encouragement, his voice, and stands his ground even when he has lost his hands, and does service too with his very clamor; so that, in any condition whatsoever, he still discharges the duty of a good patriot. Nay, he that spends his time well, even in a retirement, gives a great example. We may enlarge, indeed, or contract, according to the circumstances of time, place, or abilities, but above all things, we must be sure to keep ourselves in action; for he that is slothful is dead even while he lives."

The propriety of applying the epithet "sententious" to Seneca, may be judged of from the fact, that the whole of his moral treatises are equally full of pithy maxims as the paragraphs quoted. From every page of his writings, striking truths, well and briefly expressed, may be gathered. Thus, opening at random the copy before us (*L'Estrange's Abstract*), we find, "The comforts of having a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one." Again, "No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants; and that is the readiest way to riches." "No man can be poor that has enough; nor rich, that covets more than he has." "There is nothing that we can properly call our own but our time, and yet every one fools us out of it that has a mind to it." Such like reflections occur in rich abundance in the compositions of Seneca.

A W I S H .

"What! die!
Be decently interred in a churchyard,
With stinking togues, that rot in winding sheets,—
Surfeit slain fools, the common dung o' the soil!"

WHERE the willow bends over the soft grassy sod,
And to zephyrs sad sweeping the fair flowers nod,
Where turtle-doves coo at the sun's setting gleam,
And Philomel answers the plaint of the stream,
My body I'd lay, where not even the tread
Of the peasant disturbeth the sleep of the dead.

Dust mingles with dust—and I know not the way
I should rather have crumble my own useless clay,
When of spirit bereft, than in forming the mould,
On whose bosom the daisy and cowslip unfold
Their sweet simple loveliness, 'neath the pure sky,
Whose warm glances alone may their beauties descry.

These bones and these sinews that now form the man,
To earth must return as from earth they began;
But, oh! let them when under the sod they are laid,
Cling close round the root of the waving grass blade,
The pure lily nourish, sap give to the willow,
Or mingle their dust with the clear flowing billow.

G.

LEAVES FROM A LIFE IN LONDON.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

No. VI.

CORALIE, THE CORYPHEE.

"LIGHT the lamps, Bob, and bring me another pot of coffee, a second plate of toast, a third nut-ton chop, and set forth the morning's papers."

Bob, an old college gyp, and consequently an invaluable fellow in chambers, smiled as he ignited the wicks of the small sinumbras at each end of the mantel, and placed the additional refectations upon my breakfast table. The murderous thickness of a November fog hung against the window panes in dull yellow masses like copper-colored clouds, and rendered the atmosphere impervious to the light of the sun. I had been endeavoring to snatch my matinal meal in darkness visible, but finding it impossible to complete the task to my satisfaction, I resolved to begin again, and shame the fog into a blush by a display of lamp light at ten o'clock in the morning.

I was proceeding very comfortably in my purpose, and skimming over the ridiculous criticisms perpetrated by the penny-a-liners connected with the various morning papers, in their contrary remarks upon the new ballet opera which had been produced on the preceding night, at one of the London theatres, when Bob again entered my room, and as he deposited a second edition of eggs upon the table, he announced the arrival of my young friend Jasper Symes.

Jasper was the only son of a country clergyman, with whom I had scraped a slight acquaintance in my peregrinations in the provinces; the young man was then imbibing a first knowledge of the humanities at a preparatory seminary for young clericals. He had, since that period, entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and previous to settling down to the duties of the blue boars, as the Johnians are termed in University slang, he obtained his parent's consent to a fortnight's visit to the great metropolis. The rector was unable to leave his parish, and he had lost, in his country obscurity, a right to present his son to the notice of his old London acquaintances; he was glad, therefore, to avail himself of my services; and, apologizing for the apparent rudeness of his request, considering the incipient state of our friendship, solicited an introduction for his boy into a few of the most proper places of amusement.

Young Symes possessed a dangerous temperament to guide amidst the rocks and whirlpools of the current of London life; he was ardent and enthusiastic to positive madness, and possessed a headstrong method of action that absolutely defied control. Yet, as the old ladies say, "he meant well;" and although he refused to listen to any thing like reasonable advice, he was painfully sensitive on the score of ridicule, and could easily be laughed out of an idea which the most sensible argument would fail to remove. He had all the openness of heart and ingenuousness of manner which characterize the lad of seventeen, when uninjured by contact with this world's roughnesses, and intinacy with its human rapscallions. His term of absence this day expired; the majority of the freshmen had already repaired to their various colleges, and the Cambridge coaches groaned under the second and third year men who were returning to their commons. I had promised Jasper a few letters to some of my old fellow-collegers who had settled down in tutorships, fellowships, bachelorships, masterships, deanships, chancellorships, and other denominations of collegial craft, and had devoted the previous evening to the completion of my epistles, while Jasper spent the day in the company of a maiden aunt, who resided some little distance from town.

"Here are your letters, Jasper, and I need not iterate my wishes for your welfare. You go this afternoon, by old Walton, I suppose?"

"No, I think not."

"No!"

"The fact is—business—I mean, I wish to remain in London a day or two—that is, a week or two. Can I return to town directly, if I present myself at college to-morrow?"

"Certainly not; your absence will not be allowed till the end of the term."

"Then it will be impossible for me to go to Cambridge for several days—perhaps not at all. I

may as well tell you the truth; my old aunt was ill yesterday, and retired early; as I was returning home I met young Grey, with several companions, bound to the theatre, to see the new ballet opera. I was easily persuaded to accompany them, and—and——"

"Supped with them afterwards, I suppose—drank, quarrelled, and now expect a challenge?"

"No, no; something else not quite so easily settled. I am over head and ears in the very slough of love! Do you know Miss Coralie! but you must—you often visit the theatre."

"My dear Jasper, did you not, in answer to my repeated adjurations, promise to refrain from entering the saloons and upper boxes?"

"Yes, yes. I did not even pop my nose into either of the forbidden places, I assure you."

"Where, then, did you meet with this girl—this Coralie?"

"I have not met with her at all; I was compelled to be content with gazing at her with the burning eye of love—but I have written to her, soliciting the honor of a meeting."

"Ridiculous! the honor of an appointment with a Cyprian."

"Sir, the lady you are thus maligning, will, I fervently hope, be the future partner of my bosom! I restrain, therefore, these insulting observations, or I shall forget the kindness I have received at your hands, and quit your presence for ever. The lady I have mentioned is of irreproachable character, and the loveliest specimen of female beauty ever allowed to dazzle the eyes of frail mortality."

"Come, come, Jasper, cease these heroics, and tell me, with as little grandiloquence as possible, who this wonderful lady really is."

"Mademoiselle Coralie Montmorrillon, a talented artiste from the grand opera, at Paris, and now principal coryphée at the theatre royal——"

I threw myself back in the chair, and burst into a fit of the most immoderate laughter. Jasper arose from his seat, and with a scowling brow, stalked indignantly up and down the room. My pet spaniel crossed his path; he lifted his foot to kick her, but he paused in the act, and extending his leg to its utmost length, renewed his spacious strides. Still I laughed; he bit his lips, seized his hat, and moved towards the door—but suddenly returning, as if ashamed of his rage, he quietly leaned over the table towards me, and watching, for a lull, said in a deprecatory tone of voice:—
"She is so very pretty."

"Nonsense! this is a boyish fancy, Jasper—you will laugh at it yourself in a week or so. Hasten to college, and drive her image from your mind in the exercise of study."

"No, I feel that Coralie is my fate! I shall not cease to follow her till she accepts my hand; or, by her refusal, precipitates me into the depths of sad despair."

"You surely would not absent yourself from college, and drive your father to anger, for the sake of gazing on the pretty face and naked legs of a dancing girl? Do you wish to give up the high aspirations of your youth for the chance of obtaining the smiles of a leader of supernumeraries—a thing of paint, tinsel, and gauze—a jig driver—a human automaton, trained to exhibit her form in voluptuous attitudes, in a state of semi-nudity—to gratify the vile tastes of the brutal multitude, who shout and clap their hands in admiration of her unnatural twists and indecent postures?"

He stared at me, and the color rose in his cheeks. The force of my picture struck him effectively, but his doggedness of purpose enabled him to withstand my raillery.

"I know your powers of sarcasm, and profess myself unable to cope with you in that particular; but I have a depth of love in my bosom that will inspire me to face more real obstacles than any of those which you have so ably depicted. It matters not what Coralie is, or has been; when she is my wife, she will then be——"

"Exactly what she is now—a pretty doll, totally unfit, because unaccustomed, to any of the offices of domesticity, and incapable of appreciating the honest love of a worthy man. Bred in public, spoiled by flattery, and tainted with vanity and boldness, is she the woman you would offer to your parent as his chosen daughter—the partner of your youth, the companion of your old age, the mother of your children?"

"Why, sir," said Jasper, "I have heard my father speak of Mrs. Siddons with the highest respect. She was an actress—so is Coralie."

"There is as much difference between them as there is between Milton, the author of the finest epic in our language, and the scribbler of a blacking puff in verse. Mrs. Siddons never exhibited herself to the audience in close fitting flesh-colored silk stockings, and habited in only one petticoat formed of a scant half yard of thin muslin; Mrs. Siddons never stood in the centre of the stage for half an hour on one leg, striving to lift the other above her head; Mrs. Siddons never jumped, twisted, spun, wriggled, and sprawled, like a dead frog under the influence of a galvanic battery, or stood on her toes as if she was playing at bob-cherry. She expounded the beauties of a master-mind of creation—she assisted in embodying the immortal breathings of the heaven-inspired Shakspeare, and gave his wondrous imaginings "a local habitation and a name" in the memories of her delighted auditors. The pleasure derived from witnessing the finest dancing is, like all other sensual enjoyments, of an evanescent nature. An actor's triumph is a mental feast, and its remembrance becomes a portion of our being."

"I shall never forget the rapturous spectacle of last night," said Jasper. "Oh, my friend, take me behind the scenes; you have the power—obtain me an introduction to Coralie; if she is any

thing like your description—if she does not fully realize the angelic conceptions I have formed, I promise cheerfully to resign my hopes, and journey to Cambridge with a contented spirit.”

I knew that it was impossible to convince by argumentation the headstrong and enthusiastic youth; his feelings were evidently too highly excited to be affected by any thing but concession to his demands. The whole affair was too ridiculous to waste much anxiety about; but it was evident that the love-struck lad was ready to commit any foolery in furtherance of his sudden affection. He avowed having sent the dancing girl an offer of his hand and heart; this was of little consequence, inasmuch as Jasper was under age; but the same inconsiderate haste, if suffered to remain unchecked, might involve his family in a difficult dilemma, which I deemed it my duty to prevent. Nevertheless, I agreed to take him behind the scenes during the performance in the evening, and obtain him a personal interview with the object of his adoration.

Jasper Symes suddenly became the most grateful and affectionate of friends; he went home directly to prepare for the introduction, although seven or eight hours must elapse before he could meet his charmer. The fog broke shortly after noon, and allowed me to walk to the stage door of the theatre where the wondrous Coralie was engaged. Five minutes conversation with the under-prompter, the omniscient Turnour, let me into every minutiae connected with the whereabouts of the young *dansusee*, and I returned home fully prepared to wean Mr. Symes, Junior, from his fairy dream of love.

He was with me an hour before the time of appointment, and looked awfully killing, and smelt terrifically sweet. His hair was curled, oiled, and disposed in two enormous side frizzes, with a little aggravator curl over the forehead; he was dressed in a new suit of black, with white kid gloves; the frill of his shirt stuck out boldly, but his collar hung modestly over the edges of a new black satin stock and tie. “Are you ready?” said he, in a low nervous tone. “Let us go, then, at once.”

“The ballet will not commence these four hours,” said I.

“No matter—let us go.”

On our way to the theatre he acquainted me that Mr. Brown, one of the party with whom he had passed the preceding night, informed him that Coralie had been the idol of the Parisian public, but was compelled to leave the gallic metropolis to rid herself of the importunities of various of the nobility who were teasing her with improper overtures. “I have been twice to the theatre to-day, and by the aid of a few half-crowns, have discovered that the lovely girl supports her aged parents in a respectable style by her professional exertions, and has refused several advantageous matches rather than be parted from her father and mother. Dear Coralie, how proud I shall be to offer them a home, if rewarded with a smile from thee.”

I suffered the young enthusiast to indulge in his fond chimeras; contradiction would but increase his devotion, and I wished him to work his own cure as the most effectual means of remedy.

“Coryphée is a French term derived from the Greek, I perceive,” said Jasper. “The leader of the Greek chorus was termed Coryphæus; in both languages the noun is of the masculine gender—how then is it applied to a female dancer, when it designates a male singer?”

“Tyrant custom, most grave senator;” but the transition from the chorister to the *dansusee* is simple enough—until very lately, the corps de ballet and the chorus of the theatre were one and the same thing. The derivation is correct; the French term coryphée is only applied to the leader of the side dancers, and coryphæus expressly means the chief or ring-leader; it is derived from *Κεφαλαιος*, to which you will find Schrevelius appends *supremus* and *precipuus* and also *verticalis*. Each of these epithets characterize the station of a coryphée.”

Jasper was introduced to the manager, and invited into the green room; he watched with an eager eye the advent of the various actresses, and seemed disappointed when, at the conclusion of the first piece, his charmer had not appeared. “She is not allowed admission into the first or principal green-room,” said I; “you will find her in the supernumeraries’ apartment, I dare say. There are not more than forty or fifty of them, male and female.”

Jasper blenched at this home thrust at his lady-love’s respectability, and declined visiting the green room No. II. We strolled across the stage to the first wing, O. P., and received the rare grace of the manager’s permission to remain there during the performance of the ballet.

The subject of the ballet was of a mythological nature—crowds of little Cupids thronged the *coulisses* or side scenes; these interesting animalculæ were represented by chubby-faced knock-kneed children in salmon-colored stockings and silver tissue shirts of remarkable brevity. A pair of wings, of the shape and size of a goose’s pinions, but made of transparent gauze, dotted with Dutch metal, grew out of each shoulder-blade, and an impossible bow of gilt wood, with a flat arrow devoid of point or feather, completed the paraphernalia of each of these “doves of loves.” From three to four dozen of Goddesses, Graces, and Muses glided about in unaccountably short petticoats of transparent muslin, on long naked looking legs in flesh-colored silk stockings, with heterodox low frocks, and arms bare to the shoulders, giving the chilled spectator a perfect idea of a regular *skiver-de-freeze*, as a matter-of-fact carpenter said in my hearing, proving thereby that he was newly caught, and totally unaware of the strictness of dramatic propriety. A Grecian bandeau of white

satin riband, tied round the head, with two long ends fluttering in the air—a profusion of false curls—a prodigality of glitter in the shape of tinsel, false diamonds, fingers full of rings, with “brooches, pearls, and ooches” innumerable—and the general befitting appurtenance of the geese wings—characterized the appearance of these ladies of the *corps de ballet*. Then there was an equal quantity of Gods, or cerulean swains, in dirty white shirts and golden belts, patched pumps, unfrazed wigs, and brick dust cheeks. The stage absolutely swarmed with the small fry of the ballet, who kept kicking up their legs, cutting six, pirouetting, balancing, and posturing, till the whole place seemed to turn round.

The stage keeper, or his assistant, “for who so base that does not keep a slave?” spread some powdered rosin over the stage; the gentleman of the orchestra began the overture; here and there a well-shawled female, attended by some duenna-like dame, glided amongst the capering throng, and gave authority to the supposition that she was one of the principal dancers. The scene-men began their operations—solid etherialities in the form of wooden clouds were screwed to the stage, and canvass ditto were suspended from the flies—as the places over the side scenes are technically denominated. The property-men placed brown paper goblets, covered with gold foil, upon the table of the Olympian deities; wooden piles of luscious fruit, consisting of pine apples made of pine, oranges of oak, apples of beach, and grapes of fir, graced their Godship’s board.

Up to this time, Jasper had not been able to obtain a sight of his beloved; for Coralie claimed, as a leader of the side dancers, a sort of unacknowledged superiority, and kept aloof from the general scum till the tintinnabulary summons of the prompter compelled her presence on the stage. As the curtain rose, and the Gods and Goddesses rushed in sweet confusion from the “cloud-capt towers” of old Olympus, Jasper pinched my arm with a severity that betokened his earnestness, and, pointing to the leader of the opposite line, whispered in my ear, *sotto voce*, “there she is.”

Jasper, to do him justice, had certainly selected a very enticing wench for his *bona roba*. She was rather above the middle height, of a delicious brown complexion, with a pair of black eyes that seemed to penetrate your very heart. Her figure was perfect—the most fastidious amateur of the stalls could not repudiate the luscious fulness of her bust, the delicacy of her waist, and the faultless symmetry of her limbs, which, as usual, were in a state of semi-nudity. Her feet indeed partook of the curse common to all dancers, and displayed an enormous breadth of pedestal, with a corresponding thickness of ankle, but the graceful quality of her action and playful beauty of her style of dancing entranced the attention of the spectator, who, *nolens volens*, was compelled to accord an unmeasured meed of praise.

Jasper watched her, as she led the painted and jiggling troop through their established manœuvres, with a devotion worthy a better cause. “Is she not wondrous? is not that the poetry of motion? What can the most vivid imagination conceive beyond that impersonation of grace and beauty?” were dinged into my ears, as we stood at the wing opposite to the prompter, and gazed on the doings of the dancers. Presently, one of “the big bugs” of the ballet hopped on to the stage, and sprawled, swam, sunk, slid, and simpered through her allotted share of capering. She was a graceful and beautiful woman, but Jasper pished and poohed at her exertions, and wondered when “Coralie would again resume.”

“Obtain me an introduction, and command me as your slave,” I obeyed the desire of the grandiloquent adorer, and, introducing him to *monsieur le directeur*, signified his wish to be acquainted with Mademoiselle Coralie. “Ah, ha! *oui, certainement; amour fait beaucoup! Aussi, tôt dit aussi tôt fait*,” and the assiduous Frenchman, in one minute, led the beauteous Coralie to the side of the enamored Jasper, and gave him a flourishing and particular introduction.

I shall leave to the sympathetic imagination of my sensible readers, a conception of the confusion of the love-stricken swain, the palpable coquetry of the *dunseuse*, the abrupt plunging into conversation, the stammered compliments of the gentleman, the abnegations of the lady, who, suddenly called to her stage duties, put her adorer into a state of constipation by sincerely hoping that he would abide her return, and quitting him with a killing roll of her O. P. eye—dropping, as she glided with a chasseur step from the first wing, a bunch of artificial flowers, smelling strongly of musk—which bunch the fond innamorato picked up and deposited in his shirt bosom, mentally swearing never to part with the heavenly remembrance!

The ballet proceeded—two of the principal second-rates, a man and his wife, stood by my side, waiting for their turn to figure in a *pas de deux*. It was evident that a very awkward *contre-temps* had just taken place—both of the parties were excited, and from the undisguised nature of the language used by the husband, I discovered that he suspected his lady had bestowed her favors upon another, and that other to be neither more nor less than his professional rival, the opposition dancer, who had just been engaged from the other house. The infidelity of his wife seemed to have but little effect upon the Frenchman’s nerves, in comparison with the disgrace of being placed in a contemptible position by his brother *artiste*, of whom he spoke in the most disgraceful terms. He threatened his frail rib with every possible vengeance, and absolutely seemed about to inflict a personal chastisement, when the orchestra struck up his *entré* music, and with a slide, a simper, and a sink, the affectionate couple commenced their saltatory exercises. It was a funny affair to watch their progress in the mimic love making of the ballet, and to hear their whispered quarrelling, which

our contiguity enabled us to catch with some exactness. The lady, looking all love and adoration, danced about the stage, using every possible enticement to allure her love-stricken partner, who followed her through the mazes of the *pas* with passionate supplications and looks of sad entreaty—but threats and tones of anger burst from his piteous looking mouth; and his smiling wife, while she knelt in a graceful attitude in the centre of the stage, with her arms prettily crossed over her bosom, and her well-turned head enticingly bent over her shoulder, looking the incarnation of beauty and good humor, vented her revenge in a series of violent oburgations to her husband, who was standing over her in a very sweet posture, with his left leg cocked high in the air, looking terrifically envious at his partner, but growling, in vulgar French, a string of threats and curses.

During this exhibition, Coralie, who, with the quick eye of an *intriguante*, had perceived the impression which she had made upon Jasper, formed fifty little excuses for hovering near her victim, and exchanging smiles, love glances, sugared whispers, and other prettinesses with the amorous boy, and looking violently modest and confused at any display of the earnestness of his adoration. At the termination of the contradictory *pas*, she was compelled to resume her place upon the stage, followed by Jasper's maddened gaze. The gentlemen in the dirty shirts and naked legs formed a line on the right side of the stage—the ladies in the short petticoats and gauze goose wings arrayed themselves on the opposite side. Suddenly each gentleman pointed his right hand to P. S. and cocked up his left leg to O. P. The ladies, as usual, did exactly the contrary. This was to exhibit to the admiring audience the particular manner in which “the old ancient Roman Gods and Goddesses” used to stand in Jove's sky parlors on a gala day. Presently the music gave a flourish, and each line of sex changed sides *simultaneously*, and reversed legs. Then there was a grand orchestral crash, and stamping of feet and clapping of hands by the audience, and the great star of the night rushed from a big batch of clouds at the back of the stage. Words cannot describe her motions—in one instant, she jumped half across the stage at a bound, turned round twenty times, suddenly stopping with the precision of a fly wheel—then jumping up again as if she meant to reside altogether in the air, she twisted her legs into such wondrous kinks and linkings as to induce a belief that she embodied the whole of the ingenuity of the *Raree* family in her individual person. Contrary to all rational expectation, she untwisted her legs with the same ease and rapidity, and after sinking to the ground, and dropping her body in a long and graceful curtsy, and walking about on the very tip of her toes, she commenced kicking her legs higher than the heads of her assistants, much to the rapture of the discerning public, who evinced their delight by long and vehement applause. After exhibiting nearly as much of the voluptuous particularities of the human form as the Medicean Venus allows her admirers to gaze at, the *danseuse* bounded off the stage, and graciously suffered the inferiorlings to exhibit their several incapacities.

A small crowd of worshippers awaited the “coming off” of the dear creature, who, after sprawling and panting, and all but fainting from excess of affection, sipped a little very weak wine and water, and listened to the congratulatory and adulatory remarks of her adoring friends. “Inconceivably wonderful.” “The perfection of nature improved by the niceties of art;” “The poetry of motion resolved into easy practice”—were some of the modest compliments bestowed upon the Goddess of the night—and one very aristocratic hero, in regimental whiskers and moustaches, lifted his *borgnette* to his lordly eye, and gazing at the fair object of his adoration, said, in a soft insinuating drawl, “The—a concentrated—a essence—a of—a refined a—a etheriality—a—a—split me!”

But enough of “the joys of our dancing days.” The ballet wound up with a grand inexplicable climax, wherein,

Jove in his chair, of the sky lord mayor,

descended into Olympus, (from the seventh heaven, I suppose,) in a gilt gingerbread car, with a bunch of forked thunder in his left hand, and a huge owl-looking eagle perched on his right arm; the rest of the Godheads worked their legs with additional vigor in honor of his visit—half a dozen of the tinselled children were suspended by wires from the top of the theatre, to represent flying lovers, and looked the character as naturally as a kitten, suddenly snatched up by a spoiled urchin, and suspended out of window by the skin of its back, is capable of representing a jungle tiger bounding on its prey. The music came to the finale movement; every immortal, Jupiter included, lifted up his or her sinister leg, O. P. or P. S.; several pans of suffocating blue fire were ignited, a Chinese gong gave forth its bellowing sound—and the curtain fell on this “feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

Coralie's behavior to the love-smitten Jasper confirmed his infatuation, and I detected him, after a repetition of the stage interview, writing a letter to his father, renouncing his college chance, and requesting permission to present his intended wife at the Rectory. I took charge of this precious letter, promising to drop it in the post office. I need not say that I popped it into the fire, and that my deception never troubled my conscience in the least. I had employed myself in gaining some requisite information from a friend in the theatre, and I bided my time for the introduction of the denouement of this outrageous stage play.

Jasper amused himself by selling his watch and breast-pin, and purchasing, with the proceeds, a

very handsome set of amethysts for the enchanting Coralie, who had significantly expressed her "love" of jewels, and her positive longing for that identical set. One evening, at his request, I accompanied him to the theatre, and, on our way thither, listened to his surprise that Coralie had invariably declined intrusting him with a knowledge of her residence. I promised to obtain the desired information. I had previously been made acquainted with this important secret, and, moreover, had gleaned some valuable intelligence for my after play. Without compromising myself with the *danseuse* or her devoted, I signified to the delighted youth, as we returned home, that I was authorized to introduce him, the next morning, to her family, by the medium of a morning call, *sans cérémonie*.

I had scarcely seated myself at the breakfast table, before the young inamorato placed his well-scented and elegantly-attired person by my side, and requested me to hurry my morning meal, lest we should be too late for our appointment. "In three or four hours I shall be at your service, Jasper; and even then we shall be voted vulgar for calling so early in the day. Remember, you are now in London, where fashion rules the hours, and changes even the seasons at its tyrannic will. Morning, in the circles of elegant life, commences about noon; it can scarcely begin earlier when we dine after sunset, and the evening is supposed to be young at the sound of the midnight chime. The London winter never opens till the spring flowers are cried about the streets; and the summer vacations invariably take place towards the end of the autumnal season."

It was in vain that I attempted to entice him into conversation during his *sejour*—his every thought and word revolved on "Coralie." I endeavored, by various means, to weaken the impression which the charms of the coryphée had made upon his mind, but my irony fell harmlessly, and my arguments were heard unheeded. Once, only, did I succeed in awakening attention. I congratulated him on the glorious opportunity afforded him after his union with Coralie, of travelling round the country with his wife; while she earned the *aurum potabile* by her professional exertions, he would have nothing to do but receive her profits, live on the fat of the land, and enjoy life in its best possible phases. The honest blood glowed in his cheeks, and with becoming indignation, he replied: "Do not imagine me so base a thing! I am not likely to swell the ranks of the degraded petticoat pensioners who now traverse every nook of our fair land, and idly fatten on the proceeds of female labor. I despise the unmanly vagabonds too heartily. I am not the scoundrel to reduce the wife of my bosom beneath the level of an Indian squaw—to reverse the order of nature, and force the weaker vessel to labor while I squander in dissipation the money earned by the sweat of her brow. If the lovely Coralie should accept me as her partner for life, I trust that I have too keen a sense of the rights of a husband—of the dignity of a man—to allow her to exhibit her person for the benefit of my pocket—or to suffer my wife to labor in her vocation, while I, the husband, reaped the product in degrading and contemptible idleness."

In due time, we reached the residence of the ballet girl, and knocked at the door of a third-rate lodging house in one of the streets turning out of Newport market. I knew that Coralie was within, and without permitting the scrubby-looking maid of all work, who opened the door, to announce our arrival, I conducted my young friend up a flight of dark and rickety stairs. Rapping at a door opening into a back room, we were desired to "come in;" I obeyed the order, and, followed by Jasper, advanced into the apartment which served *La Coryphée* "for parlor, for bed-room, for kitchen, and hall."

In depicting the vagaries of strolling players, Hogarth has evinced a lamentable knowledge of his subject—he has left behind him an amusing picture, but it is a fancy composition, not a delineation of reality and truth. Dickens, the inimitable but not omniscient Boz, has discoursed of provincial theatricals in his "Nickleby," with an ignorance that contrasts sorely with the perfection and knowledge exhibited in nearly every other emanation from his masterly pen.

But in describing the scene which burst upon our view when we opened the door of Coralie's apartment—in delineating the contents of the room, animate and inanimate—with the results of our interview, and the effects thereby produced—I wish, for my readers' sake, that I could borrow the pencil of Hogarth and the pen of Dickens to give the exquisite effect.

The apartment, some fifteen feet by twelve, was crowded with live creatures and common place articles of furniture. An unmade bed reposed on a huge old fashioned bedstead, which nearly filled one half of the room. A painted bureau, with two of the drawers missing, a broken cradle, three or four rush-seated ragged-bottomed chairs, a table with the remains of a breakfast or luncheon, a dish of oyster shells, a porter bottle, the *debris* of a red herring, some onions, and a pewter measure redolent of gin. A line or string crossed the apartment diagonally, on which, amongst other various articles, was suspended the brevity-petticoat of the mythological ballet. This invaluable specimen of book-muslin had doubtless just been washed out, for a certain nameless article of crockery, full of soap suds, stood upon the bed, and the tinsel trimmings hung across the back of a chair.

The lovely Coralie, wrapped in a dirty cotton gown that hung most loosely about her fascinating frame—with a red handkerchief tied closely round her pretty head, which was most unaccountably denuded of all those lovely curls and cupid's-ambush ringlets, was busily employed in sewing spangles on a boddice of dirty pink velvet. Her beautiful countenance, deprived of the adventitious aid of pearl powder and carmine, looked wofully yellow and freckled. A blotch of red on the protu-

herance of the right cheek-bone, and a strange perversion or *smudge* of one corner of her delicately pencilled eye brows, plainly satisfied us that the sweet creature had deemed it unnecessary to indulge in any lavatory exercise since the *rough wipe* of the preceding night. An elderly lady, with a mosaic cast of countenance, exhibiting even stronger indications of independence than her interesting daughter, as regarded the state of her wardrobe and cutaneous cleanliness, sat by the side of a small grate, stirring some pap or child's food in a pint porter pot—but the satin shoes, once white, which reposed in her lap, amidst various pieces of bread, related the nature of her more serious occupations. She had been endeavoring to rub off the stage dirt from the front of the shoes by means of the crumbs of bread.

By the side of the broken cradle, sat one of the specimens of pariah charity, which exhibit the disgraceful mismanagement of England's common school system, and affords an instance of the utmost degradation of human nature. A straight-haired, pudding-faced, lump of a girl, with rayless eyes, snub nose, and brutal mouth—a being devoid of every mental qualification—a living automaton—a workhouse drudge, hired to do any thing, for the remuneration of scant meals, and sixpence a week. A baby, reposing in the cradle, was covered over with a striped petticoat worn by Coralie in one of the fishermen's wives, in Massaniello, and a pair of incontrovertible leather breeches!

Poor Coralie, thus taken by surprise, looked the impersonation of despair. To be exhibited in such domestic deformity before one of her many admirers, was in itself sufficient to break the heart of a coryphæe, but to stand thus thoroughly exposed in the eyes of him whose blind adoration had hitherto promised the most satisfactory results, was more than enough to render her a fitting candidate for admission into any lunatic asylum in the kingdom. She tried, laboriously tried, to look easy and unconcerned; and snatched from sight, with laudable alacrity, various objectionable articles which crowded the little room. She smiled a welcome to Jasper, but the smile became a grin of diabolic meaning, when she endeavored to extend her courtesy to me. I cared not for her confusion; I had resolved to save my friend from an act of folly, and rejoiced to find that my well-arranged plans had met with entire success.

"Ah, ha! mademoiselle Coralie, bon jour," said I. "We have taken the liberty of paying you a morning call. Don't put yourselves out of the way, I beg. We are old acquaintances, you know. I, in fact, claim the privilege and immunities of positive friendship, for I knew you when you were Sally Snederkens, and lived in Norwich Court, Fetter Lane. I am also very intimate with Sniggs."

La Coryphæe stared at me with open mouth, and occasionally threw a glance of inquiry at Jasper, who glared upon her with a look of horrible intensity.

"Bill Sniggs, you know," said I, "the butcher. *The father of your child!*"

Jasper started to his feet, and bounding to my side, clasped my arm with violence, and essayed to speak, but seemed unable to give utterance to a single sound. He fixed his eyes upon mine with a beseeching expression, and pointed first at Coralie and then at the cradle, where the red headed urchin lay encoined. Coralie saw at a glance that her lover was unacquainted with the positive facts of her situation, and in a loud tone of voice proceeded to give me a flat contradiction—to ask the meaning of the insults I was heaping upon her—to inquire how I dare to name the word "child" to her, a *young unmarried girl*. She was stopped in her career of indignation by the voice of the babe, who, awakened by the noise, sat up in the cradle, and stretching out its arms towards the virtuous Coralie, lisped pretty distinctly, "Mamma, mamma."

The infant's evidence, the voice of nature, was not to be controverted. Coralie snatched the baby to her breast, and burst into tears. At this moment, a heavy foot was heard upon the stairs; the door opened, and a good looking but vulgar young man, stalked into the room. He was dressed in a bright blue coat, with brass buttons, a yellow vest, and white trowsers. A fancy or striped shirt, with a large loose collar; a red silk handkerchief encircled his throat, with its ends drawn through a broad gold ring. Small tobacco-pipe curls hung down each side of his face, and a bushy head of red curly hair was surmounted by a natty white hat turned up with green. A bull-terrier pup followed at his heels, and the stump of a cigar glowed between his lips. I knew the butcher by his *kiddy* look.

"Hello! vots the row here? vy, Corry, s'elp me Bob, you're snivelling. Have these ere coveys been a working on your feelin's. Jest show a light, and let me see vot they're been about. Be quiet, Blucker, vill you, or I'm blest if I don't flobbergast you." This last remark was addressed to his dog, who began to bark at a misanthropical cat which had issued with curved back and swelled tail, from a handbox under the bed.

"Mr. Sniggs," said I, with an easy air, as I gradually approached the door, "your baby has been crying, and it is natural that its mamma should cry in sympathy most sweet."

"Who the h—— are you?"

"I have taken the liberty, in behalf of a friend, to call on Mademoiselle Coralie respecting a theatrical engagement, but find that she is likely to remain at the —— theatre during the rest of the present year. Under these circumstances, I am compelled to decline all farther intercourse, and to enforce the same obligation upon my friend. Good morning, ladies; good morning, Mister Sniggs."

The non-comprehending butcher allowed us to pass without a word. In a moment we were in the street. Jasper's arm pressed mine with an unusual warmth, but he uttered not a word.

I had gained the fullest information respecting Coralie and her connexions, as before stated, but I deemed it useless to impart all that I knew to the infatuated lover; he would have treated it as scandal against the lady of his love, and most likely have rushed headlong into the commission of some irreparable error. The body of corroborative evidence which accident enabled me to offer in support of my assertions, succeeded in planting conviction in his mind. There did not remain a shadow of doubt—a loophole for the most sanguine to attempt an escape. He was compelled to believe the painful and disgusting fact.

He pressed my hand at the door of my residence, and with a look of mortification, whispered in my ear, "I own myself a fool! a hot-brained idiot! You have saved me from endless misery. Keep my folly a secret from my parents. I shall go to college by this night's mail."

THE BROKEN BRACELET.

A POEM.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

'Twas spring, the fair, and balmy spring,
When earth is freshly blossoming,
And o'er each gladden'd sylvan scene
Is spread its carpeting of green;
When the tall trees their shadows throw
Like living things in streams below,
When the blithe birds on soaring wing
To heaven's blue arch their carols sing;
When the bright rill, in some loved vale,
Is whispering music thro' the vale;
When the low swell of harmonies
Comes on the sweetly laden breeze.
It was, when every lovely thing
Is loveliest—'twas in joyous spring,
That, with the rose leaves round them strown,
Two youthful lovers sat alone,
Like monarchs, on their balmy thrones.

On the bright glowing cheek of one
The burning tints of summer's sun
Had linger'd long, as if it loved
The blushing bloom thro' which it roved;
O'er it fell locks of raven hair,
As day and night had mingled there;
Yet night as lighted near and far
By many an ever burning star,
For the soft glory of her eyes
Were bright as are Italia's skies.
Italia's skies!—from them they caught
Their beams of quick, poetic thought;
From them the sudden flashes came
That turn'd the gazer's heart to flame,
Yet swifter than the wind that roves
'Mong the fresh flowers it fondly loves,
Changed the wild gleam, and softness lay
In those young orbs like early day.
She was of that far land, whose clime
Is ever like a silvery chime,

That land of sweetest poesy,
Of sculpture, painting, minstrelsy,
Of ever blooming Italy.

And he who sat beside her there,
With shining locks of sunny hair,
And eyes, whose sweet cerulean blue
The heavens own light seem'd shining through;
He was not of her clime, but one
Whose race of life, tho' scarce begun,
Seem'd slowly drawing to its close,
Its everlasting sweet repose.
He came to that bright shore, whose breath
Might stay awhile the shafts of death,
Ere ten fair summer's o'er his head
Their April flowers and showers had shed.
Time passed away, and that wan boy,
Drank the rich draughts of health, and joy;
And gently on his lily cheek
The rose leaf spread its crimson streak,
But 'twas the flower within his heart
That did its shining tints impart
To his pale cheek, for love made fair
All that had erst been pain, and care,
And gleaming on him from afar
Was one glad light—his boyhood's star.
She, with a heart, whose every thrill
Was pure, and fresh, as summers rill,
She who had guided him thro' all
Sweet paths, to the bright fountain's fall,
The orange groves, the jasmine's shade,
The playful water's white cascade,
Who bade her lute in numbers sweet,
Ever his welcome footsteps greet;
She who in pain and grief had come,
Like some young spirit from its home,
Still linger'd round him with a love
That angel hearts might feel above;

Tho' o'er her path more suns had shone
Than her boy lover yet had known,
Tho' two more circling years had given
To her dark eyes, a deeper heaven,
Yet did she cling to that young breast
As to her haven home of rest.
He loved her—and a glow of pride
Her rich bright cheek to crimson dyed
When that fond boy was at her side.

They scarce had pass'd their childhood's years,
But oh! a fount of hopes and fears,
Sprung in their hearts, that childhood's hours
Never yet knew, when 'mid its flowers
Like uncaged birds it freely sings,
The happiest of created things.
Oh! childhood, what can give again
The blessed light that led us then;
What after power can restore
The perish'd hopes, and joys of yore?
Will the soft murmuring silver rill
Sing us the same glad music still?
Can the young rose in all its bloom
Breathe round our steps its first perfume?
Will not the hidden thorn be seen,
Thro' folds of crimson and of green?
Oh! when we gazed with childhood's eyes
How blue were heaven's o'er arching skies;
How every little shining brook
Mirror'd us back each happy look;
How the glad flowers in clustering bands
Sprang ever ready to our hands,
How hope stood smiling by to please,
With sun-brought hours, its votaries;
Thro' life we ne'er again shall know
The undimm'd days of long ago.

There sat they, in that orange bower,
Fill'd with the perfume of its flower,
While the pale moon, with silvery ray,
Bathed the young leaves that round them lay,
And the soft night wind bore along
The echo of the maiden's song:

“Sing, silver lute,
The stars are mute,
And the wind breathes out, like a mellow flute;
The nightingale
In plaintive wail,
Pours to the rose its lone love tale.

“Echo is near
Thy tones to hear,
Oh! fill, I pray, her airy ear,
Come, come, lute mine,
Night's jewels shine,
To welcome those dear notes of thine.

“But brighter far
Than night's fair star
The beams of my lover's soft eyes are;
Dearer to me
His smiles shall be,
When waked, my gentle lute, by thee.”

The song was hush'd, and grove and dell
But faintly whisper'd back its spell,
When, breaking with her voice's tone,
The stillness that had round them grown,
The dark eyed maiden softly said,
“My Guido”—when the golden head
That had been pillow'd on her breast,
Like some fond bird within its nest,
Slowly from its sweet couch was rais'd,
And the blue eyes in fondness gazed
On the young speaker, as each tone
Were murmuring fairy spells alone.
“My Guido, why art thou so sad?
Methinks when all around is glad,
And when the earth seems only made
For such as thou and I, its shade
But a retreat where the warm sun
Too bright our pathway shines upon,
When the fair stars but seem to peep
From their blue homes love's watch to keep,
When the calm moon but lends its ray,
To guide true lovers on their way,
When the soft twilight only brings
Fairy-like songs, whose echo rings
Thro' silver fountains down the grove,
An everlasting lay of love;
Thou wert not wont, when earth was bright,
To hide thee sadly from its light,
But ever at its sunniest hour
Had welcome smile for bird, or flower.
I cannot brook that clouds should now
Darken the sunlight of thy brow,
Nor dim those eyes' blue heaven, for they
Have ever been my brightest day.
If clouds of sorrow must awhile
Drive from the lip and eye their smile,
Why have mine eyes, my Guido, still
Mirror'd to thee like some fair rill
This lonely heart, which but for thine,
Had nought whereon it might recline,
And if dark care may bid the voice
Cease in glad measure to rejoice,
Why have my tones been breath'd to thee
In happy lays of minstrelsy?
I have no tie to bind me here
Save that it is mine early home,
And every tree, and floweret dear
With sweetest memories come.
But the strong chain that most hath bound
My heart strings to this land of mine,
Is that one sad and silent mound,
O'er which we've train'd the ivy vine,
The last sole link so early riven
Moulders beneath its quiet sod,
While in its azure home of heaven,
The spirit bows before its God.

“Guido, if ever thou hast gazed
Upon a fond, and watching eye
Till its dear orb was fixed and glazed,
And death's relentless shaft was nigh;
If ever thou hast heard the tone
That was the music of thy heart,
In a low, soft, and tender moan
From the loved voice depart;

If ever thou hast stood beside
One who had nurst thine infant years,
And felt the world, the broad, the wide,
Was but a wilderness of tears;
Then might a cloud of anguish chase
The sun of gladness, from thy face.

"I have done this, 'twas mine to bind
The bruised reed, too rudely shaken,
To bid the worn and weary mind
To other hopes and joys awaken.
My mother!—what a holy tie
Is whisper'd in that sacred name!
What founts, that death alone can dry!
What love, that death alone can tame!
She was a broken hearted thing—
A sigh, amid a song of mirth—
For she had taught her heart to cling
Too closely to the dreams of earth,
And like a dream—a summer dream—
It pass'd before her yearning gaze;
But oh! it color'd life's bright stream,
To leave dark shadows o'er her days.

"She loved, my Guido, one whose brow
Was fair as thine to look upon,
And breath'd in trustfulness the vow
That made their youthful spirits one.
Bright halcyon years flew by, and she
Lived in the light of other eyes.
A dark hair'd girl played at her knee,
One baby boy, like hope's bright skies,
Shed round her path its rainbow dyes.
Like hope—oh! yes, for what so frail
As hope's too bright, too flattering tale.

"One morn she missed him from her side,
Her bud of promise and of pride,
And noon, and night she sought in vain,
He never blessed her eyes again.
Both fled—the father and the child,—
And earth for her no longer smiled.
Deserted—life's sweet dream was o'er,
She heard not of, nor saw them more.
I, was alas! too frail a one
For her crush'd heart to rest upon,
And slowly as the leaves decay
In summer's last approaching day,
So sank she to that quiet grave,
Round which the ivy loves to wave.

"'Tis long years since, and I have striven
To think of her, but in yon heaven
She must be happy, and my sighs
May make less blest her paradise.
Is it not, love, a mournful tale?
Thy cheek hath even grown more pale,
Come, rouse thee, Guido—I have sung,
And now around my lute's low chords
Echo too long hath idly hung
Waiting for its soft murmuring words;
Sweep then its strings, for notes of mine
Can never be so sweet as thine."

And Guido took the lute, but long
His voice refused to swell its song,

He brush'd the silent tears away
That on his drooping eyelids lay,
For he had yet a boon to ask
That needed all affection's mask;
And yet, her heart so sorely tried
With woes she strove so long to hide,
How could he bid that heart again
Receive another wound or pain?
So long they trembled on his tongue,
The thoughts that at his heart-strings hung,
That he must whisper in her ear
The words 'twould pain her now to hear,
Why was her own land so beloved?
There first her childhood's footsteps roved,
His fingers gently touch'd its strings,
And his soft voice in music rings:

"Art thou not here, with thy starry eyes,
Oh! beautiful child of Italia's skies?
Art thou not watching with me even now
The struggling moon thro' the green orange bough?
Does not thy hand with its soft downy clasp,
Like a dove in its shelter still lay in my grasp?
And are not thy heart's gentle throbbing, sweet one,
Still beating in trustfulness now 'gainst mine own?
And yet thou wilt ask me with that sadden'd
glance
To wake, tho' in music, from love's dreamy trance.
Ilini, Ilini, how often we've roved
To these fair blooming bowers beloved and loved,
How often in these after years have we smiled
At the thought of the child that was leading the
child,
And how often we made in this sweet home of
ours
Love's bright balmy throne, of spring's blossoming
flowers,
But they faded, they died, tho' the sun's mellow
light
Still linger'd around them; they perish'd ere night,
And Ilini, Ilini, how like to those flowers
Have faded, my dear one, those bright days of ours,
For childhood no longer, doth linger around
To make the green earth like one wide fairy
ground.
They passed—but in sunlight, Ilini, they fled,
Yet how dear is the perfume in parting they shed;
When children no longer, the heart will look back,
Tho' blighted with sorrow, to that sunny track,
For 'mid the dark gloom that hath shadow'd us
here,
That one gleam of our childhood yet bright shall
appear.
It hath beam'd thro' my vision, Ilini, at night,
And led me afar with its soft glancing light,
The seas have been travers'd, and oh! I have
been
In the home of my boyhood, the trees shining
green,
The waterfall murmuring the dark woods along,
The lark waking morn with its loud swelling
song,
All these I have welcom'd, for have they not come,
From the land of my birth, from my dear native
home?"

And if, my Ilini, a cloud e'er arose
On the brow of thy Guido, 'twas thinking of those."

He ceased,—and silent, sad, and mute,
Ilini took the silver lute,
As if to search amid its chords,
For the dark meaning of his words;
Fruitless the search, and proud, and high
Flashed the Italian maiden's eye;
One moment and her fingers swept
O'er the hush'd strings—Ilini wept.
Was he then weary, had he grown
Forgetful of her voice's tone,
And was he breaking then the chain
Whose links were flowers—was the light reign
Love had thrown o'er him, thus to be
Sunder'd forever—was it he
Who lived but in her smile, yet said,
My thoughts are not with thee! Her head
Droop'd o'er her lute, her long black hair
Seem'd shrouding it, so thickly there
Did its rich mass of ringlets cling,
Mingled with every silver string.
Not long she droop'd, for Guido's hand
Threw quickly back each clustering band,
And his warm lip the tear drop stay'd
That down her cheek like dew showers stray'd.
"Unkind Ilini, I have read
Those eyes too long, to ask thee now
Why the dark thoughts that o'er them sped
Have dimm'd awhile thy brow,
I have too long love's close watch kept
In those dear orbs of thine,
To ask thee why, belov'd, they wept
When tears were not in mine.
I know thy thoughts, and tho' my home
Were brighter even than thy smile,
Thy Guido's footsteps would not roam
From thy dear side. No, long lost Isle,
My heart is not with thee, and why
Yearn I for thy far distant sky."

Night's starry host gather'd in brightness high,
And not a cloud darken'd the shining sky;
The moon rode by, and all her glittering band
Bathed in a flood of light the smiling land.
The sleeping flowers, shut in each little cell,
Seem'd fitting homes, where fairy elves might
dwell.

The plaintive nightingale, the whole night long,
Sang to the slumbering rose its pensive song.
The silvery waters, with a murmur low,
Chim'd thro' the quiet groves in soften'd flow;
The very winds with gentler breezes rose,
And nature's self had sunk to calm repose.
Ah! who can gaze upon the midnight skies,
The burning stars, those hidden mysteries,
And feel not in the heart how wild, how vain,
How worse than folly is the love of gain;
How fake, how fleeting is the sparkling cup
Which hope's retreating fingers still hold up;
How wild the feverish, burning thirst for fame,
How pale the laurel, wreathing round a name;
How perishable all that earth has given
When balanced with the lasting gifts of heaven.

Night brightly shone, and yet they linger'd still,
Those youthful lovers, by the glancing rill.
Still fondly linger'd, 'till each beating heart
The piling moon wan'd sweetly to depart;
Night rose, and set, and many an evening hour
Left its bright diamonds on tree and flower,
And many a summer's sun with watching eye,
Had wiped those budding trees, and flowerets dry,
Since Guido whisper'd of his boyhood's home,
And his fond wish once more thro' it to roam;
She often saw upon his fair cheek dwell
A burning drop—that cheek she loved so well;
It must not be, and she, with woman's guile,
Told him he might depart, with patient smile.
Oh! who but woman, ever strives to hide
For others' sake the woes they have supplied?
Who covers burning hearts with wreathed smiles?
Who from another's breast its cares beguiles?
Who lives on loving, tho' the world grow dark?
Who finds not still in him that one sought ark?
Who lingers long upon a whisper'd word
That once had thrill'd the bosom's inmost chord?
Who clings like ivy, tho' the storm might blast
On its devoted head, yet e'en as first
It clung, so clings, until by slow decay
Its withering tendrils gently drop away.
'Tis woman's lot thro' life, and often shown,
To heal another's wound, and hide her own:
So with Ilini, smiling to the last,
She gather'd all the present for the past.

'Twas noon—and ere the sun's bright golden ray
Should fade, her Guido would be far away:
Him she had watch'd upon a couch of pain,
Him she saw blushing into health again;
The voice that was to her like music's spell
Ere night must whisper, that sad word farewell.
'Twas sorrowful to think that eye might dim
In other climes, and she be not with him;
The flower she nurs'd—for was he not a flower,
A stranger blossom in her native bower?
And she must part with him, alas! how sad
To lose what once had made our spirits glad.
How cling we to a thing our hands have nurs'd,
It may be some frail bud we tended first—
We planted it, a fragile slender root,
And lo! it offers us its grateful fruit;
It flourish'd underneath our guarding hands,
And what a bright and goodly tree it stands.
It grows with us, and from its fragrant bed,
Scatters its blossoms brightly o'er our head.
Even so had Guido grown, the wan pale boy,
Was unto her the well spring of her joy.
His smiles had been the blossoms of the root,
And his deep love, the broad tree's ripen'd fruit.

'Twas their last day—they stood together now,
While sadden'd thoughts darken'd each youthful
brow,
They linger'd by the river—as in rest
A boat lay calmly on its heaving breast.
The gather'd clouds shone brightly on its tide,
And still they linger'd sadly side by side;
Silent they stood, and yet one moment more
And that lone bark would bear him from the shore.

And in the distance still he saw more dim
The white sails grow, that waited but for him,
One moment more, and echo bore along
The last low notes of Guido's parting song :

"Ilini, fare thee well !
The white wave dances round my vessel's prow,
I hear the billowy swell.
And linger yet to kiss thy sadden'd brow.

"Ilini, far from thee,
Long nights shall gather round my couch again,
And I shall wake to see
Those tender eyes, but oh ! alas ! in vain.

"Ilini sweet, love, mine,
The sun shall linger in thy orange bowers,
The ivy's clinging vine
Shall throw its shadows o'er thy pensive hours.

"The silver fount shall play
Like sweet low music round thy fairy feet,
And its remember'd lay
Will bring again those moments fair and fleet.

"Thou hast all these, mine own,
To cherish while thy Guido is afar,
He hath but thy loved tone,
Whose spell shall guide him to his boyhood's star.

"Ilini, love, adieu !
I hear afar the white wave's billowy swell,
May skies forever blue
Hover o'er thee, Ilini, fare thee well !"

One hurried kiss, one last, one long embrace,
One yearning look upon her tearful face,
And he was gone—and like a funeral knell,
The winds still sigh'd Ilini, fare thee well !
Gone—and alone each fair and sunny track
Her feet must traverse 'till he should come back ;
What tho' the silver fountain's soften'd chime
Woo'd her with music—tho' the jasmine climb
With perfum'd blossoms to the lattice high,
Tho' the glad stars shone on her from the sky,
Tho' the low murmuring of the night bird's song,
Carol'd its lay the orange bowers among,
Tho' all was happiness—one ringing knell
The winds still brought—Ilini, fare thee well !

But ere a second spring's young blossoms burst
In the loved bower, where they had wander'd first,
Guido return'd—his childhood's haunts were sad,
And earth had but one home to make him glad.
Thro' all his dreams, still Italy would rise
With the bright glory of her cloudless skies,
But one fair spirit hover'd o'er each hour,
And she was lonely in her rose wreathed bower ;
Her voice's echo's on his parting day,
From his full heart had never died away ;
But like a mock bird sang within his breast
Of hope, and joy, and its far distant nest.

Again the white winged vessel cleav'd the deep,
And favoring breezes hail'd her snowy sweep,

She cut the waters "like a thing of life,"
Glad as a heart, with joyous feelings rife ;
Young Guido stood upon the heaving deck,
Watching that land, a far off glimmering speck ;
That dear loved land, the very winds seem'd
winging

To his fond ear its waters' silvery singing.
Its orange groves seem'd breathing on the gale,
Filling with perfum'd breath each flowing sail,
Nearer he comes, his foot hath press'd its shore
And the dark dangers of the seas are o'er.
He linger'd not beside its marble shrines,
Its graceful columns, where the creeping vines
Cling like affection, nor beside the fall
Of its clear fountains, murmuring music's call ;
But like a winged bird, fled onward still,
To that one bower beside the sparkling rill.

Hid 'neath the clustering boughs of green and
gold,
Lips, brighter than the rose bud's crimson fold,
Eyes, like the star light of the soft midnight,
So darkly beautiful, so deeply bright,
Ilini sat—her taper fingers clung
To the loved lute, o'er which she fondly hung ;
With a light fairy touch she woke the chords,
And listening echo drank the maiden's words.

"I am lonely, I am lonely, and this bower hath for
me
No joy like that 'twas wont to have, my Guido,
love, with thee.
In vain, in vain around my feet the summer
flowerets lay,
They have no perfume in their breath, for Guido
is away.

"The stars that shine on all around with soft be-
nignant light,
But whisper to my beating heart, how lonely is
the night.
The birds that thro' the balmy groves made merry
holiday,
Have not a music tone for me, for Guido is away.

"How pleasant were the summer flowers, that
cluster round our feet,
How joyous looked the happy stars, that seem'd our
smiles to greet,
How musical the song of birds came to the listen-
ing ear,
Oh ! earth was then an Eden's spot, for Guido,
love, was here."

Her song was still, but quickly to her ear
The sound of footsteps came, nearer, more near ;
Another instant, and Ilini sprang
To Guido's bosom, and her white arms hung
On his loved neck, as tho' in that one clasp
The whole wide world of joy was in her grasp !
It was enough—they met together now,—
Each eye was gazing on the other's brow.
It was enough—each wild, and throbbing heart
Was closely beating 'gainst its dearer part.
Oh ! bliss supreme, when virtue's shining ray,
Gilds with its beams love's bright and early day.

Days passed—they wander'd thro' those paths
again,

So fraught with memories of youth's joyous reign,
The world to them was like a fairy scene
Of cloudless skies, and vallies clothed in green,
And yet there seem'd one little spot to fill,
Tho' dear as life, they might be dearer still;
Tho' close the link that bound them, yet hath
heaven

A closer tie to the true hearted given;
And ere another sun its rays should hide,
Guido would call his loved Ilini, bride.

Loud rung the minstrel's merry lay,
The lighted halls were proud and gay,
The bright and youthful dancers meet
With laughing lip, and winged feet,
And golden locks came floating by,
Like sudden sunshine thro' the sky;
And eyes, whose beams might shame a night
Of star light gleams, they were so bright,
And cheeks, before whose bloom the rose
Its blushing treasure-house might close.
But who was she in brightness there
With the dark locks of shining hair
Floating upon the perfum'd air?
Each rich and glossy raven curl
Was wreathed with strings of orient pearl,
With the pure robe of snowy white,
And zone clasp'd with the diamond bright,
Arms flashing on the gazer's sight,
Like snow flakes in the morning's light,
Gemless—except there brightly shone
A Bracelet gently clasping one:
'Twas emerald, set with shining gold,
And, as it glimmer'd 'neath the fold
Of her loose sleeve, its searching eyes
Seem'd filled with hidden mysteries;
It was Ilini, the fair bride,
Who stood thus in those halls of pride.

Gaily the happy measure rung,
And long the lute in music sung,
And fairy forms, now here, now there,
Hover'd like children of the air.
Anon—and thro' the giddy maze
Two youthful forms arrest the gaze,
Graceful in beauty as the swan,
Or wild flowers waving o'er the lawn;

Philadelp^{ia}, January, 1839.

Onward they move, 'tis Guido's foot
Keeps measure to the ringing lute,
It is Ilini's glimmering feet,
That its sweet gentle notes repeat.

One swell of music,—and the fall
Of glittering gems rung thro' the hall:
Prest in the dance, by Guido's hand
Ilini's bracelet burst its band,
And lay upon the marble floor
The fragments of its glittering store;
As Guido stoop'd the clasp to raise
There was a wildness in his gaze,
A death like shivering o'er him came,
That strongly shook his trembling frame.
He rais'd it—and with anguish'd brow,
Hung o'er the pictur'd face below;
He—from his heaving bosom drew
A golden locket, 'neath his view
Two images of beauty lie:
The self same cheek, the lip, the eye.
Turning with quick and hurried start,
As tho' despair were at his heart,
He whisper'd, "Speak, Ilini, mine,
Where came this semblance—'tis not thine.
Tell me what face these jewels hide!"
"Mine own loved mother's." Wild, he cried,
"Oh! God, oh! God, my sister bride."
One long, loud shriek, swell'd on the air,
The thrilling cry of dark despair,
And all was sad and silent there.

Ilini's glazing eye grew dim,
But still alone they turn'd on him,
Her snowy arms were pale and cold,
But round his neck their tight'ning hold
Still closely hung—her heart, tho' chill,
Lay 'gainst his own in fondness still,
And when those arms at last gave way,
Ilini's corse before him lay.
Years have gone by, and time has shed
His snowy wreaths o'er Guido's head,
And when the stars are gleaming bright,
Upon the quiet brow of night,
A lone old man, with hoary hair,
And time worn cheeks, and forehead bare,
May oft be seen beside a mound,
Where early flowers a bed have found.
'Tis the wan boy, who came to thee
For life, and love, fair Italy.

C. H. W.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

PURE from its source the streamlet flows
In wanton mazes through the plain;
Each blooming flower reflected glows
Beneath its wave, without a stain.

But when it laves the city walls,
The brightness, pureness, are no more:
And darkly, deeply, downward falls
The sable torrent to the shore.

Oh, thus in fairy hours of youth,
The heart beams warm without a care;
Alone awake to love and truth;
Knows no deceit, and dreads no snare.

But soon, alas, in scenes of strife,
Where all is falsehood, guile, and gloom,
Corrupted is the stream of life,
And falls despairing to the tomb.

CAMILLE.

HENRY PULTENEY:
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

[Continued from page 101.]

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

CHAPTER XXII.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,
I oft found both. If therefore you now please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Shakespeare.

I SEATED myself upon a projection of the rock which rose behind to a considerable height, and after waiting in silence for some time, the person whom I expected appeared. At a short distance to the left of the spot where I sat, there was a cavern or excavation in the lofty bank which I supposed to be the work of nature. The entrance to it, and the interior for some distance, were irregularly strown with tall, rough fragments of rock, which operated as a complete concealment and shield of the cavity within. Making his way between these, the man whom I awaited stood before me.

"Are you ready?" said he, in a low tone.

"I am. Has the hour arrived?"

"It is on the stroke of twelve. What arms have you?"

As far as that sort of protection extended, I had taken care to be well defended, and I carried concealed in my dress several weapons of different kinds. But I saw the drift of his question, and I saw likewise how I could turn the matter to the aid and advancement of my plan.

"Do you think it necessary to be much armed?" I asked.

"It is better that you should not be," he replied; "we have but a single foe, and I will lend you a weapon, if you find it expedient to despatch him."

"I have a dagger hidden in my bosom," said I, "a blade which has often defended me from many, and which will doubtless now prove sufficient for one."

"It is enough," he answered, in a whisper. "Wait one moment."

He walked forward, as he spoke, towards the sea, as noiselessly as possible, until he reached a point from which he could command a view of the entire beach, both to the right hand and the left. He gazed keenly in either direction for several moments, and listened with apparently the most intent scrutiny of ear, to know if there were any one near who might be an observer of his movements. I trembled lest some sound or stirring of the fishermen, who were concealed among the rocks in the immediate vicinity of the spot where he stood, might reveal their presence, and in breathless awe I abode the result of his examination. No noise, however, was audible above the faint washing of the sea against the pebbles of the shore, and no figure appeared to meet his glance throughout the whole of its reach, for he soon turned and walked back, appearing to be satisfied that we were unobserved.

"Follow me, and preserve the strictest silence," said he.

I obeyed his injunction, and we took our course towards the cavern from which he had issued. We passed between the numerous rocks, which fronted the entrance in such a manner as only to afford a passage by a path that wound around them with the intricacy and obscurity of a labyrinth. When we reached the solid bank of rock, my companion placed his foot against a massive block of

down, which was fixed in such a way that while its size gave it the aspect of immovable firmness, it was capable of being shifted from its position by a very moderate force. It yielded at the effort, and sliding over the top of the wall on which it was placed, it continued its parallel or broad descent in the track of a water-course, and seemed to be intended to admit the entrance of a man.

"I will lead the way," said he,—"do you follow me. The avenue is not broad enough for me to pass you, is it?"

He accordingly stepped into the passage, the ground of which was some distance below the level of the exterior wall, as I found it to be.

"Beware, your honour," said he,—"avoid the stone which I posted aside, and draw it back to its place. It is upon a frame of wheels, and will move without much difficulty."

I did as he desired, and restored the block to its former position. We then moved forward slowly along the passage, for the unevenness of the footing and the uncertain width of the opening, which sometimes narrowed so much as almost to arrest our progress, rendered it necessary to proceed with great caution and deliberation. The extreme inequalities in the breadth of the way, which, from a narrowness almost impracticable, sometimes widened beyond the reach of my extended arms, together with the rough and ragged feel of the walls on both sides, rendered it probable that the passage was chiefly the work of nature, if not entirely; and that the path which we trod had been at some previous time the channel of a stream, now diverted or dried up, or had been opened by some sudden sinking of a part of the ground beneath. The path did not follow the level of the beach which we had left, but ascended by an elevation of considerable steepness—a circumstance which added in no slight degree to the labor of our progress, and which led me to suppose that the opening terminated at the top of the castle-rock, and probably within the walls of that edifice, even if it did not issue directly into some apartment of the building. This last was the impression which I had gathered both from the statements of my servant and of the person who was now my guide, and it was on this expectation that I had built my hopes of a successful result from the action of the boatmen; for unless the passage which we followed gave directly into the chamber where I was to be led, it would be vain to expect that they could discover it.

We continued our course in silence for a considerable length of time, until the straggling beams of the moon began to fall upon our path, indicating that the termination of the passage was nearly reached, and that that termination was in the open air. A few steps brought us to the outer ground, and making our way through a clump of bushes that were planted closely about the mouth of the cavern, we stood on one of the broad paths of the garden of prince Menizien.

"Which direction are we to take now?" said I.

"We follow this bending walk till it brings us to a door leading directly to the apartment of the man whom you seek."

With this reply, he began to move forward in the direction he had indicated. I saw that, even if his course were as direct as he stated, it would be wholly impracticable for those whom I had stationed at the outside to discover the path we followed, even if they were to succeed in gaining an entrance into the defile that led into the garden. To proceed without providing a surer means of their arriving at the spot where I required their presence, would be idle. I turned at once toward the mouth of the passage from which we had issued.

"Stop," I cried, to my companion; "the sheath of the dagger that I told you of I have left behind me, on the bank where you met me. Besides being necessary to the concealment of the weapon, there are attached within it one or two papers of great value. I must return and recover it."

He laid his hand upon my shoulder with a tight grasp, as if inclined to prevent my departure by force.

"You can get it when you come back, for we will go out by the same way," said he. "It can be of no earthly use to you till then, and the delay may destroy our scheme."

I drew from my bosom a dagger that might appear to him to be the one which I had mentioned, and holding it in an attitude which threatened not, but could not be mistaken in its energy, addressed him in a resolute tone.

"It is a thing of the highest importance to me, and I must and will obtain it before I go an inch farther. Do not fear that I will not return; my anxiety to enter the castle is far stronger than yours. Wait on this spot, and I will rejoin you without delay."

After a brief pause, in which he seemed to be meditating whether it would be safe to attempt to restrain me by violence, he released his hold, and I turned into the narrow avenue. I traversed it with rapidity, and quickly gained its opposite outlet. Pushing aside the stone that guarded it, I reached the exterior soil, and hastened to that part of the beach where I knew the leader of the fishermen to be concealed. I knew that upon his intelligence and energy I could rely better than on any of the others, both to carry out what I directed, and to devise action when I was absent. I called him from his hiding-place, and hastily communicated my intentions to him.

"I had expected," said I, "that the passage near which you are stationed would lead directly into the apartment where I wished you to join me. I find that it conducts into the garden, and I am unable to tell you the mode by which you will thence gain the spot where I wish to meet you. Come with me, therefore, to the opposite termination of the passage through the rock, at which

place the guide is now waiting for me. From that point, keeping yourself concealed, follow us and observe precisely where we go. Return then and lead all your party into the garden, and be prepared, the instant the castle clock sounds twice, to rush together into the room where I may be."

He promised implicit obedience, and we immediately hurried to the cavern that communicated with the entrance to the garden. When we arrived at its termination, I desired him by signs to remain where he was for a few moments, and advancing before him through the shrubbery, found the guide standing where I had left him.

"Where is your sheath?" said he, approaching with the air of one disposed to be satisfied of the truth of my statement.

"Lead on!" said I, indignantly, "or you may be convinced of its existence by feeling what it contains."

Knowing the motives and the task that belonged to him, I had nothing to fear from his resentment; and being himself aware of the necessity he had of bringing me where he was ordered, he made no reply, but turning his steps towards the castle, advanced along the path. The walk wound amidst the luxuriant shrubbery and copious flowers that adorned that stately and splendid abode, and were now gleaming beneath the moonlight, as its yellow rays, floating flood-like above and around the scene, transmuted the dew-drops to jewels of silver and gold. Following its course, we came to a door in one of the wings of the castle which stood partially open. Leaving it as much unclosed, we entered the hall into which it led, and proceeding a few steps along it, my companion threw open a larger door and gave place for me to go in.

Before commencing the undertaking which I had assumed, I had satisfied myself of the fairness of the hope which it held out of success. The character of my servant was such that I was enabled to feel perfect confidence in the statements he had furnished me of the intentions and plans of Harford and lord Angstein, and in any event I was prepared to meet them. If my servant succeeded in reaching Harford before the signal was given at which he was to lead forward his party, and if that person complied with the direction thus conveyed, my own adherents would occupy the castle unopposed, and the control of the place would be ours. And even if the measures which I had taken for detaining Harford failed of their purpose, from the delay of my messenger, or the incredulity of the person he applied to, still my friends were certain to be as speedy in their approach as those whom I was to contend with, and, at the worst, I should meet my enemy upon equal ground, and probably with a superior force. Personally, I felt no touch of fear; for I was armed so thoroughly that I knew I could master any single foe, and if the object of Harford was to capture me without the destruction of my life, I knew I could baffle, in that attempt, a power however great. Accordingly, I felt no reluctance or apprehension in going into the castle and seconding, to this extent, the wishes and action of my guide. I entered therefore the room which he displayed, with entire confidence of a successful issue.

The apartment was one of extraordinary dimensions, and decorated and furnished in the highest style of eastern luxury. Throughout the whole of its extent, near to one of the transverse walls, there extended a row of massive porphyry columns, and between each pair a rich festoon, composed of every species of colored shell and coral and amber, mingled in splendid variety, hung down in a graceful curve. The wall opposite to where I entered was entirely inlaid with glass, and divided into several compartments, which consisted alternately of mirrors of unusual magnitude, and transparent plates of glass enclosing a great number of lamps, arranged in rows, one above the other. Opposite to them, the same arrangement prevailed as to the lights, on the other side of the room, by means of which the saloon was brilliantly illuminated, while the heat of the lamps, in that climate an important consideration, was wholly excluded. Remembering the tragic fate which had so recently befallen the proprietor of this lordly domain, I was at first startled and amazed at what seemed to me the preparations of festivity and rejoicing; but I soon recollected that in many of the palaces in that island which I had visited, I had found that it was a point of pride to maintain in solitude, and at ordinary times, precisely the same degree of stateliness and splendor, as was exhibited on those occasions when vanity or friendship threw open the doors of wealth and taste for the admiration or gratification of surrounding residents, and that the nobles of Cyprus boasted that the whole of their life was one scene of gorgeous show, and that their commonest hours bore the lustre of a *fête*. On the floor of the apartment was spread one of the richest and thickest carpets that the looms of Turkey ever produced, and at various intervals throughout its extent were rugs of still more exquisite workmanship, highly ornamented with wreaths and clusters of flowers. In vases of crystal, as white as the froth of the wintry sea, were bunches of roses and violets that diffused a delicious odor through the room, and delighted the smell as much as the eye. Ottomans and divans, of the costliest crimson velvet and silk, were piled high against the walls, which were covered by the whitest drapery, and presented to the sight which glanced rapidly over the scene, a picture of the most refined and voluptuous luxury.

On first entering the apartment, which thus proclaimed itself to be one of the most studied exhibitions of oriental splendor, I at first supposed that it was wholly unoccupied. Upon advancing, however, some distance over its broad extent, I observed, somewhat concealed behind the columns, a large table covered on every side, down to the ground, with gorgeous damask, figured with satin,

and, seated in a deep carved chair behind it, the form of lord Angstein. Many years had passed since I had beheld that countenance, and even then I had seen it but in a few brief and passionate interviews; but its well-remembered lineaments were imprinted on my mind like something stamped in marble, and now rose to my eye as if they had been familiar to my thoughts from boyhood. Indeed, the resemblance which he bore to the face of Helena was express and accurate to an incredible degree; neither the penetrating gaze of the most anxious affection, nor the practised eye of professional criticism, perhaps, could have traced in what points of outline or shape they differed, save only that the features that in the one case were radiant with guiltless gaiety, were in the other darkened by an habitual malignancy of feeling, and that which was there soft with the most melting tenderness, was here stern with a selfishness which shocked the gazer. To me, the likeness was startling and terrible; for while the resemblance suggested all that was dear to me in memory, the reality presented one of my deadliest enemies.

I advanced in front of the table where he sat, and fixing my eyes keenly upon him, as he raised his own to meet them, I thus addressed him—

"Long years, my lord of Angstein—long in their sufferings and their changes, though not in days—have passed since we thus stood face to face. We have met again, but neither *as*, nor *where*, we met before. If the difference in the manner of our meeting satisfies your honor, my lord, as well as the difference in the place gratifies my feelings, then we are both content."

"We meet in this place, sir, because you durst not come where we have met before," was his reply. "As to the manner in which you came here, it concerns you less than the manner in which you will escape hence. And as to the manner in which I came here, I can have little reason to shrink from your comments, since I neither stole into this palace, nor have I stolen anything from it!"

"Lord Angstein," said I, "your insinuation is as base as it is false, and as brutal as it is either. I entered your palace the first time by the command of your sister, whose acquaintance I had made as I have a right to make the acquaintance of any one, and by her own equal readiness. I entered it the second time by her direct request, to relieve her from a thralldom she abhorred, and protect her from the ruthlessness of a chaffering intriguer, who had violated the duty of a brother, and betrayed the confidence of a friend. That I stole her who by her own act, unshared and uncomprehended by me, was already my bride, is an untruth as pitiful as it is apparent. Ere we leaped down that chasm which she was willing to brave that she might escape your perfidy, you heard me ask whether she would that I remained or fled, her answer was 'Fly!'"

"Your crime," said he, "has been sufficiently punished. It were needless for man to resent what Providence has so signally avenged. Where are her remains?"

"They repose far off from here, in a distant quarter of the island. Thank God, that by my energy she has escaped the pollution of resting beside that wretch whose body has been to-day consigned to that corruption which has so long been the atmosphere of his mind. As you are a *man*," said I, fixing my eye upon his faltering countenance, with all the indignant emotion that swelled my breast, "how could you consign your orphan sister to the arms of a brute like him? Where was your sense of kindness? Where was your human feeling?"

"She was his betrothed for reasons in which you had and have no part," replied lord Angstein, deeply irritated and uneasy at the rebuke which he felt was well-merited; "and in those circumstances, no man of honor—aye, no man of honesty—would have seduced her from the alliance provided for her by one who had power to provide for her. It is true you will plead her assent or her desires; but it is a feeble cause that can find no better justification of its deeds than the love-sick covetings of a foolish girl."

"My lord," said I, indignant beyond my control, at the insulting language which fell from the cold lips of this inhuman brother, "you are at liberty to speak of your sister in whatever manner your own sense of decency and dignity shall prompt you; but no man shall apply expressions like those to her who was my wife."

As I spoke, I drew two pistols from my dress, and I threw one of them towards him, upon the table.

"Take that weapon," said I, "and defend yourself; or I shall deem that the abuser of a woman is a coward among men."

He took up the pistol, and rising from his seat, approached me. At that instant, the ponderous bell of the castle sounded twice. The deep and startling tones echoed through the apartment, and thrilled upon the ear with a solemn awe that caused both to pause involuntarily. A smile gathered upon the features of lord Angstein as, laying his weapon again upon the table, he drew near and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," said he; "the laws of war in this land forbid such an one to challenge his captor."

He had scarcely uttered these words before the door by which I had entered was opened, and the fisherman and his party, well armed with carbines, poured into the room.

"Are these, my lord," said I, turning to the nobleman with a smile yet calmer and more composed than his own, "are these the banditti you had hired to convey me to the dungeons of your

castle, or are they some other persons? You should know your friends; deign to inform me if these are they!"

The countenance of lord Angstein for a few moments preserved the expression of triumph and confidence which it had at first assumed, but as he gazed longer upon the pacific garb and unknown faces of those whose number was increasing within the apartment at each successive instant, his face grew graver and more doubting till it settled into an aspect of astonishment and alarm. I quickly relieved him, however, from the uncertainty in which he seemed to be surprised.

"You, my lord," said I, as I placed my hand upon his arm, "are my prisoner. But I will grant to you, at a fitter moment, that privilege of equal enmity which you were about to deny to me."

The entire band upon whose presence I had depended, were by this time within the room. I consigned lord Angstein to the keeping of two of the number, and selected thirty of the stoutest of the company to remain within the apartment, to meet the antagonist force in case it should appear; for although the delay of that party afforded a presumption that my servant had accurately executed his commission, and that the plan which had been assigned to him was duly executed, yet I neither felt certain that that lateness might not be owing to the distance they had to traverse, nor that my orders might not yet be countermanded by some of the occupants of the castle. The residue of the company I ordered to traverse every part of the castle, and leave no quarter of it unsearched.

"If you discover the daughter of your comrade," said I, "you will have the satisfaction of bestowing a benefit upon one who deserves it; and whoever succeeds in finding my son shall receive a thousand piastres. Penetrate into every chamber of this building; destroy every barrier that resists your progress, and let there be no apartment which you do not thoroughly investigate."

The band passed into the great hall which adjoined the room which I was in, and rushed thence over the castle, eager for vengeance and destruction. While they were yet in view, some one exclaimed, "Let us burn the accursed building to the ground!" and scarcely were the words uttered before a dozen persons darted at once into one of the cross entries for the purpose of giving effect to the suggestion. 'This was the result which I had dreaded from the moment that I had found it necessary to employ a mob; but it was too late to control the multitude, who felt that they now had the power.

I turned to lord Angstein, to see if I could elicit from him, by threats or promises, a disclosure of the place where my boy was concealed. As I looked towards him, my eye happened to fall upon one of the mirrors upon the wall, and I saw by the reflection in the glass that one of the doors opposite was opened hastily by the person who had served as my guide into the palace; he gave a hurried glance into the room, and then closed the door behind him.

"Open that door, immediately," cried I, turning round to one of the guard, "and follow the man who passed through."

An effort was made to that effect, but it was found to be locked. I instantly ordered the men to be prepared to encounter a force as great as their own, and to remember that their lives depended upon their conquering their foes. I despatched one of them, at the same time, to recal as many of the fishermen who were dispersed through the castle as he could find, and to prepare them for a desperate conflict. I had scarcely made these arrangements, before the same door was opened, and Harford and his party appeared within the room.

The keen, gray eye of Harford surveyed the scene for a moment, and then rested resolutely upon me. His men were fewer than mine, but better armed, sturdier, and apparently more familiar with desperate strife. When they had all arrived within the apartment, he arranged them in rank, and commanded them to advance. My own men were drawn up in a solid square, and my orders to them were to charge the enemy, drive them back if possible, but not to fire unless it became absolutely necessary. The pirates whom Harford had assembled were hired, as I knew, for no service of that dangerous character, and some indications which I saw of wavering and unwillingness on their part, strengthened my expectation that they would not present a very determined resistance.

My men charged vigorously, and in a few minutes succeeded in driving their opponents into the great hall which communicated with the apartment in which the contest had begun. They pressed on, and their foes retreated before them, till it became apparent that the victory was in our power. At that moment, the man who had been my guide to the castle, and who had not as yet appeared in the conflict, rushed forward out of the apartment which we had left, and ran towards one of the pillars that supported the broad arch of the hall. He touched a secret spring high up on the column, and a little door flying open, disclosed a rope, which I readily conjectured connected with the bell in the central tower of the castle. He sprang up and grasped the end of it with his hand. The leader of the fishermen, who from the beginning had been fighting at my side, saw the movement, and exclaiming to me, "The ringing of that bell will bring every adherent of the castle to the defence," he raised his piece with the rapidity of light, and its report echoed through the spacious hall. The rope of the bell swung up again from the hold which had grasped it; a single deep toll was heard, and the man fell back upon the marble floor.

At the same instant, one of the large doors of the cross entry was thrown open, and volumes of dense black smoke poured out in suffocating thickness. Unable to resist this new opponent, the pirates gave way in some confusion, and retreated irregularly to the upper end of the hall. I mark-

ed where the man had fallen who had conducted me to the situation where I was, and who appeared to possess an entire acquaintance with the proceedings and plans of Harford. Making my way through the clouds of smoke, I found him lying in the last weakness of life.

Kneeling upon the floor, I leaned over him, and addressed him with earnest energy.

"You are dying," said I, "the fear of man has yielded to a weightier interest. Tell me in what part of this castle my son is concealed, and name to me your last wish, and as the request of a dying man, it shall be fulfilled."

The expiring man raised his eyes to fix them upon me, but his glance only wandered with an uncertain stare.

"Follow the entry by which they came in, and you will reach a chamber by the sea. He is in it. I am glad——"

The speaker's strength had waned too far to permit him to utter the sentiment which was his latest mortal feeling. He heaved one deep sigh, and sank back lifeless upon the floor. The smoke which had been pouring into the hall for some time, had now grown so heavy that it was no longer possible to respire in that atmosphere. I endeavored to make my way into the saloon, in order to reach the entry which he spoke of, but the apartment was so thickly filled with the black and unbreathable vapor, which had set in particular fulness in that quarter, that I was unable to maintain my ground, and compelled to yield and retire along the hall.

When I had reached the end of it, opposite to that part where the residue of the combatants had been driven, I heard the voice of a female uttering cries of agitation and alarm from one of the apartments above. A door beside me conducted into a small apartment or enclosure which contained a flight of stairs reaching to the upper story. Startled by the cry, and consciousness of the imminent and dreadful danger which threatened all who were in the upper rooms of the castle, I hastened up the steps to aid the escape of those who might be there, before the progress of the flames rendered the effort hopeless. When I reached the top, I found a young woman, wrapped in a cloak, whose negligent hair and uncovered feet indicated that she had just been roused from sleep by the tumult of the hour. She was sobbing bitterly, and as she regarded the fire which, burning through some of the staircases on one side, gleamed fearfully along the wall, and listened to the voices of passion and violence which on the other side assailed her ear from beneath, she seemed overwhelmed by the sense of the terrible helplessness of her condition, and wholly at a loss in what direction she should flee. I ran up to her, and taking her in my arms, fled along the upper entry towards the opposite region of the building, out of the vicinity of the disturbance and flames that possessed the other parts. As I bore her along the passage, I perceived by the light which was flung in lurid flashes along our path that she possessed an uncommon degree of beauty and interest of countenance, though there was in her appearance something that did not seem to indicate one whose breath had been native to the air of palaces. It occurred to me that she must be the person for whom this whole eventful conflict had been undertaken, and in search of whom the band whom I had conducted were now within the castle.

"Are you the daughter of the brave fisherman, Barnini?" said I, for such I had learned was the name of the individual whom prince Menitzen had so deeply wronged.

"I am. Where is my father?"

"He is below us, in this very building," I replied. "He has come hither in search of you, and when we have reached a place of safety, I will inform him of your presence, and restore you to his arms."

"For God's sake!" said the poor girl, "take care that we do not meet prince Menitzen. I am afraid that you will meet him in this direction."

"My child," said I, "you will meet prince Menitzen no more in this world."

"Is he dead?" said she, in a whisper of surprise and amazement.

"He died to-day."

"Was he killed? There was a tumult this morning, I know."

"He was killed in that tumult."

She remained silent, and I could readily conjecture the sentiments of mingled relief and horror with which the intelligence disturbed her bosom. I continued my course rapidly, and traversing several apartments until the noise of the contest had been left far behind, I again descended into the lower story, with the hope of finding some method of escaping safely from the building. The heaviness of the burden which I had thus far carried, had so much fatigued me that the necessary celerity of our course rendered it impossible for me any longer to sustain the weight, and I was obliged to set the girl upon her feet. We passed along the entry into which our descent had brought us, till we arrived at a large door which was partially unclosed. Pushing it open, we entered, and I discovered that we were within the castle-chapel. I thought it highly probable that from the vestry behind the chancel there was a passage into the garden, which I supposed to be directly behind. The light of the moon was streaming through the great window in the rear, and flinging its radiance over the simple articles of the Mohammedan worship. Advancing along the aisle, I approached the great altar or desk which stood in front of the pulpit, as in Christian churches. Before it, and enclosed within the same railing, was an object resembling the figure of a man, resting upon a frame

somewhat raised above the floor, and covered by a pall of black velvet. I raised the cloth, and beheld those livid features which were so distinctly imprinted upon my memory. Impressed by the awe of a scene so striking, I stood for a moment in unconscious meditation, contemplating that fearful countenance, and pondering on the moral which its lineaments of passion so powerfully impressed.

The girl, who had followed me along the aisle, stopped as I approached the altar, and stood at a little distance behind me, while I regarded the face of him whose history was so strikingly connected with her own.

"What is it?" she inquired, in her soft and simple tones.

"My child," said I, as I let drop the pall, and retired a step or two, "it is the body of prince Menitzien."

She was silent for a moment, and her face was cast towards the ground.

"May heaven have pity upon him, and forgive him!" said she, after a pause. "I forgive him; nay, I am grateful to him. He wronged me less than has been feared. After the first act by which I was brought to this castle, his behavior to me was that of a man of honor and of lofty virtue. He stole my person, but not my purity. It is three days since the prince rowed a light bark with his own hands to the beach where stands my father's cottage. It was at the hour when my parents, with their neighboring companions of the same profession, were absent upon their daily employment. He invited me to enter the boat, and I did so. He rowed round to the rear of the castle, and landed at the door of a chamber concealed under the rock, of the existence of which I had never before been aware. He told me that there was a passage thence into the castle, and offering to show me the curiosities of the building, invited me to enter. I consented, and we reached the interior. He led me to one of the upper rooms, and then told me that I was his captive, and must never leave that apartment till I consented to his wishes. I at once declared my determination to submit to death rather than to degradation. He pledged me his princely word that he depended only upon placing such inducements before me as to win my free consent, and that he would never employ the smallest violence. He kept his promise, and on every future occasion when he visited me, he renewed his solicitations, but never offered me the faintest rudeness. Whatever may be the faults of prince Menitzien, to have injured whom he imprisoned is not among them."

I listened to this recital with an inexpressible interest, as well as with a very great surprise.

"Thank God, my child, for his sake, and for yours," said I, "that the fact is so. Follow me, and I will lead you to your cottage by the sea."

Passing around the pulpit, I found, as I had expected, that there was a door issuing thence into the garden. We gained one of the broad paths that wound through the grounds, and struck off in that direction which I supposed was the quarter in which lay the entrance to the passage through the rock, by which I had come in. We soon arrived at it, and I pointed it out to the maiden.

"Follow this narrow path," said I, "and it will bring you to the shore, within a few steps of your father's cottage. Await him there, and I will send him to you."

I returned hastily to the castle. My eagerness to put to trial the statements my guide had given me as to the concealment of my son, and my fear that delay might destroy my prospect of finding him, forbade me to linger any longer in the contest that was waging above. Already I dreaded lest in the interval which had occurred during my absence with the daughter of the fisherman, Harford had found a means of escaping elsewhere with the boy. I therefore gave a hurried order to one of the boatmen to tell the leader of his party that he would find his daughter safely at his house, and that he had better withdraw his company as soon as possible. I then hastened to the great saloon into which I had first entered, and from which ran the entry conducting to the apartment by the sea, which I was so anxious to reach. Making my way through the mingled flames and smoke, half-blinded and half-suffocated by their heat and denseness, I with difficulty reached the door by which the party of Harford had entered. I found it fastened. To return through the scorching clouds that every moment grew hotter and heavier behind me, was impossible. A door stood partially open, near to that which I had in vain attempted to penetrate. Compelled to escape from the intolerable atmosphere in which I had been gasping for breath, I rushed through the passage thus displayed, and fled onward, careless of the point I arrived at. I found that I was in a long entry that apparently led into some remote part of the castle. Hoping that it might bring me out of the region of the fire, and to some place from which I could again hope to reach the situation which I sought, I followed its course for a long distance. Finally, I arrived at a door, which, being opened, led out to the rocky heights which, upon the ocean-side of the building, rose above the castle, stretching in irregular peaks to a lofty elevation. Wishing to discover at what part of the place I was arrived, I walked up the steep ascent of the rock till it brought me to a level considerably above the central tower of the castle, and commanding a view of the whole width of the ocean, and of the island for a broad extent. The moon was shining in its calmest brilliance of lustre upon the rock and the sea, and the unstartled quietness of nature bore no token of the tumult and destruction that were raging within. Yielding to the impressive stillness of the scene, I turned towards the water, and gazed upon its placid brightness. A cluster of small islands, on which a mingled profusion of prominent rocks and luxuriant foliage produced an effect highly picturesque, were visible at some

distance on the left. Between them and the spot where I stood, lay a vessel which was apparently waiting for some arrival from the shore. I was standing at this moment on the summit of the precipice that descended directly to the ocean, and I inferred that the position of the chamber which communicated with the sea, and which I had attempted to reach, must be directly beneath me. In a few minutes, as I looked down upon the water, I saw a light boat shoot out from the rock, containing a man and a child. It struck to my heart, with the horror of a bolt of death, that it was Harford, with the boy whom I so coveted to regain. My senses almost deserted me as I gazed upon that sudden and fearful apparition, and in the delirium of the moment I could scarcely restrain myself from springing down into the water. The boat, impelled by a sinewy arm, moved rapidly towards the ship. In silence, and in the sickness of an anguish which was the lowest misery of despair, I beheld the boat touch the vessel, and its occupant lift up upon the deck the boy whom he had carried, and then ascend himself; and the last hope of a widowed father died away within my bosom.

[To be continued.]

INVOCATION.

There's beauty all around our path.—*Hemans.*

WHAT is most beautiful? tell me, tell!
Forest or hill-side, prairie or dell,—
Answer me quick from each woodland glade,
The cooling stream, or the verdant shade!
And they answered—The rill and the forest are fair,
But the soul of Beauty it dwells not there.

Kingly old mountains! ye sit there now,
With your crowns of snow on each hoary brow;
Speak, from your seats of a thousand years,
Answer me truly, old cloud-wrapped seers!
And the winds whistled down—We are mighty, but drear,
And the soul of Beauty, it dwells not here!

Ocean! old ocean! thou rollest along,
Chiming forever thy ceaseless song—
Tossing the earth with thy boundless sea!
Surely, more beautiful naught can be!
But the waves murmured back—There is nothing we fear,
Yet the soul of Beauty, it dwells not here!

Stars! as ye hymn in your ways on high!
Stars! as ye course through the prophet sky!
Stars! prophet stars! in your witching tones,
Answer me quick, from your turning thrones!
And the stars answered back—We may speak as a seer,
But the soul of Beauty, it dwells not here!

I ceased—but a sound went by me still,
And echoed each old eternal hill,
Murmured the wood, the stream, and the main,
And sang the stars from their high domain—
Go to the maiden, pure, blushing, and fair;
For the Soul of Beauty is there—is there!

CHILDREN.

ADVENTURES ON THE MOORS.

A TALE OF THE SCOTTISH BORDERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS IN THE WEST."

It was late in October; the weather, for that advanced season, had been remarkably fine; and though the lower moors were generally deserted by grouse-shooters, in expectation of a promised visit from my old companion, Colonel C——, I remained the lonely occupant of a highland *bothy*.* Nothing could be more romantic than the situation of this my solitary dwelling. Placed in a deep ravine, a mountain stream brawled past the door; while the Alpine heights of Corseive overhung the valley, and gave a darker shading to the russet surface of the moorland. For miles around, no habitation could be seen, and nothing human was visible on this deserted waste. The *bonilics*† were abandoned; the cattle driven from the hills: the carol of the peasant girl, the whistle of the herd-boy, no longer broke the dull repose of evening; while the first peep of morning was harbingered by the crowing of the moor-cock, or the more piercing screaming of a pair of eagles, who, far beyond mortal recollection, had fixed their aerie in the frowning precipice which formed the termination of the ravine.

A tedious morning passed; my friend arrived not; and a mountaineer, despatched overnight to the next town for fresh supplies, was looked for from a neighboring hillock, and sought in vain. I hate uncertainty;—but what was to be done? I tied a fly, and producing a monster that would scare the boldest trout which ever wore a scale, of course consigned it to the flames—*Ennuyé* to death, I endeavored to amuse my mind by reading. That, however, the piper effectually prevented. After a tortuous turning of drone and chanter, that would have obliged Paganini, had he listened, to commit suicide on the instant, he struck up a slow and melancholy planxty. This completed my despair—I jumped up—seized hat and gun—rushed from the cabin, and turned my footsteps towards Lough Cullen.

The path run through a table-land for some two miles. It was a narrow strip of herbage skirting a mountain stream,—on one side, bounded by the river, and on the other, by luxuriant heath, that still remained in flower. On I strode in all the solitary grandeur of a second Crusoe, until a sudden bending of the stream disclosed the loneliest lake imaginable.

It was a round deep basin, probably a mile in circuit. Scooped, as it seemed, from the hill side, the ground rose up precipitously; and if tradition could be trusted, the depth of the lake was awful, and its reputation any thing but honest. In fact, the lough was haunted; kelpies tenanted the bottom; fairies had been detected in the gray of morning, dancing on the banks; and, in the darkest night when not a star was visible, corpse-lights flaring across its dark surface, had almost dazzled a wearied herdsman, who had been belated, while returning from a wedding, in this unhallowed neighborhood.

This was my favorite retreat; and I had half persuaded myself that its wild traditions were realities. At present no place could have been better suited to a sombre mood. The dead silence of the waste, the dull repose in which the mountain tarn‡ was buried, accorded with my humor, and I left "Fancy free," to wander as she pleased.

But suddenly these dreamings were dispelled. I was not so solitary as I had imagined, for, on a projecting rock, a man stood fishing. His back was turned to me, and he seemed unconscious that any one was near him. From the motion of his arm, I remarked that a trout had risen twice; next moment he was struggling on the casting line, and I advanced to see it landed. A superannuated setter, who followed me unobserved, stole forward a few yards, and pointed. I heard an old cock challenge; and so did the angler, for he turned his head. The grouse sprang—a shot, repeated by a hundred echoes, pealed across the waste, while, brain-struck, the bird towered upward for a moment, and, with a heavy splash, dropped dead upon the water.

The angler, like a man surprised, appeared undecided whether to come forward or retire. I beck-

* *Bothy*—A rudely constructed cabin.

† *Bonilics*, are temporary huts used by the herdsman while tending cattle in the summer.

‡ *Scottie*—A lake such as described.

oned to him, pointed to the dead bird, and he dragged it to the shore with his fishing rod. We mutually advanced—stood at arms-length; and I perceived that my new companion was no ordinary peasant.

He was a very young man; his figure tall and well-proportioned, and his features particularly handsome. Though dressed in the coarse frieze worn by the peasantry of these mountains, his air and carriage at once betrayed the soldier; and when he presented the dead bird, a military salute confirmed my suspicions. The stranger was a *deserter*.

While I reloaded, the angler opened a linen havresack, and exhibited the produce of his morning's labor. From the heights above Lough Cullen, I had frequently observed fish rising, but supposing them the dark bog trout which I had seen taken in the adjacent waters, I set them down beneath a sportsman's notice, and would not condescend to wet a fly for prey, scarce worthy of a herdsman's worm. But I did the haunted lake injustice; the trouts the stranger killed were the short golden-spotted species, found commonly in small gravelly streams,—beautiful in shape and color; and, if gourmands may be trusted, in flavor exquisitely delicate. The stranger had bagged a score, and the least of them was herring-sized.

"You have been successful," I observed.

"For an hour or two the take was excellent," replied the angler; "but the wind came round a point, and will not strike the lake."

"You have fished Lough Cullen frequently?"

The angler hesitated, and muttered a negative.

"You are a stranger?"

"I am."

"A shepherd?"

"No."

"A dealer?"

"No."

"What then," I inquired, "at this late season of the year, brings you to these wild mountains?"

"The man," returned the stranger calmly, "must seek the hills, when he dare stay no longer on the low ground. I was going down to the cottage presently to see your honor, and beg your acceptance of these trouts."

"That visit might be hazardous. Are you aware that I am a magistrate?"

The stranger bowed.

"What was the object of your seeking me?"

"To confess my crime, and ask your assistance in escaping," returned the angler.

"Faith, friend, you choose a strange confessor. If you be what I suspect, a felon, the only terms on which I can receive you, is an unconditional surrender.

"Be it so, then; but"—and his pale cheek flushed—"but for *another*, I would rather starve beside that black lake, or feed on yon aerie piecemeal, than suffer the indignity that too certainly I shall be condemned to undergo."

"I guess it;—the halberts?"

The stranger grew deadly pale, and continued.

"Yes; desertion such as mine can expect no lighter punishment; but I will meet it like a man. They may cut my back to pieces; they may break my heart; but"—and his eyes kindled—"though I die beneath the drummer's lash, they shall never get a groan from me."

"What was your regiment and rank?"

"I was a serjeant in the 8th —"

"I know that corps most intimately; Colonel C—— is humane and gallant."

"Both he is," replied the deserter. "But nothing can save me from punishment; and, worse far, from degradation. I shall lose my stripes,* and"—

"Well! come along; I'll hear your confession in the cabin."

"It will be the first I ever made," said the stranger, with a melancholy smile. "If it would not be too great a favor, would your honor accompany me to the ruined *boulie* that stands beneath yon hillock? I have a brother there who expects me anxiously."

I assented; we crossed a few hundred yards of moorland, and reached a broken brow, beneath which, and in a deep ravine, the ruined hovels occupied by the herdsmen in the summer time, were placed for shelter. One, less dilapidated than the rest, was occupied; as a thin blue smoke escaped from fissures in the walls and openings in the heath that thatched it.

"My brother is a timid boy: allow me to tell him you are coming."

I stopped a few paces from the hut; the deserter entered it; and, after a short absence, re-appeared, leading a youth by the hand. A *cota more*,† loosely wrapped about his person, concealed him: but he too was a felon, for he hid his face, and, no doubt from conscious guilt, endeavored to evade my observation. He wore a hair-skin cap, and a false step having partially displaced it, in

* *Stripes* are, in military parlance, the chevrons on the arm which denote subordinate rank.

† *Cota more*, Anglice, a great coat.

evident alarm he hastily adjusted it again; but, quickly as it was effected, the symmetry and whiteness of the stranger's hand betrayed his secret.

"And is this young gentleman a Levanter also? A juvenile delinquent, indeed!" and I stooped to catch a glimpse of his features. "Come, my pretty lad; return to your regiment—I will venture to ensure you against heavier punishment than bread and water and the drum-major's rattan. Speak—will you accept my offer?"

"I fear not"—said the deserter, and he sighed heavily. "He joined his fortunes to those of an unlucky comrade, and I fancy he wants the prudence still, to leave him in his hour of sorrow. Thanks for your kindness, sir; the night air of these bleak highlands is too keen for this poor boy to bear. Will you afford him shelter for a day or two?"

"Oh! no, no!" exclaimed the lesser stranger, as he clung to his companion; "I will never, never part from you, William!"

"Nor shall you. The cabin has room enough for both"—I answered.

"But, am I not a criminal? and you, sir, may run some risk in harboring an offender."

"Leave that consequence to me."

"Then," replied the stranger, "we will thankfully avail ourselves of your kindness."

"Enough; you shall be welcome." I approached the pretended boy and took his hand. "These taper fingers have never held a drumstick; and more than one tell-tale ringlet has strayed from beneath that cap. Who is this woman?"

"My wife!" returned the stranger proudly.

"Then further disguise is needless. Pretty one, resume your dress; beneath my roof you are safe from insult or intrusion. At night-fall I will send a person to conduct you. Wait till he comes; then follow, and fear nothing."

In many terms the deserter spoke his thanks; tears and broken words expressed the fair girl's gratitude. We separated: I for the hut, to await my friend's arrival; and the strangers to commune on their wayward fortunes, until the gloom of night should permit them to leave their wild retreat for the shelter of a human dwelling.

A bustle around the cabin apprised me that the expected guest had come. I hurried on, and found him occupied with guns, pouches, and fishing-rods.

"My dear Colonel, thrice welcome!"

"My dear Julius! Here I am, safe and sound; I landed half an hour since, and finding you from home, went to work gallantly to unpack my traps, and set my house in order. All correct—Purdy in good condition—powder serviceable—and myself—heigho!—in excellent spirits, ready for the campaign, whether it open with hard working or a hard drink."

"I am delighted; for, faith, that fugitive sigh alarmed me."

"No more of that, an thou lovest me, Hal!" But you partly stumbled on the truth; and after dinner I will confide my misfortunes to you. A plague upon them all—all alike—aye, from the duchess to the dairy-maid. Were it not for that villanous sex, I firmly believe the road of life would prove a path of roses."

I laughed heartily—the soup came in—and, the love-tale was interrupted.

"How fast you pass the bottle! Julius, is it '*selon le règle*' to give claret in the hills?"

"Every body, George, can have it in the lowlands; but, three thousand feet above the ocean's level, the thing becomes a novelty. By the way, that heavy sigh before dinner, followed by this usual tirade against womankind, I thought preluded a confession."

"A silly business, upon my conscience, Julius; and I am ashamed to say how much it has annoyed me."

"Come, out with it at once; I perceived for the last half hour you were dying to make a clean breast."

The Colonel sighed again—finished a bumper—looked exceedingly foolish—and thus commenced:

"You may remember, when you were with us in Athlone, I told you that a foster-brother of our Waterloo friend, M——, had joined me a recruit. He was the nicest lad I ever listed; smart, intelligent, and of exemplary conduct, he soon became a splendid soldier. Of course I noticed and promoted him; and, when the route came, he left Athlone a serjeant."

"Well, we marched into —, the dullest quarters in the kingdom. I was intending to ask leave and go for a month or two to Cheltenham, when, riding through an outskirt of the town, I discovered the loveliest girl that ever ended a susceptible soldier. She was sitting at the window of a pretty cottage working with her needle, and, as the old song goes,

Minding her business, and just as she ought to be.

Of course, I was ruined at first sight; made inquiries touching my Dulcinea; learned she was a tradesman's ward; and farther, that, if her beauty was admitted by all, her propriety was equally proverbial. In fact, she was a youthful houri, with the prudence of Penelope!

"I commenced the siege directly; and Badajoz was never invested more closely by the 'iron

Duke," than the cooper's cottage by me, his unworthy Lieutenant-colonel. I hired love's messengers—haunted the abode of my mistress—one while in a sailor's jacket, at another in the slop-clothing of a recruit. But all proved useless; hopes were raised and ruined—my presents were rejected—my billets returned with unbroken seals—and at last my confidence assured me that no progress had been made, and advised me to retire from the place, and break ground before some other fortress that would not be so resolutely defended.

"This defeat was death to my vanity. To be discarded by a cooper's ward—I, who had been reputed a Don Juan by ladies'-maids, and cursed a score of times from the altar.* Deserting the mess before the first pint was drunk, I retired to my own rooms, consigning coopers to the devil, and in abominable temper with all the world beside. In this pleasant mood, a light tap was heard; I muttered a gruff 'Come in;' and accordingly, in came my favorite protégé—Serjeant Haley.

"It was a most infelicitous moment for any one to approach, and I growled out a question of 'What he wanted?' Haley seemed confused—hesitated a few moments—and ended by asking permission to get married. Was there ever such a time selected for making a hymeneal request? I thundered out a furious denial, and swore, if he dared even to dream of matrimony, I would strip him of his stripes, and make him a world's wonder. Off went the luckless applicant; and it was some relief to me that I had knocked a wedding on the head, and made one woman miserable.

"I passed a wretched night; rose early next morning; took out the regiment to the fair green; gave them a devil of a drilling, hoping that they would make some mistake, that would afford me an opportunity for abusing them. But the cursed scoundrels moved like one man; and I came home as bilious as I went out. I watched Serjeant Haley closely; he was the smartest soldier in the service; and, confound him! bore his disappointment like a philosopher.

"Evening came—and so did Cupid's messenger—if ever the little god employed a one-eyed black-woman of sixty. She gave me a sealed billet. It was from the lady of my love, and granted me the honor of an interview!

"Saints and angels! was this possible? Had Roberts of the dragoons, and Fancourt of the rifles, offered a '*carte blanche*,' and offered it in vain; and was the conquest of that coy beauty reserved for me? I thought the hour of meeting would never come. At last, the town clock struck; I was at the corner of the park wall in double quick time; and there too, true as a timepiece, was the cooper's heiress.

"Our *tête à tête* was short and unsatisfactory. Her quiet, unpretending modesty repressed my raptures—and we parted; she promising that she would see me again. I pressed a ring upon her finger, which she retained, conditioning that any request she made when returning it should be granted."

"And you gave your 'gay gold ring' to that artful gipsy?"

"Ay—had it been like honest Jack's 'my grandfather's and 'worth forty marks,' she should have had it. A ring! sounds! she should have had the regiment, had she asked it."

"Well, I suppose at the next interview she priggled your purse?"

"This is devilish unkind. I assure you, Julius, the affair is any thing but laughable."

"I hope so. Go on, George?"

"I began by telling you that Haley was an exemplary soldier. Suddenly a change of conduct was remarked; he neglected duty; was eternally in town; and for the first time, was reported "absent at tattoo." I fancied, from his previous application for leave to marry, that a love-fit was on the fellow, and, to keep him out of mischief, confined him close to barracks. For two days he submitted to restraint; but on the third night, he scaled the walls, and——"

"Deserted?"

"Ay—and—and—d—n it, I can scarcely get it out—my Dulcinea—she to whom 'Helen was a biding,' and Lucretia no better than she should be—she—the cooper's ward—levanted in his company!"

"And did she return the ring?"

"Nonsense! Now really this is no fit subject for a joke."

"No, faith. Blessings on the man who abolished doe-skins from the service! or, like the deceiver of Miss Bailey, you would have now to complain, that 'she stole the leather breeches.' Ah! poor Captain Smith! though never a Giovanni like you, George, see what a solitary seduction cost him! Well, how did you conduct yourself? Did you send her your blessing, and him a discharge?"

"Send him the devil. No—I am not the tame puppet you take me for; I will bring him to the halberts; and spurn that quean, as I would a superannuated slipper."

"Bravo! but is not somebody asking for me in the kitchen?—I mean the antechamber. Fill your glass—a bumper, George—confusion to all coopers! Drink—and I'll rejoin you in a second."

"Who was that, Julius?"

"Oh! a herdsman, who fortunately met an outlying stag, and harbored him for the night securely. He lies in a ravine not two miles off."

*In Connaught, gay deceivers are sometimes anathematized by the Priest, or, as it is termed, "called from the altar."

"Excellent! "Won't you have the fellow in?"

"Certainly; and, egad! he has brought his sister with him—the prettiest girl within the Mulet."

"Pshaw! some red-legged grenadier."

"No, George, round as a Hebe—"

"With peony cheeks—blue staring eyes—"

"The sweetest I ever looked on. Ah! George, had the cooper's ward possessed them, I could have half forgiven you. Lord, with one sparkle you might light a cigar! But you shall judge yourself."

"Do save yourself the trouble, Julius! I would not walk to the window to inspect the Queen of Sheba." And, taking up a newspaper, he turned his back to the door.

I left him, and presently led in the trembling supplicant, no longer a half-disguised boy, but as lovely a girl as ever bothered an Irish gentleman. There she stood, unconscious of all the mischief she had caused; her face flushed with hope and apprehension, and those soft and lustrous eyes bent upon the ground, which had demolished the Colonel of a crack corps, and a Serjeant of Light Infantry into the bargain!

"George," I said, tapping him on the shoulder, "permit me to introduce an old acquaintance."

Carelessly the love-crossed commander turned himself round,—but next moment, sprang from the chair like a sky-rocket; while the deserter's mistress flung herself at his feet, and, unable to articulate a word, took from her bosom a small packet, and placed it in the Colonel's hand.

"Fanny, what does this mean! what would you from me!"

"Pardon for my husband—protection for myself!" she faintly muttered.

"Has then your husband contemned my orders, and married privately!"

"He has—I am the cause of his disobedience, and its penalty—his disgrace. Hear me, noble sir: I am an orphan; William and I were known to each other from childhood: we loved—and, had circumstances allowed it, we would have married. Dependent on an uncle, he urged me to wed a miser older than himself, and worthless as he was wealthy. Some gentlemen of the garrison had paid me their idle attentions, and reports, injurious to my character, were maliciously whispered about. My home was made most wretched—my reputation rendered doubtful,—and what could preserve me from annoyance but the protection of a husband! Why need I say more? William forgot his duty—and I married the man who had won my heart."

The artless appeal was not lost upon the person to whom it was addressed. The Colonel raised the blushing supplicant.

"Fanny," he said, "from this moment our relations alter; you have lost a *lover*, but you have gained a *friend*. I must redeem my plighted word—the promise for which I pledged my ring. Look to me in future as your protector. Let Haley return to the regiment; he shall have letters to the Adjutant from me. He must, for a few days, confine himself to barracks, and, lest he should scale the walls a second time, he shall be put under stricter *surveillance*—*your own*—for you shall share his confinement. Go, pretty one," and he kissed away a tear of joy that trembled on her long and silken lashes; "go, announce *pardon to the deserter*—and pray God to protect us from dangerous eyes in future!"

"Did I not behave magnanimously?" inquired the Colonel, when I entered the room, after having seen the soldier and his mistress comfortably accommodated for the night.

"You proved yourself a second Scipio, George—and you have made the handsomest couple in the country the happiest."

"Egad, I think, Julius, my own breast feels relieved from a load that pressed it heavily. I'll sleep all the sounder, and ascend Corslieve in the morning with a lighter heart. Come, let us have a *doch an durrach* of that inimitable *poteen*—and then to bed, to dream of Alpine passes, red deer, and—"

"Soft grey eyes."

"Hush, Julius; name eyes no more until those that were so near proving 'my soul's undoing' are forgotten!"

In half an hour the hut was still as the grave. That sweet and dreamless sleep which waits on manly exercise shed its refreshing influence over all beneath my lowly roof; and it would have been difficult to say whose slumbers were the soundest, *the pardoned or the pardoner*. At last the gray lights of morning stole through the casement, the cock sounded his shrill *rèveil*, and a bustle among our retainers gave "note of preparation," and announced that

"This day a stag should die!"

* The boundary of the wild peninsula of Erris.

A CHAPTER

OS

FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DOG

IN ALL HIS VARIETIES.



THE FULL BLOODED SPANISH POINTER.

THE Pointer, (*Canis Avicularia* of Linnaeus) originally came from Spain, and was introduced into England at a very early period. In Portugal and France, the Pointer is also indigenous; the French animal has a wide furrow between the nostrils, which gives it a very grotesque appearance. The Portuguese dog is somewhat lighter than the Spanish Pointer, which is considerably heavier and more clumsily formed than any other of the species.

The Spanish Pointer is more steady than the English dog, and seems to have an inherent aptness for receiving instruction. Indeed, it requires but little tuition to render him fit for the field; as, in most instances, young dogs of this breed will point of their own accord; and if they possessed but speed and activity in proportion to their steadiness, would excell all others which are auxiliary to man in the sports of the field. From their weight, however, they are not so well suited for an extensive range, nor are they so hardy as the English dog, on which account they are but ill adapted for the laborious nature of hill-side or mountain shooting. They are now chiefly used by those who confine their sport to the quail or partridge.

Pointers exhibit a very different form and character to the setter, nor are they possessed of that generosity of disposition which is so distinguished a trait in the setter; on the contrary, they are often ill tempered and snappish. Yet the conjunction of the setter and the pointer is by no means advisable, since the production generally unites the worst qualities of the two without any of those requisites perhaps for which the two breeds are most highly prized. Dogs thus produced are for the most part headstrong and turbulent, require excessive correction, and are rarely brought to that steadiness which marks the distinct breed. Sometimes a good cast may ensue, but for one good pointer bred between the Spanish dog and the setter, twenty bad ones may be expected.

In proportion as the breed of pointers diverges in blood from their Spanish original, the difficulties of training them and rendering them staunch for the field increase—as they seem to lose a quality inherent in the latter dog—an intuitive perception of the necessity of obedience.



THE FOX HOUND POINTER

Is of a much lighter form, and more rapid in his movements. He was obtained originally by a cross of the Spanish pointer and the fox hound, and has since been recrossed with the harrier.

The English pointer is of a great variety of sizes, being, in this particular, bred according to the taste of the sportsman. Dogs of the middle size are considered the best by experienced men; the larger kind soon tire in warm weather, although they are best adapted for hunting in the high turnips, heath, and long stables.

The foxhound pointer possesses a beautiful symmetry of frame, and in this respect, is perhaps, the most elegant of all the canine tribe. His docility and pliability of temper, too, are truly astonishing, and he enjoys, at the same time, the sense of smelling in an exquisite degree.

Pointers are never considered complete in training unless they are perfectly staunch to bird, dog, and gun; which implies, first, standing simply to a bird or a covey; secondly, to backing or pointing the moment he perceives another dog to stand at game; and thirdly, not to stir from his own point at the rising of any bird, or the firing of any gun in the field, provided the game is neither sprung nor started at which he himself originally pointed.

The mental faculties of the pointer are extremely acute. He is most susceptible of impressions, serene in his general habits, and unwearied in his attachment. With all these good points, he is well qualified to secure the esteem and confidence of man, whom he is always solicitous to please. Conscious of his own powers and education, he makes it his whole business to serve and amuse his master. As the same, being thoroughly sensible of the duty required of him the moment he enters the field, he will cheerfully perform his work for others to whom he may be lent.

The most practical sportsmen have declared that a great deal depends on the color of pointers. Less than a century ago, the breed of English pointers was nearly all white, or slightly variegated with liver-colored spots, except a batch belonging to the Duke of Kingston, whose black pointers were considered superior to all others, and sold for immense sums after his death. Thornhill says that a white dog is to be preferred on two accounts—the first is, being all white, he is void of any thing phlegmatic in his constitution, which does not hinder him from retaining the lesson he has been taught, and prevent his being obedient; besides, he always has a good nose. Secondly, he can be discerned at any distance, whereas a brown one cannot. Pointers of lemon, or setters of a red or chestnut color, are always the most difficult to be brought to obedience, by reason of the bilious humor which prevails in them, and which causes this irregularity. The white pointer is full of stratagems and cunning, and is not so easily tired as dogs of the lemon color, which are very giddy and impatient—as cholera is the most predominant humor in them, it in some measure accounts for their being so. They are also very restive under correction, and more subject to diseases than any other dogs.

Pointers of a brown color are generally very good ones; but one great objection to this color is, that they are difficult to be seen, and frequently give the sportsman a great deal of trouble before he can discover them—occasionally they are entirely lost. But the same reason enables a brown dog

to bring the sportsman closer to his game, by reason that they are not so easily perceived by the birds as one of a white or any other color.

The English or Foxhound Pointer requires the greatest care in breaking, lest the hound qualities of chasing the game and babbling when the birds rise become incurable faults.

There is no other dog possesses the singular self-denial of the pointer, unless it be the setter. The hound gives full play to his feelings, chases, and kicks up as much riot as he likes, provided he is true to his game; the spaniel has no restraint, provided he is within gunshot; the greyhound has it all his own way as soon as he is loosed; and the terrier watches at a rat's hole because he cannot get into it. But the pointer, at the moment that other dogs satisfy themselves and rush upon their game, suddenly stops, and points with almost breathless anxiety—to that which we might naturally suppose he would eagerly seize. "No! this is my master's, and not mine. To-ho's the word, and here I am till he comes up or the birds are off of themselves." They run; he creeps after them, cautiously and carefully—stopping at intervals, lest, by a sudden movement, he should spring them too soon. And then observe and admire his delight, when his anxiety, for it is anxiety, is crowned with success—when the bird falls, and he lays it joyfully at his master's feet. It is evident that a steady pointer, on his game, holds his breath with a great degree of pain; all dogs respire quickly—and when the pointer comes up to you in the field, he puffs and blows, and his tongue is invariably hanging out of his mouth. This is never seen on a point; and to check it suddenly must give the dog pain; the effort to be quiet, with fetching the breath deeply, causes at intervals, a sudden hysteric gasp, which he cannot by any possibility prevent till he can breathe freely again. And yet pointers have been known to stand to game for two hours together. Colonel Thornton relates a story of one of his dogs that he kept at point for one hour and a quarter, while Gilpin, the artist, sketched his likeness.



THE GREYHOUND

Is a tall fleet dog that chases entirely by sight. This beautiful animal is perfectly useless in this country, from the absence of the hare (*Lepus timidus* of Linnæus) in the list of American game. Various attempts have been made by spirited individuals by means of imported hares, to encourage the breed in the Atlantic States, but without success. The specimens, when once turned out, have never been seen again. The *varying hare*, as naturalists term a small variety of the Alpine hare, is plentiful in Canada, and may be found in some parts of the state of New York, and I believe exists in scanty numbers, in the glens of the northern spur of the Alleghany hills. But this variety is considerably smaller than the English hare, and certainly not calculated to compete with the greyhound in speed.

Were it possible to introduce the breed of the old Irish Greyhound into this country, considerable sport might be anticipated in the revival of "the ancient coursing of the deer."

The English Greyhound is known by his pointed nose, the acute angles of his head, his light, and slightly pendulous ear, considerable height, length of neck and of general form, comparative slenderness, deep breast, light belly, round muscular buttocks, and long, sinewy forearms and gaskins. His fore legs, that is to say, the space between the knee and the foot, are longer than his hinder, or space between the hock and the foot. His color, whether black, white, brindled or blue, whether whole or variegated, are no otherwise of consequence, than as fashion dictates; and if the never-ceasing game of chance should produce a *blue crack* dog, blue would immediately become the best color, and so

remain until a new crack should start up of a different hue, when blue would instantly retire into the ranks, and those of the last shade undoubtedly advance, and become the best Greyhounds on the face of the earth, and produce more money at sale.

It has been handed down to us in the scripture of our ancient sages, that *the best dog upon an indifferent bitch, will not get so good a whelp as an indifferent dog upon the best bitch*—all and every particle of which is, in great probability, of about as much consequence as any other musty nonsense, even although Pliny himself may have written it. The breeder who would have thorough-shaped stock of any species, must breed from both male and female so qualified; he may fail, it is true, nevertheless he will not find a surer method. Young Greyhounds, like other hounds, are entered within the twelvemonth, and require constant work in the coursing season. They should be encouraged with blood, but as the perfection of training, taught to give up readily the hare when killed.

Some have expressed a wonder, that Beagles should be thought too speedy for hunting the Hare, when Greyhounds, the swiftest of all the canine race, are in constant use for coursing her. But the reason exists in the different natures of the hunt and the course. The best bred and fleetest Greyhounds will be found in the vicinities of the great Coursing Meetings—Newmarket, Swaffham, the Hundreds of Essex, and the Wolds of Yorkshire.

The Greyhound, as well as that which we style the Southern-hound, may from its antiquity, be styled a primitive species. It was known to classical antiquity, and we learn from Arrian, that the Gauls used Greyhounds for coursing the hare, their truly sportsman-like mode of performing which, and the law allowed to the hare, have descended to us, and are practised at this day, in England, on the original principle. Greyhounds were known in that country before the Conquest, and in those early ages, were not confined as at present to coursing the hare only, but were used for hunting the Deer, and also, in company with other hounds, the Wolf and wild Boar. This species of the Hound was the chief favorite for ages, amongst the ladies of high birth particularly. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, the price of a Greyhound was greater than that of a man, and the killing a greyhound, or taking the nest of a Hawk, in those times of British slavery, and even subsequently to the signing the famous *Magna Charta*, were held, in the eye and practice of those misnamed laws, equally criminal with the murder of a fellow man. Greyhounds were frequently taken in payment as money, by the Kings, for the renewal of grants, and in the satisfaction of fines and forfeitures.

King Canute enacted that—*quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*—no person under the degree of a gentleman should keep a greyhound. Solomon says—“there be three things which go well—yea, four are comely in going. A lion, which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any, a greyhound; an he goat also; and a king against whom there is no rising up.”

The Odessa Journal, a Russian newspaper, lately stated that the Marshal of the district of Ekaterynoslaw, recently offered an estate of two thousand acres, with seventy-eight peasants, in exchange for a white greyhound named Sultan, belonging to another nobleman!

Greyhounds were originally obtained from the countries bordering on Turkey, particularly Dalmatia, in the mountains of which are bred greyhounds of a rough species, having great bone, ears somewhat long, hard feet and a bristly tail. It is a remarkable zoological fact, perhaps not hitherto noticed, that every species of the sporting dog is originally divided into the rough and smooth variety, and that not in consequence of the influence of climate, since the former is found to be indigenous to the warmest. The old Irish Greyhound we are disposed to derive from the rough species of the Eastern Countries above cited.

On a view of the present race of English Greyhounds, I cannot help supposing that they differ considerably from those of former times, which hunted the Wolf and Wild Boar, and thence may be judged to have been a variety possessed of more strength, roughness, and fierceness than the modern. Probably, for such hunting, the rough variety was selected, whilst coursing the Deer and Hare, and the honor of lady patronage were reserved for the smooth. The Italian Greyhound has at no period, been generally used as a field dog, but a breed of smooth, high formed and swift Greyhounds has swiftly been found on the Grecian Islands, some individuals of which have been imported into this Country within the last thirty years. The savage hunts having long since gone into desuetude, and speed become the grand object, the smooth variety of the Greyhound has become universal in England, and the few remains of the large and rough variety must be looked for in Ireland alone.

THE RUSSIAN GREYHOUND

is a large and powerful dog, nearly equal in strength to the Irish Greyhound, which he also resembles in shape, his hair is long and bushy, and his tail forms a spiral curl, but which, in the chase, stands nearly straight behind him. The color of the Russian greyhound is generally of a dark umber brown, but sometimes black. His coat is rough and shaggy.

When the Russian greyhound loses sight of the hare, he runs by the scent. Indeed, when parties go out a coursing, this dog even endeavors to find game. He is a very powerful animal, and is frequently used in small packs, or with other dogs to hunt the wild boar, deer, or wolf, the latter of which a good hound will kill single handed.

THE CHARTER OAK.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

TO HENRY RUSSELL, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—In conformity to my promise, to address to you occasionally any little effusion of a popular nature, which might be susceptible of an union with music, I send you a few stanzas upon our Charter Oak; which, you know, we Hartford people regard with somewhat of that veneration which the ancient barons of England exhibited for the Magna-Charta, extorted from King John, at Runimede.

Perhaps I can scarcely flatter myself that any of these very simple stanzas are worthy of being embellished by your genius; and if not, consider them as an expression of gratitude for the high delight with which I have heretofore listened to your talented performances.

Very respectfully, L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, Dec. 31st, 1838.

CHARTER oak! Charter oak!
Tell us thy tale,
Of the years that have fled,
Like the leaves on the gale;
For thou bear'st a brave annal
On brown root and stem,
And thy heart was the casket
For Liberty's gem.

Speak out in thy wisdom,
Oracular tree,
And we and our children
Will listen to thee;
For the lore of the aged
Is dear on our eyes,
And thy leaves and thine acorns
As relics we prize.

I see them—they come,
The lost ages of old;
The sires of our nation,
True-hearted and bold;

The axe of the woodman
Rings sharp through the glade,
And the tir'd Indian hunter
Reclines in thy shade.

I see them—they come,
The gray fathers are there,
Who won from the forest
This heritage fair;
With their high trust in Heaven,
As they suffer'd or toil'd,
Both the storm and the tyrant
Unblenching they foil'd.

Charter oak! charter oak!
Ancient and fair,
Thou didst guard of our freedom
The rudiment rare.
So, a crown of green leaves
Be thy gift from the skies,
With the love of the brave
And the thanks of the wise.

L. H. S.

NIGHT—A SONNET.

BY JOSEPH SILL, PHILA.

NIGHT, like a heavy pall, has cover'd o'er
The light and joy of earth-reviving day;
Stillness and silence now usurp the hour,
And sound and motion leave their wonted way:
Now has the mind contemplative the pow'r
To draw from hidden depths its valued lore,
And bid past things revive, and stand before

The mental eye, as palpable as sight.
The lofty mind can thus illumine the night,
Making the murky darkness to gleam out
With rays celestial—and with thoughts devout,
That when shall come the fearful night of doom,
When all the joys of earth are steeped in gloom,
The soul, unfetter'd, shall be cloth'd in light.

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

(Continued from page 93.)

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN devoid of hope, that oasis amidst the arid desert of life, man is a being, when placed in dangers, who is to be dreaded. When hope has fled, despair usurps its place, and none despair till they behold death, as t'were, staring them in the face; and when life, with all of its beautiful shades and colors is bleached with the bitterness of approaching death—'tis then man becomes desperate; the most timid have then done deeds of daring which were almost incredible. I may say that hope had almost forsaken me, when I beheld six blood-thirsty Indians, with loaded guns, and triggers cocked, waiting for a sight to shoot us dead. From my companion's appearance, I should judge his feelings were analogous to my own. I looked at him but once when behind the log, but the expression of his face was so indelibly impressed upon my mind, that as long as memory lasts, those stern and determined features can never pass from it. His face was pale, but not occasioned by fear, for Girty never felt that sensation. His lips were firmly compressed, till the blood was forced from them, and they were of an ashy paleness. The large veins of his dark face were swollen till ready to burst, and I almost imagined I could see the fire sparkling from his dark eyes, as he cast them on me; and, whispering through his clenched fist, bade me "die like a man, and not like a captive wolf."

We had now become desperate, and as the hope of life had fled, we determined to die like warriors. We now resolved as a last chance to employ a deception, which has since saved many lives. Girty took his cap, which was made of racoon skin, and slowly raised it above the log; the deception was not observed, for six shots were immediately fired at it, and two balls passed through it. I fired, and an Indian fell; but Girty reserved his fire, lest the enemy should rush up with their tomahawks. This kept them back, for none appeared willing to sacrifice his life for the good of the rest. We now arose, and took our stand between two trees, where, as a faint glimmer of hope beamed on us, we determined to conquer or die. A silence ensued, only to be broken by the death-knell of one human being. One of the Indians, bolder than the rest, left his hiding place, and took a circuitous route, in order to attack us in the rear, but Girty's unerring aim prevented the Indian from running but a few steps, when he fell dead.

We now had four Indians to contend against, who were experienced marksmen, so we could not yet call our scalps our own; but the skirmish was unexpectedly decided; as if by natural consent two of the savages left their trees, and started on the same fatal rout, and with the same intention of attacking us in the rear, which their comrade had so ineffectually tried. Here success, which had followed in our path from the moment of starting, again visited us; although the Indians were running, we killed them both. Indians, in all their skirmishes, are exceedingly politic; they never waste a load of powder, and particularly when their own lives are in jeopardy. When fighting against numbers inferior to their own, their usual practice is to deliver their fire, and finish the destructive work with the tomahawks; but this time they showed an uncommon neglect of their usual policy. Two Indians were yet remaining, who could have rushed upon us and shot us down, but by some strange infatuation, they sprang from their hiding places, and leaping into the papaw thicket, bounded off, yelling most demoniacly, leaving four of their comrades upon the ground. We loaded our guns, and walked to the fallen Indians, but one fellow who was shot through the hip, suddenly arose in a sitting posture, and fired his gun so quick that I could not get out of the range of his shot; the ball passed so near me as to tear away my bullet pouch, and scatter its contents upon the ground. Girty sprang upon him like a hungry panther, and with one blow of his fist laid him upon the ground. Whether he was knocked dead or animation only suspended I cannot say; but if the latter was the case, he undoubtedly found himself minus a scalp. The others were dead, and we took their scalps, that we might gaze upon them while speaking or thinking of my family. We hurried on our journey, and soon came to the tract of the hurricane which, although not over fifty yards wide, required at least one hour's hard labor to cross. We walked briskly on, when a large buck passed a few yards ahead of us; this temptation was irresistible; I fired at it, and it fell after bound-

*The wolf, as soon as he discovers he is a captive, loses all of his natural ferocity and courage, and permits himself to be led by a rope without the least resistance.

ing about one hundred yards. While Girty skinned it, I prowled about within sight, that I might anticipate any savage who might have been attracted by the crack of the gun. While thus engaged, I heard the barking of a dog, which was almost inaudible from its distance, but the barking became momentarily louder, till the animal appeared just behind a swelling ground in front of me. Instantly the idea struck me that the Indians, by means of this dog, were trailing us, and could not be far off. I stepped behind a tree and cocked my gun, that I might shoot the dog as soon as he appeared, but what was my astonishment to discover that the animal was Girty's own dog. This dog had been tied up securely when we left home, but he had broken loose, and had tracked us through our ramified walks till he overtook us. That he had followed our trail was evident from the fact of his skin being still wet from crossing Mad river, which was in an opposite direction from Losantville, now Cincinnati.

After hanging our buck above the reach of wolves, we continued our course. The land now became low, and in many places swampy; and instead of the giant oak which we had looked upon for the last few days, we now saw nothing but the low scrub oak, and a few bushes, which were the last of the prairie shrubs. We now whooped and sung, and enjoyed ourselves without constraint, for we had left the Indian ground, where danger was less to be feared. But we soon encountered a foe which was quite as dangerous as the red men whom we avoided. As we advanced, and while I was listening to a song which Girty was roaring out to the extent of his voice, our attention was attracted by the peculiar barking of our dog; we were certain by the barking that Tray had discovered no common enemy, for the barking was continued and violent—between a howl and his natural voice. We both ran towards the noise, keeping as much as possible behind the trees, for we had become cautious since our brush with the Indians. When within twenty steps of a towering sycamore, which looked like the patriarch of the woods among the small scrub oak, we beheld, crouched in a fork, a large panther, which, from appearances, was preparing to spring upon us. We had ran within a few feet of the tree before we were aware of the animal we had to deal with, but his glaring and fiery eye balls was sufficient to apprise us that we were in imminent danger. Girty ran back the way we came, and thus avoided the danger, but I ran directly under the tree, in order to hide behind a small tree which grew beyond; but the enraged animal sprang from his retreat as I passed, and in his fall struck me with his paw. The blow was given with such force that I was knocked upon the ground, and before I could regain my feet, the animal sprang upon me with a deafening yell, and seized me with his fangs by the shoulder. Few, I doubt, have had the opportunity of examining the teeth of a wild animal with such close scrutiny as I then had. His large jaw lapped over my shoulder, and was so near my face that his long whiskers were thrust into my eyes. I was unable to wield a weapon; but my brave comrade, like a true man, was advancing to my aid. He could not shoot for fear of wounding me; but there was no time for hesitation, and dropping his gun he drew his knife, and stuck it to the handle in the animal's hide. This treatment only provoked the panther, and he gnawed the bone of my shoulder till it cracked as if it was breaking. The dog, to make things worse, now got hold of my arm, and probably thinking he was doing me an essential service, shook it violently. After some struggling I got my left arm loose, and at the same time the panther let go his hold, and attacked Girty with a fury which was only equalled by the readiness with which Girty repelled his attack. The dog now caught the animal by the hind leg, when he turned about and ran up the tree; he again took his station in the large fork, but we had learned a salutary lesson, and we kept at a distance. It was now nearly dark, which enabled us to see his glaring eye-balls glistening like two coals of fire, and his low growls and hisses gave us a prophetic hint not to venture too near. The blood from the wound which Girty had given him, bled profusely, and trickling down the tree, formed a long red line of coagulated blood; but the wound appeared only to have rendered him more furious, and he now lashed his tail against the tree, and tore the long strips of bark from it with his claws, while his red eye-balls rolled in their sockets, and his terrific appearance was not diminished by his long teeth, which I knew to be as sharp as needles.

The dog still kept a continual howling, which with the growls and screams of the panther, made most sonorous music, and the concert was assisted by a large owl which sat upon the same tree, and now sang out a loud and dismal hoot, probably surprised at being thus disturbed in her slumbers. We were, doubtlessly, the first that woke the echo of a human voice in that wilderness. At the time these incidents transpired which I have endeavored to paint, Ohio was a continuous wilderness, which had never been trodden but by the Aborigines, who considered themselves as lords of the soil, and truly they were, till their avaricious white neighbors drove them from it. As I observed in a former chapter, the Miami Valley was inhabited but by the bear, the deer, and other wild animals, and it was many years after ere the echo of axes disturbed the stillness which had remained unbroken for ages—but improvements will go on, so long as that restless spirit of emigration is stirred within human breasts. The haunts which I then frequented to obtain my winter's venison has since been turned up by the ploughmen; if I go to look at some favorite deer lick, I find some dry goods store or tavern, and the busy bustle incident to town life all around me. Even "Flat Fork," that desolate and almost uninhabitable wilderness, has been encroached upon by the settler, but its subtle miasmas will forever prevent its being cultivated, for it is a huge reservoir of agues and fevers, which to those who value health, will ever prevent cultivation.

We now began in earnest to prepare for the death of the panther; my arm was so lacerated that I could not raise a gun to my shoulder, but Girty—who was probably a better shot than myself—now took a deliberate aim and fired. The ball passed through the beast; he sprang high into the air, and fell midway between us and the tree. He was disabled from running, but not dead, which our dog discovered to his sorrow. As soon as the animal fell, the dog ran at him, but received a blow from his huge paw, which tore off his ear, and stunned him so that he lay apparently dead for some moments. My gun was yet loaded, which Girty cocked, and cautiously advanced sufficiently near to shoot—the ball passed between his eyes; his head fell between his fore paws, and even after death his eyes still glared with that inveterate hate which they did while living. As the gun cracked, the dog revived from the stunning he had received, and, like a true hero, mounted the panther's back, and in his fury for revenge, did not appear to have discovered the animal was dead, till he had shook him sometime by the neck. We built a fire on the spot where we had gained this our third victory, and examined my arms. The animal's teeth had penetrated to the bone, but had not broken it. We bound up the wound with a handkerchief, and skinned our panther. He measured from the nose to the tip of the tail seven feet nine inches, and his claws were nearly ten inches in length.

J. M. S.

Dayton, Dec. 23d, 1837.

[To be continued.]

MUSINGS TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE stars look down on me with their bright eyes,
And thus I hold communion with the skies,
And send my wandering thoughts away—away
Far as imagination's wing can soar,
To gather at the glorious fount of day
Drops of those waters that forever pour
From thence in streams of beauty all divine,
Gladdening the soul's drear corners, like the sun,
When he flings down his free and blessed shine
Into the silence of the sick man's room,
Or thro' the grating of the dungeon's gloom.
Yes! I talk to those stars as I were one
Of their bright company—and they to me
Impart a feeling of eternity—
In their still presence a pervading sense
Is o'er me, as of something nigh to heaven,
And the dark grovelling of our earthly leaven
Is all absorbed before Omnipotence.
I talk to them of beings gone before,
Perhaps inhabitants of their bright bounds,
Beings we loved and cherished, who of yore
Walked in the fetters of this earth's dull rounds.
Now they are cleared from shackles—glorying
In the blest freedom of an angel's wing.
Do I not almost seem to hear thy voice
Around me, with its sweet and gentle tone,
O mother mine! bidding my heart rejoice,
When I have sent aloft my weary moan,
And almost felt an answer from your sphere.
Stars of the night! that told her spirit near.
Do I not feel her love around me shed,
A living love, tho' coming from the dead;
Cheering my soul, when mourning for the past,
Seeking for something where my heart may rest,
I turn in sadness from the false unreal—
The cold, the calculating and the poor;
And gather comfort from the bright ideal
Of that fond love so gentle and so pure,

Which, tho' the voice that spoke it could not last,
Still breathes around me strong to make me blest.

Ye stars, there is a stranger harp among you,
A silver harp of soft and plaintive tone;
Full many a note its ardent chords have rung
you,
Led by your inspiration, still and lone.
Her voice—the enchantress' voice, death's bid-
dings hush
Upon the earth—but does it not still gush
In glorious melody among your bowers,
Rich in its excellence, like silver showers?
O, she was full of fancy's proudest treasure,
The beauty and the harmony of song;
Her harp was deftly tuned to every measure,
The calm and gentle, or the high and strong;
A little while—a little while, she flourished,
Like the faint rose that opes in summer's eye,
The early dew her tender nature nourished,
The evening zephyr saw her fade and die.

A wail from Albion for the gentle hearted,
A wail of sorrow for the gifted bride;
The child of song and fancy has departed,
And weeping Britain mourns her humbled pride.

A wail from Afric for the bright eyed stranger,
Ferried by fortune's hand across the wave;
In love's dear cause she braved the ocean's
danger
To find in sterile lands a lonely grave.

A whisper from the starlight region breaking,
A still, soft whisper such as comes in dreams,
That tells of a hushed voice again awaking,
A broken harp renewed for heavenly themes.

C. W. T.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard. Philadelphia. Second notice.

MRS. MATHEWS, the writer of this work, and the second wife of the comedian, rather unnecessarily parades a statement that her husband never loved his first wife, an amiable young creature, of fragile form and sympathetic temperament, who died from the effects of a pulmonary complaint, and, dying, clasped together the hands of her female friend and the husband of her heart; whispering her last request that they should join their hearts and fortunes as she had joined their hands. The avowal, therefore, of an absence of affection on the part of Mr. Mathews comes with a bad grace from the mouth of her successor, and sounds most indelicate and out of place in the biographical details of her husband's career.

We are also required to believe in one of the most extraordinary pieces of humbuggery ever attempted to be practised upon an unsuspecting public. Mathews' wonderful powers of countenance and command of voice are well known; but who can credit the statements calmly given of his continuing for a succession of months to deceive not only his most intimate friends, the actors themselves, but even his wife, by a series of personations off the stage, carried on without a change of clothing, or other adventitious aid of the slightest degree. Mathews is reported to have intruded himself, without being discovered, into the green rooms of the various theatres, into his friends' drawing rooms, into the society of his wife, to whom he made hot love, under the fictitious name of Pennyman—to have perfected this wonderful deception repeatedly, in his own clothes—walking into a room one instant as the mysterious intruder, and appearing the next in his own character, without changing coat or wig. The impertinent Pennyman was forbidden the theatre—but still the thing continued; the manager became annoyed; the stranger persisted in his visits, and various wonderful scenes are related with all due gravity and regard to truth. We append a passage or two:—

"Still the imposition was carried on. No one could tell how the gentleman got admittance, and therefore there was no mode of excluding him. Every night he attracted inconvenient numbers to the green-room; and on the nights when my husband performed, it was a matter of much regret to the performers that "Mr. Mathews always came into the room too late or too early to see a 'subject,' whom he of all others ought to see." It was really surprising that no suspicion arose of the truth. How long this imposture lasted I forget, but it was at length revealed by the impostor himself. One night in the midst of a greater excitement than was usually created by him, and when the room was fullest, he suddenly stood before the assembled crowd as Mr. Mathews! A set of village clowns, or a group of children, gaping at a mountebank at a fair, (before the march of intellect commenced,) could not have expressed more wonder, nay, something approaching to terror, when the imperceptible change took place, than was manifested in the features of all around him."

"I could easily give more instances of Mr. Mathews's success in his personation of Mr. Pennyman, but it is unnecessary. Not one case of even partial failure occurred, nor was the slightest attempt ever made, during Mr. Pennyman's existence, to identify him with Mr. Mathews, by the most wary of the deceived."

A large variety of excellent theatrical jokes crowd the pages of this work. The whole account of the eccentric Tate Wilkinson, *the Wandering Patentee*, is of the first description; the notices respecting Incledon are also remarkably neat. The following story of *THE CHARMED AMULET* may not be very original to some few of our readers, but it is too good to be passed by:

"Mr. Liston was at one period of his life a most determined joker. He and my husband were one day together in a shop in Bond street, kept by a Mr. Amick, which was full of perfumery, beautiful toys, and knick-knacks of every kind. They had been looking at some amulets, a black composition, just new, and intended for brooches, upon which the head of George the Third was stamped, to commemorate the jubilee. Mr. Incledon passing at the moment, observed his brother comedians, and entered the shop. He admired in turn all the pretty objects placed in every direction; and, attracted by the amulets, he inquired what they were. Before Mr. Amick could reply to his question, Mr. Liston (who was aware of Incledon's overweening love of any novelty in the shape of medicine or voice-improver,) told him, they were lozenges of a most wonderful property, just dis-

covered. As he anticipated, Mr. Incedon caught at the bait, seized up one, and examining it with much interest, observed that it was 'very large' (it was about the size of a small locket). He was told that, as only one was necessary to the cure of the person whose voice was out of order, it was made of the size requisite for the purpose;—'But,' observed Mr. Liston, artfully, 'you cannot require such a thing, Incedon! There's nothing the matter with *your* voice!'—'Is n't there, my dear boy! that's all *you* know of the matter! I've been as hoarse as a raven this fortnight; in fact, I've not a note left in my voice,' a constant assertion by him when his voice was at his very best. 'Well,' said the wag, 'if that's the case, the Jubilee Lozenge is the *very* thing.' He then adduced several 'cases' of its miraculous results within his own knowledge. Upon this Incedon addressed the master of the shop, who was exceedingly embarrassed at the trick thus played upon a customer: 'What, sir, is the price of this invaluable lozenge?'—'Ten and sixpence,' was the reply.—'It's a large sum for one lozenge, sir; but, as my friend Mr. Liston assures me that it is efficacious, and as at this time I have not the ghost of a note left in my voice, from a severe cold, I'll take *one*.' He then threw down the money, and put the amulet into his mouth, observing, that 'it was made of a very inconvenient shape; but he supposed there was some good reason for it.' Mr. Liston instructed him to keep it all day in his mouth, that being the intent. Away went the singer, quite pleased with the toy for which he had paid so dearly, and the two jokers roared aloud with laughter when he was out of hearing, at the credulity of their unsuspecting friend.

At night every body in the green-room was apprized of the jest, and agreed to assist in prolonging it. Mr. Incedon, who did not play until the afterpiece, entered the room with the lozenge in his mouth. Being prepared for his appearance, Mr. Liston had all his confederates assembled. They inquired, in turn, every particular about the wonderful remedy 'of which they had all heard so much?' Incedon was very communicative as to its effects. 'His voice was *certainly* clearer since he had had the lozenge in his mouth, but at the same time he could not withhold from them his conviction that the sucking of it had made him feel exceedingly sick; and well it might, for it was in fact a mass of perfume, like a highly scented pastile, nauseating to the palate, as might be expected.

"In the midst of the interest occasioned by this invaluable recipe, Mr. John Kemble, who had been performing in the play, and had listened to the conspiracy against the simplicity of poor Mr. Incedon, now entered, and, to the surprise of all present, joined in the hoax. He told Incedon that he was well acquainted with the amazing efficacy of the article; but added—'It will not be wholly effective, my dear Incedon, unless you keep it in your mouth all night!' Incedon's eyes twinkled with gratification at the interest manifested by the great tragedian in his well-being, and at his confirmation of the treasure he had obtained. 'But, my dear Mr. Kemble,' he replied, 'may it not choke me in my sleep?'—'Oh, no!' said the somewhat solemn jester; 'oh no! it's scarcely large enough for that. Besides, Mrs. Incedon will be aware of your struggles, and attend to you if it should get into your throat.' Incedon gave him a look which had a dawn of suspicion in it; but the unmoved gravity of the speaker dispersed it when he added—'It will do you no good unless you keep it on your tongue all night, be assured, my dear Incedon; so don't think of removing it.' Poor Mr. Incedon obeyed this injunction strictly; and the next morning gave sad evidence of his obedience, appearing in the green-room with his natural ruddiness exchanged for a sickly complexion, from want of rest, and from the increasing disgust of the scented mass in his mouth.

"It was now time to heighten the plot, previously to breaking it up. One of the conspirators was intimate with a gentleman relishing a joke, and happy to assist in one. On hearing the particulars, he was induced to place a paragraph in the next day's paper, in accordance with the intended sequel to the imposture.

"The time came for rehearsal. The plotters congregated in a manner that when Mr. Incedon arrived, he must of necessity see them and overhear their observations. Mr. Fawcett was much perturbed, and apparently, as he held the morning's newspaper open in his hand, indignant; all, indeed, seemed shocked. 'Was it possible?'—'What a monster!'—'Who could divine such an instance of hatred to the English nation!'—'Poor Incedon!'—'Has any body seen him to-day?'—'What *will* be the consequence?'—'What a loss to the public!'—'Dreadful! Shocking! Afflicting!' etc. At this moment the group affected to perceive Incedon for the first time. They were all affection and sympathy. Mr. Liston *wept* to think he had been the innocent instrument of his friend's ruin. Mr. Mathews besought his forgiveness for his share in his destruction; and at last Incedon's suspense and agitation were so affecting to them all, that the fatal paragraph was submitted to his perusal. It was as follows:—

JUBILEE LOZENGE.

"The public are cautioned against a specious but most injurious artifice, which has of late been practised by some unprincipled quacks. A trinket, in the form of a shirt-brooch, adorned with the miniature likeness of the King, is said to be impregnated with a certain mineral property that can expel all disorders from the stomach of the wearer, who, to stimulate and call forth the essential virtue of the ornament, is desired to keep it in his mouth and suck it. The truth indeed is, that an ad-

ventitious property has been infused into the metal of which the trinket is formed ; but, so far from its being of a salutary nature, its deleterious qualities are invariably experienced in subtle and slow, but infallible operation, by all the unhappy dupes to the imposture. The poison peculiarly attaches itself to the lungs, producing insensibility, a decay of the vocal powers, and usually terminating in incurable hoarseness.

It is reported that the French Emperor, jealous of the superior powers of melody which our stage can boast, has lately employed some of his emissaries in persuading one of our most eminent female singers to make use of this destructive bane to vocal excellence. It is apprehended that the same artifice will be employed to rob our most celebrated male performers of their voice, and in consequence both of their fame and their bread."

"The agony of the reader at the close of the paragraph was such as to make all present desirous of explaining the jest. Incledon dropped the fatal amulet from his mouth, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed, 'I'm a murdered man!' and dropped on a seat.

"The whole was then confessed ; and the well-known good-nature of Mr. Incledon was never more apparent than in his forgiveness of this hoax against his prevailing foible."

In denouncing Lee Sugg as an impostor and a reprobate, Mrs. Mathews has committed a very serious error. That Mathews positively did obtain his first lessons in mimicry and ventriloquism from Lee Sugg is too well known to bear contradiction, and Mathews never denied it in the presence of any professional man. Lee Sugg's faults were those which an erratic life forced upon him in his declining days, and we regret to find the pages of this agreeable work blotted with ungenerous allusions to the departed wanderer.

We give an extract from a spirited letter from Mathews, during his visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, addressed to J. Poole, Esq., the author of "Paul Pry," and "Little Pedlingtonia."

"Another accomplishment here is the '*exasperating the H*' (by the by, you were found out at Brighton.) I was referred here to an old alderman, a capital scholar, and adorer of Shakespeare, etc., who told an uncommonly good story. He furnished a fine specimen of the beautiful consistency of their mispronunciation. I can only give you a sketch of a character that I shall relate to you at length, some day, I hope not far distant, with the manner and voice, both excellent. 'So, sir, you like Shakespeare?' 'Yease (yes) sh! hi remember the jubilee—yease. The first time I saw little Davy Garrick was in the 'igh street, *and that*. He was full of the jubilee, and *what not*. He hoccupied a room in my ouse ; hi was a bye (boy) then. You a erd of Davy ? He had a many dresses from London, and things of that sort. Yease, the fire-works was by a hartist from London, *and that*. My father was a halderman, and *that*—yease, and provided a many things for the dinner at the 'All, and *what not*. He kept the Lion, *and that* ; and little Davy, and George, and Peter Garrick, *to be sure*, and Mrs. Doxy, their sister, dined in the 'Tempest.' What a hi that 'oman 'ad ! Davy's was reckoned a fine high ; but, being an 'oman, perhaps hi looked more at 'ers. And Sam Foote, he took some wine in 'Measure for Measure,' *and things o' that sort*. You a erd of Foote ? Yease—he was a *litery* man and famous for your rappatees and *bonna molte*, and *what not*. He followed Davy all round the room at the masquerade, and *what not* ; and it rained hall the time o' the jubilee, and *what not* ; and Sam said it was God's revenge against vanity, and *that*—yease. How ee did but plague Davy, to be sure, and *what not*. Sam said it was a hinvitation to go post with ooses to a borough without representatives,—governed by a mayor and halderman, who are no magistrates,—to celebrate a great poet, whose hown works s-made 'im himmortal—by a hode without poetry, music without armony, dinners without victuals, and lodgings without beds. Yease, but that warnt true, for my father kept the Lion, and *what not*, and hi took up the first dish, *and that*, to Davy myself, in 'Has you like it ;' for ee shifted rooms, and ee ad veal biled in rice ; you a' heard o' that dish ?—and Vernon, ee was there ; yease, and he sung, and *what not*—yease."

* On our visit to the Brighton Theatre in the autumn there was a lamentable deficiency amongst some of the minor performers of this letter ; and Mr. Poole sent some packets of *anonymous h's*, of various sizes, to the destitute, according to the use each might be supposed to have for them.—A. M.

Second Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Second Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board. Boston : 1839.

A bold, lucid, original, and able document. Mr. Mann, the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, shows himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." We commend his Report to the friends of education throughout the country. He handles the topic of school-books with consummate ability, pointing out defects, and recommending improvements in a manner which shows that he has thought much and to good purpose upon the subject.

Letters to School Children; On their Relation to their Teachers and to one another; On their Duties as School Children; On the Necessity of Government in Schools; On the Dangers to which School Children are exposed; On the Means of Improvement in Moral Excellence; On the Nature, Object, Means, and Advantages of Education; And on the value of Time. By E. C. Wines, Author of "Hints on Popular Education," "How Shall I Govern my School?" etc. etc. One volume, 135 pp. Boston, Marsh and Co.

Professor Wines is indefatigable in the cause of education, and deserves the highest meed of praise from all parents, guardians, and teachers. The little volume before us affords another instance of his devotion to the mental interests of the rising generation, and presents a lucid explanation of his principles of imparting instruction. The pupils are treated as beings capable of reflection, not as parrots which are but expected to repeat by rote. The earnest but simple manner of the matter addressed to School Children by professor Wines is well calculated to win their attention. Mr. Joseph Chandler, the Editor of the United States Gazette, in Philadelphia, one of the highest authorities in all matters respecting education, in noticing these "Letters to School Children," remarks that if the author could have witnessed the attention with which some youngsters listened to his golden truths, as they circled the chair of the lady who was perusing them aloud, he would feel perfectly satisfied of the success of his intentions. We cordially recommend this book to the general patronage of our readers who are blessed with little responsibilities.

Gurney Married. A Sequel to Gilbert Gurney. By the author of "Sayings and Doings," "Jack Brag," etc. Two volumes. Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard.

It is but seldom that sequels or continuations of any works are equal to the first series, even when fabricated by the same writer. "Vivian Grey" is a painful instance in evidence of our assertion; a hundred others could be adduced, but we have here a living exception to the rule. "Gurney Married" is positively superior to its predecessor, and we are not aware that higher praise can be awarded. There is more life-like detail and natural working-out than exists in the first series. There is also more originality; for several of the practical jokes of Daly, and various of Gurney's platitudes were most alarmingly antique. And yet "Gilbert Gurney" is one of the most popular books of the century, and "Gurney Married" deserves an extension of favor, if such extension is possible. Theodore Hook is undoubtedly, Boz excepted, the best delineator of English middle life now extant.

A Book of the Passions, by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The Gipsy," "Attila," etc. Illustrated with Sixteen Splendid Engravings. Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard.

The literary portion of this work was noticed in the February number of "The Gentleman's Magazine" with favorable observation. The present edition is a fine paper copy, large octavo, illustrated with sixteen engravings from the *burins* of celebrated artists. Many of these engravings are of the choicest beauty—the portraits of the various ladies deserve especial commendation; the historical subjects are novel in their effect, and beautifully conceived, excepting the last print in the book, in which a pretty scene is destroyed by the unnatural appearance of a Spanish Charger with a neck as long as a giraffe.

The word "Annual," as applied to books, must now be taken in a generic sense, and not literally. "The Book of the Passions" may be considered an excellent specimen of light reading, beautifully illustrated, and perfect in its production; we recommend it, therefore, to our present-making friends, as "an Annual for all Seasons."

Neale Malone, and other Tales of Ireland. By W. H. Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry." Two volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

These "Tales of Ireland" are extremely well written, and without any violent pretensions to pathos or humor, exhibit the choicest instances of both. Indeed, the greatest beauty of the author is the total absence of "vile pretence;" he has also contrived to steer clear of imitation—an arduous task when we consider how nobly the path is filled in which he has ventured to appear. Several of the tales are devoted to the exemplification of the dangers of intermarriage between the Irish Protestants and their Catholic neighbors—a fruitful theme, and well treated by Mr. Carleton, who gives some extraordinary proceedings of the priests of old Ireland, exhibited in their eagerness to obtain proselytes.

The Bench and the Bar. By the Author of "*Random Recollections of the Lords and the Commons*," "*Great Metropolis*," etc. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

This is another agreeable book from the fertile pen of Mr. Grant. It contains much pleasant chit chat, told in the author's usual discursive style. If not run down with new publications next month, we shall give our readers a longer notice of "*The Bench and the Bar*" of England.

Poems, by Rufus Dawes. One volume, pp. 343. S. Colman, New York.

Mr. Colman announces to the public that this beautifully printed and illustrated volume is the first of "*A LIBRARY OF AMERICAN POETS*," which he intends publishing in the same superior manner of production. In this age of English reprints, we feel bound to extend the hand of encouragement to the patriotic bibliophile, who presents to the world a series of creditable specimens of American writers in a style of mechanical excellence. Two capital engravings accompany this volume, and more illustrations are promised in succeeding tomes. The merits of Mr. Dawes demand a longer notice than we have now time to devote to their exhibition. We mean shortly to give him full and liberal justice.

Shakspeare's Birth Day in America.—Why is it that the anniversary of the birth of William Shakspeare is never celebrated in any portion of the United States? We are a dinner-going community, and inherit from the beef-eating Britons of the olden days a propensity to seize upon any decent excuse for parading the roast and the boiled. If we catch a hero, foreign or domestic, within the entanglement of our web, we give him a dinner. If we can but entice our political demigod into the purlieus of our district, we give him a dinner. We dine our friends on the anniversaries of our births, our wedding-days, and such like silly observances. We meet together, in sociability and love, and carouse "potations, pottle deep," to the memory of various national saints, who, if not positively apocryphal in their existence, were little better than errant vagabonds or loafing mendicants, belonging to no country, or at least, but little connected with the lands whose titular protectors they now appear to be. But the name and fame of Shakspeare, which every one ought to delight to honor, whether political partisan, litterateur, naval or military hero, son of St. George, St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, St. Patrick, or St. David, is never graced with the holocaust of roast meats, the fume of the beaming wine cup, the publicly expressed adoration of the inspired devotees at the shrine of nature and genius—although every member of every possible society where the English language is spoken is under an undischARGEABLE debt of gratitude to the glorifier of the language he speaks and the world wherein he so unworthily fills a space. Why is this? Shakspeare is not the poet of England alone—

He was not for an age, but for all time!

On the twenty-third of April, the anniversary of his birth, and also of his death, let his admirers congregate together in twos and threes—in dozens, scores, or hundreds—in the splendid mansions of the aristocrat—in taverns—in the chambers of the student—or the humble residence of the mechanic—let the wine cup be drained to the memory of the greatest man "that ever lived in the tide of time;" let the best feelings of the heart have free play round the festive board spread in honor of his name; the Social Virtues ought to follow in the train of him who ruled the Passions of Mankind.

Is Philadelphia to be behind hand in this celebration of the birth day of nature's arch-presbyter? Are we to neglect this befitting opportunity of gathering together in his name the proud glories of our city—of blending all partisan and sectarian distinctions in the general worship of the acknowledged deity of mind, which for upwards of two centuries has reigned paramount in the world of literature? The scanty number of the acting plays of Shakspeare which the limited powers of the actors of the present day enable our managers to present upon the stage, attract, in America, at least as deep, if not a more intense attention than is afforded to their representations upon the boards of the English stage. Let us take the lead in doing honor to the memory of the immortal bard.



The Lion & Crocodile.
Engraved for Burke's Travellers' Magazine.

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1839.

THE IVORY HUNTER OF CEYLON.

AN INCIDENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF "TRAVELS IN THE EAST."

WITH A STEEL PLATE,

Representing an Alligator defending the Carcass of a dead Elephant from the attacks of the Vultures.

THE Cingalese with whom I lodged at Columbo was named Chirria; he had been a mighty hunter in his youth, and told me many wondrous stories of imminent dangers and hair-breadth 'scapes, which he had encountered in his perilous wanderings in the woods of Ceylon. He had crossed the Hamaleel range of mountains, and had gazed with Asiatic reverence upon the colossal footsteps of Adam, which the Buddhist priests affirm to be visible on the top of the highest peak of the island, where, according to the Hindoo tradition, our first father was created, and dwelt in paradisaical delight. Chirria had resided, for nearly three years, amongst the Vedahs, a rude race of foresters, who spurn the social arts, and derive a scanty existence from the uncertain practice of the chase. Devoid of every comfort of domesticity, debarred by habit from the enjoyment of neighborly society, for every Vedahs hunter lives in the solitary control of his own forest range, and destitute of corn and cattle, a man must possess an intolerable partiality for the wild sports of the woods who can voluntarily resign the enjoyments of civilization, for the hardships and deprivations attendant on a Vedahs' life.

The chief river of Ceylon, the Mahavillagonga, rises in the heights of Adam's peak, and is the Ganges, or sacred river of the island. The followers of the religion of Buddha, or Adam, make annual pilgrimages to its holy waters; the betel-leaf is exchanged between the devotees, as a sign of mutual love; and the priest delivers a blessing from his holy place among the Buddhist rocks. My landlord, Chirria, had frequently mixed amidst the reverential groupes, and had passed many rainy seasons in searching along the banks of the sacred stream for the precious stones washed down from their beds on the mountain sides. He had also been concerned in the pearl fisheries in the bay of Condatichy, on the western coast of Ceylon; and had speculated in the cinnamon bark trade with more than usual success.

In person, Chirria looked more like a resuscitated mummy than a living being. His small black eyes were deeply sunk in his head; his Asiatic nose was scarcely discernible in the dusky color of his face, and his lips, split and colorless from the effects of the cinnamon juice imbibed during his career as taster, exhibited the black stumps of teeth peculiar to the chewers of the areca nut and betel-leaf. His sinews stood out from his limbs like huge cordage, and told of exercise and toil; while his fleshless arms and long attenuated frame completed the *outré* appearance of this restless oriental.

While engaged in the ivory trade, Chirria experienced rather a singular adventure with a couple of alligators or caymans, which I shall beg leave to give in the first person, although the reciter's style must necessarily lose its Asiatic coloring in the transcription.

THE LAST OF THE BRIGANDS.

A TALE, BY A TRAVELLER.

THERE lately lived in the Roman States, a brigand, named Giuseppe il Bellone, so called for his handsome and youthful appearance. He had three associates; but, although their names inspired the surrounding inhabitants with fear, it should be confessed that these men had never shed the blood of those whom they robbed. "It would avail him nothing," Giuseppe said, "to murder his victims, since their bodies would be useless to him; but their wealth served to support him and his comrades, and with this he remained satisfied."

Giuseppe frequently visited the neighboring towns, entered the theatres and coffee-houses, and freely conversed with those whom chance threw in his way. One day he went to dine in a tavern in Forlì. Several gentlemen, who were there, also began to speak of the brigand Giuseppe, and of the robberies he daily committed, and he joined in the conversation with great coolness, and reflected with severity on the want of energy in the Papal Government, which had not yet been able to seize the four robbers, though all the troops in the Papal States, who were known to be able soldiers, had made the attempt, and failed—not from a lack of courage on their part, but from want of skill or resolution, or of both, on part of those who commanded them. Having spoken thus, Giuseppe left his hearers in perfect astonishment, and wondering who the man could be that dared thus loudly to censure the conduct of the reigning power.

One evening, Giuseppe, who frequently travelled in disguise that he might not be recognised, passed before a country house, two or three miles distant from Forlì. The daughter of the owner of the house stood at the door—a lovely girl, about eighteen years of age. Giuseppe was struck with her appearance, but refrained from speaking to her then, as his dress, which was that of a person of rank and fortune, might inspire her with suspicion, and cause her to reject his intended offers; for Giuseppe knew well, from experience, that a girl of low condition, but of good principles, will reject at once the advances of a man of fortune, who can offer her nothing but fortune; while she will frequently lend a willing ear to one, her equal in station, and who has, probably, nothing to bestow on her but his affection. With this idea, Giuseppe assumed the dress of a peasant, and repaired to the house of Catherine's father, and inquired if he was at home. Catherine came forward, and replied that her father was from home, superintending the labors of the field, but that he would shortly return to luncheon; and invited the stranger to enter, and wait his return. Giuseppe accepted the invitation; and, taking the opportunity of questioning the girl, he perceived that she was not only free from every artifice, but endowed with very high spirits; and he, therefore, thought her the more likely to enter into his romantic views, and accede to his proposals. In the mean time the father returned, and Giuseppe immediately addressed him, saying, "I am in want of a couple of oxen, and having heard that you had some to dispose of, and were a worthy honest man, I have made up my mind, if we can agree, to strike a bargain with you." The unsuspecting countryman thanked Giuseppe for the good opinion he expressed of him; and, assuring him that he would do all in his power to merit it, he took him to examine the cattle, which, as may be supposed, were bought without any hesitation by Giuseppe, who immediately laid down his gold pieces to the great joy of the delighted peasant. The latter, charmed with the appearance, manners, and, above all, the liberality of his new acquaintance, thought he could do no less than show him a little civility; and ordering his daughter to prepare dinner, he invited his guest to spend the day with them—an invitation which was, of course, readily accepted. Giuseppe, in the mean time, lost no opportunity of ingratiating himself in the good graces of Catherine; and, in the course of conversation, he learnt from her that she had lost her mother; that two of her sisters were married; and that her father and her two young brothers were the only persons who, besides herself, inhabited the house. Dinner being over, the father of Catherine invited Giuseppe to spend the evening with them, telling him that he might, the next morning, return home, and take with him the oxen he had purchased. Giuseppe accepted the invitation, but added, "I would not, however, interfere with your occupations; go, therefore, and attend to your labors in the field, and when they are over, we will repair to the Café, and drink a bottle of sparkling wine to our better acquaintance." The unsuspecting father consented, and left his daughter with Giuseppe. He immediately availed himself of the opportunity,

declared his passion, informed Catherine that, having seen her some time ago, he had since loved her, and had anxiously sought an opportunity of declaring his feelings to her. He displayed to her eyes, besides his gold, many valuable trinkets and jewels, which he pressed her to accept as pledges of his affection and sincerity; and finally assured her, that if she would but follow him, he would immediately make her his wife.

Catherine, already prepossessed in favor of Giuseppe, consented to accept his offer, provided he could obtain her father's consent; but this was not what he wanted. He wished her, he said, to show her confidence in him, by immediately leaving her father's home, and accompanying him to his own house; he would, he added, bring her back the next day to her father, who would easily forgive them, and then, convinced not only of her attachment, but of her confidence in him, he would at once take her to church and make her his. Catherine, who was not wanting in good sense, easily saw through his artifice, and, notwithstanding the love she already felt for Giuseppe, she had strength of mind sufficient to reject his insidious offers. He again pressed his suit, appeared hurt at her refusal, and left her, saying, that he would send a boy, the next morning, to fetch the oxen; he entreated her not to mention to her father what had passed between them, but merely to say that, recollecting that important business required his presence in the town, he had been obliged unexpectedly to depart. He then mounted his horse, and hastened to the mountain, where his companions anxiously awaited his return, and whom he made acquainted with his intention of going in the night, and bringing away Catherine by force. In the meantime her father returned, and, surprised at the absence of Giuseppe, and the disconcerted appearance of his daughter, he questioned her closely, and, after much trouble, heard from her an account of all that had passed. He immediately, and from many other circumstances which had already struck him, suspected he was not what he had represented himself to be. Convinced that the man, who could thus abuse the hospitality shown him, must be a villain; and, from Giuseppe's apparent liberality and wealth, suspecting him to be a brigand, he determined to set off for town at break of day and denounce him as such to the officers of justice. At about midnight, however, Giuseppe came with his three companions; he knocked at the door, and when Catherine's father, opening the window, inquired who was there, he replied, that having business in town the next day, he had come to fetch away the cattle he had purchased in the morning. The good peasant opened the door, and immediately Giuseppe and his companions entered. He told him at once, and in few words, that his wish was to marry his daughter, and his intention to take her to his home; that if he would consent, they should be friends, but that if he refused, he would take by force what was denied him. In vain the old man exclaimed against the iniquity of such a proceeding; in vain Catherine, who had risen on hearing the tumult, implored for mercy. Giuseppe was determined, and nothing could prevent him from effecting his purpose. He tied the father and his two sons to a beam in the cottage, placed a handkerchief on the mouth of Catherine to prevent her screams from being heard on the road, and then carrying her, half dressed as she was, to the place where the horses stood, he mounted, placed her before him, and departed with one of his companions, leaving the two others to guard Catherine's father and brothers.

As soon as these considered their chieftain and his prey far enough to be beyond danger, they mounted their horses, and soon joined Giuseppe, who, on account of the efforts Catherine repeatedly used to throw herself from the horse, had been unable to proceed so speedily as he could have wished. They, however, reached the mountain before the end of the day, and Giuseppe, loosening the cords which bound Catherine's arms, and the handkerchief which covered her mouth, he introduced her into his dwelling, which, though a cavern under ground, was spacious enough, and afforded every necessary, and even many of the comforts of life. On entering this place, the unhappy Catherine felt all the horrors of her situation, for she perceived that her father's suspicions were but too well founded, and that the man who wished to make her his wife, and in whose power she now found herself, was certainly a robber, and probably an assassin. Giuseppe did all in his power to console her; he assured her, that so far from wishing her ruin, his intention was to marry her as he had before said, and that he would, in the evening, send his men to fetch a priest, who should perform the office, and make her his for ever. Thus the day was spent: Catherine in bewailing her unhappy fate; and Giuseppe in endeavoring to console her. To do this he left no means untried. He assured her that prejudice alone rendered his avocation so odious in her sight; that, more just than the generality of the world, he took from those that had too much, to bestow it on those that had too little; that, so far from having stained his hands with the blood of his fellow creatures, the persons whom chance and the force of arms had placed in his hands were treated with every possible kindness; and that, moreover, since his profession was so odious to her, he would anxiously seek an opportunity of performing some action which might entitle him to a free pardon from the Holy Chief of the Roman States, and that then his Catherine need no longer blush at her situation, but reconcile to her father, and beloved by all around her, she would be what he wished to make her, the happiest of women. These arguments, combined with that greatest of all arguments in a woman's breast, *love*, in a great measure overcame the objections of Catherine; and when evening came, and Giuseppe dispatched his men to fetch the priest who was to unite them, the hours which elapsed till their return, probably appeared as long to the fond deluded girl, as to her impatient and ardent lover.

At midnight the companions of Giuseppe set off on their errand, and soon after returned with an old priest, his eyes covered with a handkerchief, and all his limbs trembling with fear. Giuseppe, however, soon comforted him by assuring him, that so far from being in any danger, this event would probably prove the happiest in his life, provided he would readily perform what he should request him to do. He then stated that he wished him to confess a young girl who was in the adjoining apartment, and, after that, to perform the marriage ceremony between her and him—"Oh!" exclaimed the delighted monk, who, provided his body was safe in this world, cared little what became of the souls of other people in the next, "if this be all, you shall be satisfied, and if you wish it, I will confess and marry every one of your men, and as many more as you please." "No," said Giuseppe; "we never confess, but the good lady who is about to become my wife is a good Catholic, and, to satisfy her, I wish every thing to be done *comme il faut*." The priest was then introduced to his fair penitent, whom he very seriously exhorted to submit with resignation to her fate, an act which required, on the part of Catherine, less violence to her own feelings and inclinations than the good father seemed to suppose. The confession over, the marriage was performed, and the priest, well paid for his trouble, was taken back as he had been brought, and, on arriving in his cell, delighted at his own safety, and at the sight of the handful of gold which Giuseppe had given him, he thanked his patron saint for his kind protection; and, already reckoning on the good things which this gold might procure, he muttered within himself,—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Catherine enjoyed considerable happiness with Giuseppe, to whom she was sincerely attached, and who, on his part, neglected nothing that could contribute to her happiness. Sometimes, however, thoughts of home, of her father, and, above all, of the degrading and dangerous rank which her husband held in society, passed across her mind, and then Catherine felt by no means happy. Giuseppe knew this, and anxiously watched for an opportunity of doing some action which might obtain a free pardon from the Roman government; the opportunity soon offered, and Giuseppe, as it will be seen, did not allow it to escape.

One night Giuseppe was with his companions on the high road, waiting till chance or good fortune should throw some prey in their way. About the break of day the sound of wheels was heard, and soon a carriage, drawn by post horses, appeared, with a servant seated behind, and having the appearance of belonging to a person of rank. The brigands, putting a pistol to the postillion's head, desired him to stop; while the servant, who was placed behind the carriage, begged, with every symptom of fear, that his life might be spared, as he had heavy sins on his conscience, and wished to confess before he died. The person who was inside, from being fast asleep, had not at first heard what passed; but being awakened by the cries of his servants, and the oaths of Giuseppe's men, who threatened to send him into the next world, "with all his sins upon his head," unless he held his peace, Signor Spontini at length opened the carriage door. He was a little, fat, old man, wearing the clerical dress, of some dignity in appearance, and evidently also perfectly conscious of it, and not unwilling to show the high opinion he had of his own importance. Giuseppe desired him to leave the carriage that he might inspect it; but he, with considerable tranquillity, refused to do so, and said, that if they knew who he was, they would not expose themselves to the danger of interrupting him, but would rather allow him quietly to proceed on his way. "And who may you be?" asked Giuseppe. "Signor Spontini," replied the important personage, "Secretary to his Holiness, and now going, by his order, to Bologna, on business of the utmost importance." At these words he threw himself back into the carriage, expecting, no doubt, that after having told his name and errand, he should be at liberty to proceed. Judge of his astonishment, when Giuseppe, placing two of his men at each side of the carriage, told him that he was the very person he wanted—that, for a thousand crowns he would not allow him to proceed a step on his road; but that, as he felt the highest possible respect for his Holiness and his honorable secretary, so far from treating him with disrespect, he would immediately take him to his own residence, and make him welcome. Signor Spontini wished to argue against such a proceeding; but it was in vain. Giuseppe ordered his men to drive to the mountain, and at the mountain they soon arrived. The Secretary, on entering the cavern, considered himself as a lost man, but Giuseppe soon comforted him. "Your fate and mine," said he, "are in your hands. If you will consent to do what I shall request, the palace of his Holiness himself could not afford you a safer retreat than this will prove; but, if you refuse, all the wealth, and all the power of his Holiness, could not save you from instant death. What I wish is this; to write that you, and the important documents which you have with you, are now in my hands, and that both you and they will have ceased to exist in three days, unless his Holiness sends me, *in his own hand writing*, a promise of pardon for myself and my men, and a sufficient pension to enable my wife and myself to live like honest people, in an humble but respectable manner." Signor Spontini wished to represent that . . . but Giuseppe stopped him:—"I have no time to lose," said he, "in arguing with you; I have formed my resolution; take your's; here are pens, ink, and paper; and here," he added, laying his hand on his belt, with a look which chilled the poor Signor's blood with horror—"here is a pistol; I shall return in an hour; if the letter is not then written, your doom is sealed." It will be readily believed that, on Giuseppe's return the letter was prepared—a man was immediately sent with it—and the expiration of the three days was probably expected with as much anxiety by Catherine and her husband, as by Signor Spontini. On the morning of the third

day, however, an answer was received, stating that the Roman government complied with the terms proposed by Giuseppe, who, knowing that such arrangements are not only common in Italy, but always strictly adhered to, immediately repaired to Rome. A lodging was given to him in the citadel, until a suitable place was found for his residence, and the amount of his pension fixed. This was done shortly after, and the writer of this little history saw, a few months ago, Catherine, who, reconciled with her father, said she now felt completely happy, since she could think of her husband without fear and without shame.

D. M. M.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN'S FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGU.

I.

FAREWELL the forest's ancient shade!
Our chiefs are low, our race betrayed:
Fallen is the crown our fathers wore;
Their sun hath set, to rise no more!
Farewell each stately forest child,
The youthful warrior of the wild!
Untimely frosts have blanched their hairs,
The winter of the soul is theirs!
Where from yon cloud the lightning leaps,
Alas! the MIGHTY SPIRIT sleeps!

II.

Each voice we loved in death is hushed;
The stranger's hand our roof hath crushed;
Our rivers from our thirst are sealed,
And o'er yon deeply-furrowed field,
Where late they saw our young men bleed,
We mark them drop the alien seed!
Alas! what spell hath 'numbed their foe?
Why suffer we a flower to grow,
When, gazing on its bloom, we trace
Our country's fall—our tribe's disgrace!

III.

And where are they—my hope—my pride—
The sons who struggled by my side?
They were my strength—in joy—in woe—
The goodly arrows of my bow!
Like winged messengers of wrath,
I bade them track the stranger's path.
I saw them part—they came no more;
For me the battle's joy was o'er!
The vigor of this arm is fled—
The arrows of my quiver—shed!

IV.

From yon blue fields that wait the blest,
In the GREAT SPIRIT's land of rest,
Where founts of joy for ever flow,
Behold they now their people's woe!
See they the once free bow unstrung—
The scalps of war to the wild winds flung!
Hear they the shrilly cry that breaks
Where Ruin's voice wild echo wakes;
Or do they dream, in slumber laid
Beneath some happier forest's shade!

V.

Oh! could I once again behold
But one of all, so loved of old!
My youngest born—his mother's joy—
My hunter bold! my woodland boy!
I dream! for him the chase is o'er;
His tuneful voice shall sound no more;
Wrapt by the mists that 'neath him roll,
He may not pierce his father's soul;
My face is hid—my grief forgot—
He hears my voice—but answers not!

VI.

Farewell, thou olden forest shade!
Thy grandeur wanes—thy glories fade;
'Neath the pale glances of the foe,
Thy giant trees are smouldering low:
Yet, where those sacred boughs consume,
Some struggling light may pierce the gloom;
But not a leaf—and not a ray
Shall fall around the red man's way,
Nor light, with even a passing gleam,
The Indian wanderer's darkened dream!

CHINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY."

No. II.

WE resume our notice of Mr. Dunn's magnificent collection, and our sketches of Chinese life and manners. In our last number we observed that it is no longer necessary to traverse two oceans to see the Celestial Empire, but that any one could now enjoy a peep at the people of that singular country by visiting the Philadelphia Museum. Many readers, probably, regarded this as sheer hyperbole, a mere rhetorical flourish. We uttered a simple verity, which has been responded to by every intelligent person who has ever beheld the collection. And we are prepared even to express a stronger opinion than this of the merits of this unique exhibition. It is well known that an impassable barrier excludes foreigners from all but a small patch of the Celestial Empire. Considering these restrictions, and the very limited sphere of observations that can be enjoyed by any stranger not connected with a diplomatic embassy, we have little doubt that a better idea may be obtained of the characteristic intelligence and national customs of the Chinese from Mr. Dunn's collection, than by an actual visit, we do not say to China, but to the small portion of the suburbs of Canton, which is all that foreigners are permitted to see. Mr. D.'s collection embraces innumerable objects from all parts of the Empire, the interior as well as the sea coast districts.

The proprietor enjoyed facilities for gathering curiosities such as no foreigner perhaps besides himself ever possessed. He did not, indeed, go to China with this view originally, but, soon after his arrival there, the thought occurred to him that it would be easy to collect a cabinet sufficient to fill a small apartment, which would be both amusing and instructive to his friends in America. This thought upon which he immediately proceeded to act, was the germ of that vast and astonishing gallery of rare and curious objects, which has now become one of the chief ornaments and attractions of our city. Most Americans who trade to China are more or less engaged in the opium traffic, which is contrary to the laws of the Empire. Mr. Dunn was never interested to the amount of a dollar in this illicit commerce. - This fact was well known to the officers of the government, and even to the Emperor himself, and created a strong prejudice in his favor. He always treated the dignitaries of the Crown and other gentlemen of distinction with the consideration due to their rank and standing. This tended still further to secure their friendship and co-operation. It was by availing himself of facilities thus obtained that he was enabled to complete his collection, and the extensive and powerful influence he had secured in high places enabled him, when ready to embark with his treasures, to overcome obstacles which would otherwise have been insurmountable. It is thus that Mr. Dunn has reared a monument which will perpetuate his own memory, and enriched our city and country with an exhibition such as cannot be matched elsewhere in any part of the world.

The first object that strikes the eye of the visiter on entering the saloon is the Pavillion at the extreme end. The attention cannot fail to be arrested and fixed by it. The colors of the open work in front are as gay, rich, and even gorgeous, as gilding and paint can make them; yet so skilfully are they disposed, so well do they blend and harmonize, that their effect upon the mind is altogether agreeable. As you approach nearer, the different articles by degrees become more distinct to your perception, till at length your gaze is fastened delightedly on a perfect fac-simile of an apartment in a wealthy Chinaman's palace. The furniture, decorations, and mimic occupants, transport the beholder at once to a distant clime, and give a definiteness to his idea of Eastern luxury which books had never been able to impart; thus versifying, for the few thousandth time, the well known lines of Horace:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

The visiter is not less struck by the quantity than by the kind and disposition of the furniture and decorations in this apartment. There is a book-case in one corner, a long high table for the reception of ornaments in the back part of the room, a large square table at each end of this, with another of smaller dimensions in front of it, two tea-stands, two rows of chairs facing each other on opposite sides of the apartment, with a footstool for every chair, besides flower pots, spittoux, etc.

The walls are hung with a variety of ornaments, chiefly long ships of silk, and paper, containing sentences from Confucius and other philosophers, in ink or gold leaf, and framed on rollers. There is a singular ornament, which will attract attention, near the centre of one of the walls, wrought entirely out of the wood of the bamboo tree. It is much used in theatrical spectacles, but is occasionally found in the situation it now occupies. That this room, thus fitted up, is what it purports to be, a correct representation of an apartment in a Chinese house, will be made apparent to any one by an inspection of the several pictures in the collection by native artists, representing the interior of their dwellings. The tables are covered with characteristic ornaments, chiefly of porcelain; and from one of them is suspended a specimen of embroidered work of surpassing richness and elegance, representing various kinds of flowers wrought in silk upon a ground of black velvet. The book-case is of a very singular construction, but as there is another exactly like it in a different part of the collection, the description of it will be postponed until we come to speak of the literary character of the Chinese.

There remains to be noticed, as among the useful and ornamental articles in this apartment, two objects totally unlike any thing used by us, or the European nations. These are lamps, of an odd and curious construction, suspended from the ceiling. They consist of a light wooden frame, octagonal in shape, covered with silk, decorated with paintings, and surrounded by four rows or tiers of crimson silk tassels, joined together by means of thin plates of pearls and enamel.

We step aside here for a moment to notice the other lamps and lanterns in the collection, of which there is a liberal supply. They depend from the ceiling in all parts of the saloon, and are of almost every imaginable form and size. Many of them are of the exact shape, and about the dimensions of a common fire balloon, and are covered with variously colored paints, among which, however, red predominates. The two most showy and magnificent articles in the whole collection are the State lamps, which occupy and almost fill the octagonal glass rooms mentioned in our last number. These will be more particularly described hereafter.

The fondness of the Chinese for lamps and lanterns, and the universal use of them, constitutes one of the marked peculiarities in the customs of the race. The "Stranger in China" remarks that a Chinaman and his lantern seem wedded together, and the former is rarely found without the latter. They are placed in the streets, temples, boats, etc., and are always to be seen in the hands of the pedestrians after dark. The same writer relates the following amusing anecdote, as affording a striking and original exemplification of the power of habit. When Captain Maxwell passed the *Bogue* in the *Alceste* frigate, as he came up with the battery of Annaboy, the fort appeared well lighted, and a brisk cannonade was commenced upon the ship. However, after the first broad-side had been fired upon the fortress, and when the vessel was scarcely a half musket shot from it, the whole place was deserted, and the embrasures were quickly as dark as before. The Chinese were thoroughly frightened, and ran off with the most edifying precipitation. At the same time, instead of concealing their flight in the darkness of the night, each man seized his lantern, as he had done a hundred times before, and clambered with it up the steep side of the hill immediately behind the fort. The sight of so many bald-pated soldiers, with their long pig tails dangling at their back, each with a great painted balloon in his hand, was extremely ludicrous, and took away any slight inclination the marines might have had to get a shot with their muskets at such excellent marks.

We come now to the most interesting and instructive portion of the contents of the apartment we have been attempting to describe; we mean the mimic men, habited in the costumes of the country, and in various ways throwing light upon the national manners and usages. Of these there are six, four gentlemen and two servants. Two of the gentlemen are seated, with a tea stand between them, containing its appropriate furniture. They are engaged in conversation, and occupy the intervals in sipping the favorite beverage of the country from cups provided with covers to prevent the tea from cooling more rapidly than is desired. A servant is bringing pipes and tobacco. The other two gentlemen, on the opposite side of the room, are in a standing posture, and are intended to afford an idea of the mode of salutation practised in China. Gentlemen salute one another there not, as amongst us, by shaking each other's hands or taking off the covering from the head, nor as among the French and Italians, by embracing and kissing each other's cheeks, but by each crossing his own hand in such a manner that the palm of one hand rests upon the back of the other, and by inclining the body forward. A servant is here also in attendance, waiting the behest of his superiors.

The Chinese habit of cultivating long nails is not represented in these figures, on account, we presume, of the difficulty of achieving this object in the clay out of which they are made. This custom, indeed, does not prevail to any thing like the extent represented in some books of travels. Still long finger nails are held in estimation as one of the marks of gentility. Hence the industry displayed by some of the Chinese, females as well as males, in the cultivation of them. Mr. Wood asserts that they sometimes allow them to acquire the extraordinary and almost incredible length of eight or nine inches. Their texture is said to resemble that of a dry quill, "and as they increase in length they curl up at the edges."

Corpulency, with small, delicate, taper fingers, are also much esteemed as indications of gentility. There is a goodly rotundity of person in most of the figures in this collection, but the attentive observer will be particularly struck with the characteristic smallness and delicacy of the hands. The

carefully cultivated and well braided pigtails, so long in some instances as almost to trail upon the ground, and affording admirable handles to an antagonist in a passion, will also attract notice. The history of this singular appendage affords a remarkable illustration of those revolutions which sometimes occur in national taste and manners. Previous to the conquest of their country by the Tartars, the Chinese permitted the hair to grow over the whole head. The custom of shaving the head, with the exception of a small patch on the crown, prevailed among the Tartars. Shunche, the first of the Tartar emperors, issued an imperial edict requiring the conquered people to conform in this particular to the custom of their victors. So stoutly was this decree at first resisted, that many of the nobles preferred death to obedience, and actually perished by the command of the conqueror. At the present day, however, the loss of this very badge of servitude is considered one of the greatest of calamities, scarcely less dreaded than death itself. To be deprived of it is one of the most appropriate brands put upon convicts and criminals. Those to whom nature has been sparing in respect to the natural covering of the head, supply her deficiencies by the artificial introduction and intermingling of other hair with their own, thus seeking to "increase it to a reputably fashionable size."

It has already been observed that few of the gentlemen in the Pavilion are represented as filling up the intervals of conversation in tea-drinking. This is intended to shadow forth the fondness of the Chinese for their national beverage. This is drunk in unstinted quantities by all classes of the people, from the self-styled "Son of Heaven," to the occupant of the meanest hovel or sanpan. A strong infusion of the plant, without admixture of any kind, is held by all to be a necessary part of every meal. So enormous is the consumption of tea by the natives, that McCartney is of opinion that, if the whole foreign demand should by some accident suddenly cease, the price of the article would not be materially affected. It is stated by the "Stranger in China" that the Chinese themselves do not use the green teas, these being prepared wholly for exportation. This is partly true, and partly erroneous. The Imperial family use the green tea altogether; the inhabitants of the southern provinces the other kind. Many of the wealthier nations are accordingly fastidious in their taste, which they gratify by the use of teas obtained at prices that would startle us by their enormity. It is, however, the very rich and the very luxurious that indulge themselves ordinarily in such extravagance.

The national taste for tobacco is pourtrayed in the long pipe poised upon the fingers of the attendant, and which he is bringing to one of the worthies above described. The fondness of the Chinese for this exotic weed is not less strong than for the most celebrated indigenous plant of their own country, nor its use less prevalent. It is used alike by men and women, rich and poor, high and low, old and young, for the soothing, tranquilizing effect it produces upon the mind. The Chinese tobacco is of a mild, agreeable flavor, and in color is almost white. The stems of the pipes are generally long, slender pieces of bamboo, the mouth pieces amber, ivory, glass, etc., and the bows of some metallic substance, more or less valuable according to the wealth or taste of the owner, are commonly moderate in their dimensions. Pipes which have been used a long time are generally preferred, "and the age of a pipe stem is a pretty certain proof of its value." Opium is also smoked, but in a different kind of pipe.

The costumes of the Chinese, as displayed in the figures in Mr. Dunn's Collection, form an interesting subject of observation. The dress of every grade of society in China, is, to a certain extent, fixed by usage; that is, there are certain limits which it is not allowable by custom to overstep. Persons in the lower classes wear coarse and dark-colored fabrics; while those, who have been more favored in the accident of birth and fortune, seek the gratification of their taste in rich and costly silks, satins, furs, broadcloths, and embroidery. There is a great variety in the dresses, yet, as Mr. Wood observes, "the general model is not departed from, the usual articles being a shirt, drawers, a long gown or pelisse buttoning in front over them, stockings and shoes." The shoes are singular enough. The uppers are generally of embroidered cloth, sometimes one color, sometimes another, the lower *stratum* of the soles is leather made of hogs' skins, while the intermediate space, commonly about an inch in thickness, is filled up with bamboo paper, with the edge painted white. They are quite light, notwithstanding their clumsy appearance. The Chinese seem to have great partiality for blue in their dresses. Frequently the whole garment is of this color, and even when this is not the case, you will for the most part see the collar, cuffs, and lower edges of the drawers, of the favorite hue. They are also very fond of having their winter robes lined with the dressed skins of very young lambs. This may be seen in the dress of one of the figures in the Pavilion.

Let us now retrace our steps to the entrance, and make the circuit of the Hall in order. In the partition which separates the vestibule from the grand saloon, we have a specimen of Chinese screen-work. By many persons this will be pronounced the most beautiful object in the whole Collection, and may, without exaggeration, be said to be of itself well worth the price of admission. There is no lack of gilding, though far less of it than in the other partition; the portion of the wood work not covered with gold is painted of a delicate green; and the silk which occupies the spaces usually filled by parcels among us is gay as it can be rendered by a profusion of exquisitely executed paint-

*Mr. Wood.

ings of the most delicate and magnificent of Eastern flowers. The whole view is redolent of the spirit and beauty of spring. The drawings and coloring of the flowers are admirable, and show the perfection which has been attained in these branches of their art by Chinese painters. Besides the floral delineations, there is also a row of silk pannels, if we may be allowed the expression, exhibiting views of naval architecture, both curious and instructive.

At each end of this screen-partition there is a superb China vase, about six feet high including the base. These are of a size and beauty such as we rarely meet with in this country.

We now proceed to notice the contents of the large glass-cases, ranged along the walls of the saloon, commencing on the left as you enter. The first contains two civil mandarins, of the first and second grades. The one highest in rank is seated, with his head uncovered; the other, with his cap still on, is paying the customary respect to his superior, previous to his occupancy of an adjoining chair. The former is upon the left, this being the post of honor among the Chinese. A secretary is in waiting behind each, with some official documents in his hand. The two dignitaries are attired in their state robes, which are literally stiff with embroidery, a liberal proportion of which is wrought with gold thread. Each has an enormous bead neck-lace, extending below the waist in front, with a string of "court beads" attached to it at the hinder part of the neck, which reaches down to the middle of the back. These dresses must have cost some hundreds of dollars a piece. The caps are of a conical shape, with the lower portion turned up, and forming a broad rim, which is faced with black velvet. The top of the cap is surmounted by a globular button or ball, from which there depends a sufficient quantity of crimson silk to cover completely the whole of the upper portion. The material and color of the crowning sphere indicates the rank of the wearer. Besides this distinctive button, each grade of mandarins has a characteristic badge, worn both upon the breast and the back. This is a square piece of black silk, covered with various embroidery, but having its centre occupied with the embroidered figure of a bird, a dragon, or a tiger. The rank of the officer is designated by the kind and color of the central figure. In the badges of the two mandarins in this case, for example, the figures in both is a bird, but in one it is white, and in the other blue.

The articles of furniture in the first case are such as are commonly met with in the houses of the higher classes. There are two massive arm chairs, the enormous breadth of which will attract general notice. Each has, thrown over it, a single loose slip of crimson drapery, some four or five feet in length, and richly embroidered with gold thread, etc. Each is also provided with a foot-stool, a custom which seems to be universally prevalent. There is also a square table, with abundance of carving upon it, and having a porcelain top, except a strip three or four inches wide around the edge. In front depends an elegant and costly piece of golden embroidery. The back wall of the apartment is hung with crimson drapery thickly sprinkled with gold, and containing maxims from the philosophers.

The nobility of China is of two kinds, tibular or hereditary, and official. The former class of nobles is not numerous, nor greatly influential. It consists chiefly of the relations of the emperor, who are styled *princes*, and are bound to live within the precincts of the imperial palace. Besides the hereditary dignity enjoyed by these persons, there are, according to Davis, certain hereditary titles descending one step in rank through five generations, and then, as we suppose, dying a natural death. But titular dignities are not abundant, nor can they be sought after, except at a fearful hazard. There is a law of the empire forbidding any one to ask for such titles for another, and the penalty annexed to its violation is death both to the person proposing and the person proposed.

The real nobility, or aristocracy, of the country, are the mandarins. Of these there are estimated to be, on the civil list of the empire, not less than 14,000. The mandarins are divided into nine ranks, or *Pin*, each of which is indicated by a double badge—the color of the globe on the apex of the cap, and the embroidery on the front and back of their official robes. Travellers and other writers on China differ somewhat in regard to the precise import of some of the colors of the globe; but it may be stated, in general terms, that the colors employed are red, blue, chrystal, white, and gold; and these, with certain modifications of shade, serve to distinguish what are denominated "the nine ranks." It should be remarked, however, that the badges do not enable the beholder to discriminate, with infallible accuracy, between the officers of government and private citizens. The nominal rank, and of course the distinctive costume, of any of the official grades, may be purchased of the emperor. It is, however, rarely done; as the sum demanded for this privilege is very large. Houqua, for instance, the richest of the Hong merchants, whose likeness we have in the figure of the mandarin of the first class in Mr. Dunn's Collection, purchased his nominal rank at the enormous price of \$100,000. We should naturally conclude that some notable advantage would accrue to the purchaser in such a case. Nevertheless, such does not appear to be the fact. "The only benefit derived," says Mr. Davis, "is this, that, in case of a breach of law, the individual cannot be punished on the spot, nor until he has been formally deprived of his ball, or button, a process which is not long in performing. Any Hong merchant at Canton, who should have purchased leave to wear the blue ball on his cap, may be cited to appear by a magistrate of the lowest grade, who wears only a gold or rather a gilt one, and, if really criminal, he may be deprived of his finery, and punished with the bamboo like any unprivileged person."

Persons are selected for civil office in China with an almost exclusive reference to their talents and

education. Strange as it may seem, there is probably no other country on the globe, where cultivated talent exercises its legitimate sway to an equal extent. Wealth, and titular nobility, and purchased rank, have their influence no doubt; but, unless accompanied by personal merit, and above all by education, their power is comparatively limited and feeble. Even age itself, so profoundly revered in the Celestial Empire, yields to learning in regard to the respect paid it; for we are assured that it is a common Chinese maxim, "In learning age and youth go for nothing: the best informed takes the precedence." Another saying, upon every body's lips, is, "By learning the sons of the common people become great: without learning, the sons of the great become mingled with the mass of the people." Indeed, the language of the country is said to be full of domestic maxims in reference to education:—"Bend the mulberry-tree when it is young;" "Without education in families, how are governors for the people to be obtained?" and so forth. This is an interesting subject, and we shall recur to it, when we come to speak of the learning and literary men of China.

That the Emperor takes good heed to choose for his officers none but men of the highest attainment and most commanding abilities, is certain; whether he is equally careful to secure men of the purest virtue seems at least questionable. Most writers on China agree in ascribing to the mandarins no very enviable character for moral honesty or civil justice. They represent them as crafty, rapacious, and oppressive; traitors alike to the interests of their master, the principles of equity, and the sentiment of mercy. The lower orders of Chinese are presented to our imagination under the similitude of pigeons, while the mandarins are represented as the hawks who are watching to despoil them of their property. "Mandarin squeeze [squeeze] me," is an expression, said to be constantly on the lips of the poor, especially the female poor, of Canton; by which they mean that these officers will extort money from them iniquitously. Mr. Downing, "The Stranger in China," expresses the opinion that the inferior mandarins of Canton are the most corrupt of all classes in China. They often, he says, purchase their office as matter of speculation, and consider themselves justified in making all they can by it. Gutzlaff goes still farther, and says that "A crafty, lying, base spirit pervades the court and all the officers of government. A well organized system of oppression is carried on from the highest minister of state to the pettiest mandarin; every one is most anxious to exercise his rapacity upon those below him; and these, in their turn, practise the same tyranny towards their inferiors."

Mr. J. F. Davis, on the contrary,—an English gentleman of education and intelligence, who, having accompanied Lord Amherst on an Embassy to Peking in 1816, afterwards resided over twenty years in China, and whose opportunities of observation were therefore the best that could be,—gives a greatly modified, if not an entirely different, view of the mandarin's character. He says that the worst phases, under which the Chinese character is any where seen, is at Canton; and that it is not fair to reason from the malpractices of the government officers in that city to a similar line of conduct in those of other parts of the empire. There is doubtless considerable force in this observation. Foreigners are considered by all Chinese as fair game. The professed rule is to govern them "like beasts." "There is in fact," observes Mr D., "a set of laws existing under this jealous Tartar government, which makes all transactions of Chinese with foreigners, without an express license, *traitorous*—that is the word—and it forms a terrible engine of extortion; for the construction of the terms of the license, as well as of the particular regulations from time enacted, opens a wide field for injustice under the forms of law. But it is the foreigners that pay, after all; the Hong merchants are the *véritables vaches à lait*, the real milch cows, but the foreign trade is the pasture in which they range."

Such, then, is the view of Mr. Davis: nevertheless, he is obliged to confess that malversations in the public functionaries are of frequent occurrence, and that the patriarchal character claimed for the government has degenerated into "a mere fiction, excellently calculated to strengthen and perpetuate the hand of despotism, but retaining little of the paternal character beyond its absolute authority."

* It is well known that the civil institutions of China claim to be framed and fashioned upon the exact model of a wise family government. The emperor is invariably spoken of as the father of the nation; the viceroy of a province arrogates the same title in reference to his satrapy; a mandarin is regarded as holding a similar relation to the city which he governs; and even a military commander is the father of his soldiers. This idea, and the sentiments corresponding to it, are sedulously instilled into every subject of the empire, from the earliest dawn of the intellect till its powers are extinguished by death. The book of Sacred Instructions, whose sixteen discourses are read to the people twice every moon, includes the doctrine again and again. "In our general conduct," it says, "not to be orderly is to fail in filial duty; in serving our sovereign, not to be faithful is to fail in filial duty; in acting as a magistrate, not to be careful is to fail in filial duty; in the intercourse of frauds, not to be sincere is to fail in filial duty; in arms and in war, not to be brave is to fail in filial duty." In the early, steady, earnest, and universal inculcation of this precept, doubtless, we may have the seminal principles of the idiosyncrasy, the repose, the stability, the *incurable conservatism* of the Celestial Empire.

PAGES FROM
THE DIARY OF A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

No. VII.

THE FATAL SHOT.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done !
Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkly what I purposed ;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words ;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me !
Shakespeare.

ALAS, how slight are the vicissitudes on which depend the hopes, the destiny of man. The impression of one early scene, the influence of one thoughtless hour, the circumstance of a single day, may, and often does shape the course and give the impulse which holds the soul of genius in its orbit throughout its immortality.

One slight necessity, one unholy ambition—or an honest aim within the immediate grasp, but by unhallowed means, has often turned the destiny of a noble being fraught with every quality that could with propitious circumstance, have elevated the grade of human intellect, or adorned the retiredness of modest virtue. The pulpit and the penitentiary have more than once exchanged worthy subjects, upon the preponderancy of one or other of little influences brought into early operation upon the minds and habits of their occupants; and there is no doubt that instances have occurred, even within our own observance, in which a feather of virtue thrown at the crises of time into the balance, would have spared the gallows its victim, and added another to the number of those “who live out all their days.” While, on the other hand, it may be said without irreverence to the character of the sacred office, that an early fear, a sudden necessity, or a temporary affliction, caught up and nurtured in the season, has given a heart that would have revelled in all the natural depravity of sin without its aid, from the depths of vice and human degradation, to become the brightest of the lights that illumine the earthly tabernacle of the most High.

A useful moral that may be deduced from such reflections, is, that while it is said never to be too late to turn from evil ways, so it is never too late to extend the welcome hand and to hold out the olive-branch of virtue to those who have temporarily seceded from her paths. The world's dark frown and withering neglect has often chilled to death the yearning germ of awakened wisdom, and not seldom has the iron hand of the stern moralist unloosened the last grasp which sinking honesty had hopefully fastened on the shore of redemption.

A prominent instance of the truth of these speculations was given to me in the case of Lieutenant C——.

The defendant was only thirty years of age, when from the lonely and melancholy room of the prison devoted to the use of the sick, all that was once the admiration of the stranger and the attraction of a lovely and confiding creature stript of its immortal inhabitant—without a tear to hallow the recollection of what it once had been, or prayer of ceremony even being said for the soul that had departed, was conveyed to the solitary and silent grave, to add another to the row of unsodded and untombed mounds that denoted the felon's charnel place.

The subject of this annotation was a scion of one of the oldest families of Virginia. He had been educated in her classic university, and with the chivalry of his home had given himself early in life to the service of his country, when the last disturbance with Great Britain had taxed her resources of patriotic devotion.

At this period of his life there was no being perhaps in a more prosperous or promising condition.

Full of the noble and chivalric spirit of the old dominion, chastened and harmonized to society by the purest fireside models, a mind rich in the elements of a refined literature, an embryo for a distinguished career in any of the noblest pursuits of life, and an exterior and address which while the one acknowledged no definite favor from the hand of nature, the other sought no particular school of etiquette in which they could better unite the grace with which they adorned their wearer, and singled him out the more conspicuous as one of nature's noblemen.

In a few months after his engagement in the service of his country, the following report of an action with one of his majesty's ships, to which my attention has been called, was made by the commanding officer of the American vessel. After speaking of the general conduct of the officers and crew, the gallant commander says, "I cannot close this report without giving a particular notice of the brave and manly conduct of midshipman C—. After being twice slightly wounded, and almost exhausted with fatigue, he was advised to retire below for a short time. His reply was, '*never, till she strikes!*' In a moment afterwards, one of the men at the gun which at that instant was in a position of most able and effective service near the post of the young midshipman, was struck dead by a ball from the enemy, with the lighted match in his hand; this young officer perceiving the advantage of the gun at this moment, snatched the brand from the grasp of the dying man, and firing the gun, saw its well directed bearing sweep the enemy's foremast by the board, with a crash that was drowned amid the cheers and huzzas of our newly inspired crew; I hereby recommend him to the especial notice of the department."

Soon after the return of the ship from this cruise, C—, was presented with a lieutenant's commission, accompanied with orders to a new station of active service. With a sailor's cheerfulness and a soldier's promptitude, he hastened to present himself to the command to which he was assigned. But in that haste there was a moment spared, an ill-omened moment to cultivate other and warmer hopes than even those which brightened the warrior's path, and led the young aspirant on to new prospects of danger and death. There was a command to which he paid, perhaps, a deeper and a holier reverence than ever that of his country, the command of a lovely and devoted heart.

On the day appointed for the officers to report themselves on board the ship to which they had been ordered, lieutenant C— was among the first to present himself, and to engage in making good the feelings with which strangers, hitherto, now joined together, with a prospective hazard and reliance upon each other's temper and courage.

One and another presented himself and the cordial grasp of sailor brotherhood passed round. At length, a young officer of the same grade as C—, mounted the ship's side and leaped upon the deck. The loud acclamations that welcomed his arrival proved his popularity among his companions of the ship. Each one who hailed in him a former messmate, passed forward to speak his joy at the renewal of their association, and those who had not the fellowship which claimed a personal acquaintance, anticipated much from the reputation of their companion, and grouped around him, eager to make that acquaintance at the earliest opportunity. As the introduction passed round, he came to C—; the sudden recognition of each other palsied the hand of either for a moment, but in an instant, the sailor's punctilio and the sailor's honor induced each to make the formal acknowledgment of gratification to the introduction of their companions, and to avoid the disclosure at such a time, of the fire that kindled in the bosom of each, with all the elements of a deadly hatred in its embers. Many days passed, and the vessel was nearing a foreign station to which she was destined for a short delay; and while nothing occurred which warranted the interfering scrutiny of the mess, yet, nothing transpired which explained to any the mysterious distance, and nice punctilio which characterised the whole intercourse of the two officers. On the very day on which they touched the foreign shore, their intercourse ceased. A single friend on each side was made the confidant of the hostile parties, and after the false ritual of an unholy code, they sought to avenge each other's wrong, and to appease each other's offended honor, by an appeal to the hazard of a deadly conflict.

The parties met, and took their positions as placed by their attendants. C— raised his weapon, as was his invariable mode of practising a shot, so as to bring it down in the line of mark as the word should be given. His antagonist held his pistol in the more common practice by his side, waiting the word. The caution was given, the counting had commenced, and C— gradually lowering his weapon, from the excitement of the occasion and the trepidation of the moment, and at such a time the bravest have their trembling, let his finger fall upon the hair-trigger which was set, and ere the word was pronounced, discharged his ball into the head of his opponent, felling him, a lifeless corpse upon the ground.

The parties present heard the most solemn protestations from the survivor, of his innocence of any intent in the event that had confounded them. They, however, had no relief to offer him to the pangs, worse than those of the dying, which rent his heart. Deeply did he wish that his life blood could buy back the existence so wrongfully taken, or that the earth would open to take in the living and the dead ere the wreck of each, should be borne away for the observation of other eyes.

He submitted himself to his friends on the spot, and silently by the side of the murdered corpse, retraced his steps to the ship's boat in which they had reached the shore. I need not, however, pass through the detail of misery, which greets the unfortunate man, on the disclosure of the deeds of that day to his commanding officer, to his messmates, and to the ship's crew. The cause of their

strife was soon published to all, and the mystery of their reserve explained to the companions of the beloved deceased, as well as to the friends of the unhappy survivor.

Lieutenant C—— had early in life been enamored of the sister of the deceased, and after the announcement of his promotion, in opposition to the will and prohibition of her family, had obtained an interview which the accidental intrusion of the deceased had determined, just on the eve of an assignment which was to secure the consummation of their happiness. Words passed at this meeting, which, while they involved the reputation of the birth of one of the parties, so they were pronounced the harbinger of death to one or the other. An imputation upon the honor of the young officer had passed, which revealed the hitherto inexplicable opposition of the parents of the young lady, and which, as it first reached his ear on this occasion, so then it called forth the most deadly resolve the noble heart of the young officer had yet known. That resolve was sadly answered.

Ere a year elapsed after these events transpired, C—— had been landed upon his native shore, dishonored and discharged, broken in pride and spirits, and blasted in all the bright aspirations of his morning of life. At home, in the bosom of his own family, there was the keenest mourning of his soul. Abroad, in the walks of life, he strayed alone, like some charred being round whom the lightnings of heaven had played, to mark and mock his misery. He sought, at last, in the wretched and degraded haunts of the lowest revelry, that poisoning dissipation which should benumb his senses, and bury in oblivion every recollection of a tie that had bound him to a brighter career of life. These associations soon led him from the exposure which surrounded him on all sides in the land of his earliest reminiscences, and drove him among strangers an exile, to avoid the reproving glance of a single recognition. He came to this city, and soon involved himself in all the habits and associations of the most depraved. He became the companion and wily associate of felons of the worst character. At length, he was enlisted in the service of a desperate gang of burglars, whose daring course had caused much fear and excitement throughout the city. Night after night added to the tale of their depredations, and no vigilance seemed acute enough to intimidate their course or impede their progress.

C——, who since his abandonment of home, had passed altogether by an assumed name, on the last night of his career of crime, had engaged with two select men of their number to pillage one of the hotels in the most populous neighborhood of our city. From room to room they essayed in their undisturbed round of plunder, until they arrived at an apartment which stopped them in a moment's cautionary consultation upon the discovery of a light burning within. Emboldened by their previous success, and inspired with new avidity by the superior elegance of the apartment which a glance within had developed to them, it was soon resolved, that the venture should be made by one alone of their number, to avoid the danger of disturbing the sleeping tenant. That task was assigned to C——; and he boldly entered upon its execution, trusting to his adroitness in passing his intrusion as a mistaken entry of the porter of the house, in case of detection from the stranger within; he safely passed the chamber door, and watchfully eyeing the sleeping occupant of the bed in one corner of the room, proceeded immediately to rifle the several trunks which he found there. In the course of his hurried operations, however, he dropped upon the floor the large and heavy knife with which he was at work, and the noise of the fall reverberated from the walls of the chamber through the stillness that had reigned around; to protect himself from discovery by alarm, and yet to save his purpose, he rushed to the bed side with the knife which he had regained, in his lifted hand, to silence by the threat of destruction the cries of the awakened and terrified tenant of the room. As he drew aside the curtains of the bed, which had partially obstructed him from the view of the person within, the bright glare of the burning lamp fell upon his features and disclosed him fairly to view; scarce had he time to part his lips in his adjuration of silence, or to close his threat upon the attempt at farther alarm, ere a wild shriek of terror resounded from the room along the long vestibule without—hearing with it his own name, the name of his childhood upon its breath.

To hear that name from the lips of one there, and at such a time to behold before him in the utterer, a female in all the wildest agony of fright, which his felonious presence had occasioned, was a scene for which he was unprepared. Palsied, on the spot, with his arm upraised, clenching in his hand his long bright blade, he stood over the bed, speechless and insensible of his own danger and condition. The cry of terror in the mean time had been heard, his comrades had escaped, and from an adjoining room which communicated with the scene of his detection by an intermediate door, there rushed assistance and protection to the affrighted lady. It was her father, and as such he heard her cry to him to come to her aid; in a moment more the knife was wrested from his gripe, more assistance arrived, and he was held fast by several strong hands; arrested in the *mainour*, whether of burglary, or of murder, seemed equally strong in circumstance against him.

He collected himself in a moment from the confusion which had benumbed him, and turning to behold the beings who held him in so resolute grasp, his eyes fell upon him who had answered to the call of father. He gazed wildly upon him and then turned to look upon the fainting creature who had pronounced his name. It was his own Mary! the sister of the man he had murdered, and he was in the fast clench of the father who had forbid their meetings in other character and in better days.

The poor felon could no longer sustain himself amid the oppressions of feeling and reminiscence

that burst upon him; and on the arrival of the police which was immediately announced, he was unwittingly handed over to their custody, and by them conducted to the common gaol of the county.

From this place, the unfortunate victim of an accident was never removed, until he was carried to his untimely grave. His death happened in so short a period after his arrest, as to spare the guilty and the innocent alike, the new and painful situations which each was charged to prepare for; the one to answer for his liberty or life, the other to stand the principal witness and accuser of him, she had once looked upon in all the fervor and innocence of first and passionate love.

RETROSPECTIONS.

TO MY SISTER ISABEL.

BY THOMAS K. HOFLAND.

THE memory of home! with what a spell
Of fairy power doth it bind the soul
Of the lone wanderer;—like the ocean shell
Singing one strain for ever,—its control
Keeps an eternal echo in the heart;
Not all the treasures of earth's circling zone
Could tempt me from this fine strung lyre to part,
Or lose one cadence of its thrilling tone.

A thousand fond remembrances it brings
Of by gone days—days of unclouded joy
When full of hope and youth's imaginings,
I roamed a merry, careless, sinless boy
Among my native hills;—oftimes alone,
Yet never lonely—for my glad free heart
Found store of eloquence in nature—none
Of all her works but could a charm impart.

The murmur of the stream,—the willow tree
That o'er it did its pensile branches bend,
The thickly springing flowers; each to me
Spoke in the pleasant language of a friend.
Firm constant friends were they, sincere and true,
And by them judged I of all earthly things,
For all were then the bright and glorious hue
Of a young happy heart's imaginings.

Sunshine was in my soul, and not a cloud
Of gloom or sorrow dimmed its gracious ray;
Blighted affection—care,—the pall,—the shroud,
Had thrown not their dark shadows o'er my
way;

I knew not then the fairest and the best
Of human hopes scarce blossom e're they fade,
Or that the loving and confiding breast,
Too often trusteth but to be betrayed.

Alas for young romance,—a beautiful
But perishable thing it is—a dream
Of the pure soul, e'er sin hath rendered dull
Its light divine—the spark of heaven's own
beam.

And sad it is, from this fair dream to wake,
And waking, find such change, mournful to see
O'er our once glorious *future* darkly break
The gathering clouds of care and misery.

But thanked be memory—her sweet power can
bring
Back to my heart its early joys again;
Her magic spell revives the frozen spring
Of youth and hope, and reunites the chain
Of severed sympathies;—I see once more
My fair and blessed home—joyful I hear
My father's,—mother's voices as of yore;
Bright beams thy smile again my sister dear.

My gentle Isabel! ah could'st thou know
How true my heart amid its wanderings
Hath garnered up thy love, in joy or woe
Still shrining it among the pure and precious
things,
The jewels of the soul;—and could'st thou hear
How oft for thee my prayer ascends above,
Then, sweetest sister, might'st thou know how dear
Thou art to me—how deep and warm my love.

And well I know that thou return'st my love,
For oftentimes I see thee in my dreams,
In all the same as when we used to rove
Our native hills together;—still, still beams
Thy look of fond affection, and the smile
That cheered all things on which its sunshine
fell
Hath still the self same power to beguile
And hold my heart in its delightful spell.

Ah do not cease to love me, dearest one,
Love, hope and pray for me,—and ever when
Thou think'st our mother sorrows for her son,
Be thou her comforter—tell her again
We soon may meet—that all shall yet be well,
Let her not think to cherish hope is vain,
My heart is full, God bless thee, love—farewell.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOB STUBBS.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

(Continued from page 145.)

CHAPTER III.

My whole life has been a tissue of ill luck : although I have labored, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance ; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by *my pay every year*,—and that is what few can say, who have but an allowance of a hundred a-year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men ; I chose their horses for them, and their wine ; and showed them how to play billiards, or *écarté*, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat : I'd rather die than cheat ;—but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no—why should I ? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £300 a-year.

His name was Dobbie. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak, young creature ; easy to be made tipsy ; easy to be cheated ; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him ; for if any body else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Especially Dobbie and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne ; and did every thing, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior,—when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables,—hunting every where in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know ; for the dogs fall in love, with every change of quarters.

Well : once, in the year 1793 (it was just when the French had chopped poor Louis's head off,) Dobbie and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies, by the name of Briaket, daughters of a butcher in the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country ; many a treat to a tea-garden ; many a smart ribband and brooch used Dobbie and I (for his father allowed him £600, and our purses were in common) present to those young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus :—

"Dear Captiving Stubbs and Dobbie—Miss Briakets presents their compliments, and as it is probable that our papa will be till 12 at the corprayshun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea."

Didn't we go ! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlor ; we quaffed more Bohea, and made more love, than half-a-dozen ordinary men could. At nine, a little punch-bowl succeeded to the little tea-pot ; and, bless the girls ! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlor was their kitchen, too ; at least old Briaket's was. One door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter-house.

Fancy, then, our horror when, just at this critical time, we heard the shop door open, a heavy staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, "Hallo, Susan ; hallo, Betsey ! show a light !" Dobbie turned as white as a sheet ; the two girls each as red as a lobster ; I alone preserved my presence of mind. "The back door," says I. "The dog's in the court," says they. "He's not so bad as the man," says I. "Stop," cried Susan, flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire : "take *this*, and perhaps it will quiet him."

What do you think "*this*" was ! I'm blest if it was not the *steak* !

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter-house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking carcasses of a couple of sheep ; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood* !—the dog

was devouring his beef-steak (*our* beef-steak) in silence,—and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop-door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering drunk, and angry. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather of Dobble's cocked hat*! When Dobble saw it he turned white, and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks, which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded impudent, port, wagging feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver*.

"Betsy," says he, "open the yard door." But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged, and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. "*OPEN THE YARD DOOR*," says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog, hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court. Dobble could not move; he was sitting on the block, blubbing like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

"*To him, Jowler*," says he, "*keep him Jowler*,"—and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

"That's it," says Brisket, "keep him there,—good dog,—good dog! And now, sir," says he, turning round to Dobble, "is this your hat?"

"Yes," says Dobble, fit to choke with fright.

"Well, then," says Brisket, "it's my—(hick)—my painful duty to—(hick)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head;—it's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—(hick)—settle yourself com—confumably against that—(hick)—that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack—(hick)—no, I mean Jack Robinson."

Dobble went down on his knees, and shrieked out, "I'm am an only son, Mr. Brisket! I'll marry her, sir; I will, upon my honor, sir. Consider my mother, sir; consider my mother."

"That's it, sir," says Brisket—"that's a good—(hick)—a good boy;—just put your head down quietly—and I'll have it off—yes, off—as if you were Louis the Six—the Sixtix—the Sixtickle-tenth. I'll chop the other *chap afterwards*."

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back, and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat; screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation,—and, to my wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body!

At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket,—one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them,—and Dobble's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they gave me no small credit for my bravery. "A terrible fellow that Stubbs," said they; and so the mess said, the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide*—why should I? And I didn't say a word about Dobble's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger; and this prevented him from telling tales. I had the dog-skin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honor of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage; and such was my reputation at this time, that I might have had my pick out of half-a-dozen, with three, four, or five thousand pounds a-piece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed; and I vowed by all the saints to have a wife, and a rich one. Depend upon this, as an infallible maxim to guide you through life—*It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one*;—the same bait that will hook a fly will hook a salmon.

Dobble's reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North-Bungays. And though I must confess, what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself of the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage; and that I was as gallant as any one of the hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste—it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting, and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself—being only militia; but, certain it was, that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half a hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels; the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack-shot myself, that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobble, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me, that we ate, drank, and rode together, every day; his father didn't care for money, so long as his son was in good company—and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I was good company in those days, and a brave fellow, too, as I should have remained, but for—what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year ninety-six, that the brave North-Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth; a maritime place, which I heed not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a General now, or, at least, a rich man.

The red-coats carried every thing before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regiment, was very well received by the towns-people; many dinners I had; many tea-parties; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country-dances.

Well; although I had had the two former rebuffs in love, which I have described, my heart was still young; and the fact was, knowing that a girl with a fortune was my only chance, I made love here as furiously as ever. I sha'n't describe the lovely creatures on whom I fixed, whilst at Portsmouth. I tried more than—several—and it is a singular fact, which I never have been able to account for, that, successful as I was with ladies of maturer age, by the young ones I was refused regular.

But "faint heart never won fair lady;" and so I went on, and on, until I had really got a Miss Clopper, a tolerably rich navy-contractor's daughter, into such a way, that I really don't think she could have refused me. Her brother, Captain Clopper, was in a line regiment, and helped me as much as ever he could; he swore I was such a brave fellow.

As I had received a number of attentions from Clopper, I determined to invite him to dinner; which I could do without any sacrifice of my principle, upon this point; for the fact is, Dobbie lived at an inn—and as he sent all his bills to his father, I made no scruple to use his table. We dined in the coffee-room; Dobbie bringing his friend, and so we made a party *carry*, as the French say. Some naval officers were occupied in a similar way at a table next to ours.

Well—I didn't spare the bottle, either for myself or my friends; and we grew very talkative, and very affectionate as the drinking went on. Each man told stories of his gallantry in the field, or amongst the ladies, as officers will, after dinner. Clopper confided to the company his wish that I should marry his sister, and vowed that he thought me the best fellow in Christendom.

Ensign Dobbie assented to this—"But let Miss Clopper beware," says he, "for Stubbs is a *sad* fellow; he has had, I don't know how many *liaisons* already; and he has been engaged to I don't know how many women."

"Indeed!" says Clopper; "Come Stubbs, tell us your adventures."

"Psha!" said I, modestly, "there is nothing, indeed, to tell; I have been in love, my dear boy—who has not?—and I have been jilted—who has not?"

Clopper swore that he would blow his sister's brains out if ever *she* served me so.

"Tell him a'out Miss Crutty," said Dobbie; "he! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, any how; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn."

"Really, Dobbie, you are too bad, and should not mention names; the fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money—sixty thousand pounds, upon my reputation. Well, every thing was arranged, when, who should come down from London, but a relation."

"Well; and did he prevent the match?"

"Prevent it—yes, sir, I believe you, he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean; he would have given his eyes: ay, and ten thousand pounds more, if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not."

"Why, in the name of goodness?"

"Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family."

"Of course not," said Dobbie, "he couldn't, you know." Well, now—tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know."

"Hush, Dobbie, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you. My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle."

"Well, but let's have it," said Clopper, "let's have it; I won't tell my sister, you know;" and he put his hand to his nose, and looked monstrous wise.

"Nothing of that sort, Clopper—no, no—'pon honor—little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine*; and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemaquiggle: Isn't it a funny name? Hang it, there's the naval gentleman staring again,—(I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and continued in a loud careless voice) well—at this Sloffemaquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighborhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the park, and petted her. We were both young—and—and—the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honor as a gentleman, you have all the story about which that silly Dobbie makes such a noise."

Just as I finished this sentence, I found myself suddenly taken by the nose, and a voice shouting out,—

"Mr. Stubbs, you are a LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL! take this, sir,—and this, for daring to meddle with the name of an innocent lady."

I turned round as well as I could, for the ruffian had pulled me out of my chair, and beheld a great marine monster, six feet high, who was occupied in beating and kicking me, in the most ungentlemanly manner, on my cheeks, my ribs, and between the tails of my coat. "He is a liar, gentlemen,

and a scoundrel; the boot-maker had detected him in swindling, and so his niece refused him. Miss Waters was engaged to him from childhood, and he deserted her for the boot-maker's niece, who was richer;"—and then sticking a card between my stock and my coat-collar, in what is called the scruff of my neck, the disgusting brute gave me another blow behind my back, and left the coffee-room with his friends.

Dobble raised me up; and taking the card from my neck, read, CAPTAIN WATERS. Clopper poured me out a glass of water, and said in my ear, "If this is true, you are an infernal scoundrel, Stubbs; and must fight me, after Captain Waters," and he flounced out of the room.

I had but one course to pursue. I sent the Captain a short and contemptuous note, saying, that he was beneath my anger. As for Clopper, I did not condescend to notice his remark—but in order to get rid of the troublesome society of these low blackguards, I determined to gratify an inclination I had long entertained, and make a little tour. I applied for leave of absence, and set off *that very night*. I can fancy the disappointment of the brutal Waters, on coming, as he did, the next morning, to my quarters and finding me *gone*, ha! ha!

After this adventure I became sick of a military life—at least the life of my own regiment, where the officers, such was their unaccountable meanness and prejudice against me, absolutely refused to see me at mess. Colonel Craw sent me a letter to this effect, which I treated as it deserved. I never once alluded to it in any way, and have since never spoken a single word to any man in the North Bungalays.

See, now, what life is; I have had ill-luck on ill-luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale; ay, and am very glad when any body will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes!

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me or I should most certainly have blown his brains out; *now* he is living in England, and is my relation; but, of course, I cut the fellow). Very soon after these painful events, another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and, instead of leaving five thousand pounds as I expected, at the very least, left only his estate which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two thousand pounds in the hands of that eminent firm Messrs. Pump, Aldgate, and Co., which failed within six months after his demise; and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters; and, would you believe it! when the news came of Pump and Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to heaven, and said, "Blessed be God, that we have still wherewithal to live; there are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty, riches." And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms round her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with their embraces, and slobbered all over with their tears.

"Dearest mamma," said I, "I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it." The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own, as many of them have—a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by thirty pounds a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been nine hundred pounds clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practised—concealment too of *my* money; so I turned on her pretty sharply, and continued my speech. "You say, ma'am, that you are rich, and that Pump and Aldgate's failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma'am—very happy that you *are* rich; and I should like to know where your property, my father's property, for you had none of your own—I should like to know where this money lies—*where you have concealed it*, ma'am, and, permit me to say, that when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for eighty pounds a-year, I did not know that you had *other* resources than those mentioned in my blessed father's will."

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them, for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows; and I've often since calculated that I had a clear twenty pounds a year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. "What does he mean!" said Lucy to Eliza.

Mamma repeated the question, "My beloved Robert, what concealment are you talking of?"

"I am talking of concealed property, ma'am," says I sternly.

"And do you—what—can you—do you really suppose that I have concealed—any of that blessed sa-a-a-aint's prop-op-op-erty!" screams out mamma. "Robert," says she, "Bob, my own darling boy—my fondest, best beloved, now *he* is gone" (meaning my late governor—more tears,) "you don't, you cannot fancy that your own mother, who bore you, and nursed you, and wept for you, and would give her all to save you from a moment's harm—you don't suppose that she would che-e-e-eat you!" and here she gave a louder screech than ever, and flung back on the sofa, and one

of my sisters went and tumbled into her arms, and t'other went round, and the kissing and slobbering scene went on again, only I was left out, thank goodness; I hate such sentimentality.

"*Che-e-e-eat me,*" says I, mocking her. "What do you mean, then, by saying you're so rich? Say, have you got money or have you not?" (and I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact).

"So help me, Heaven," says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees, and smacking her two hands; "I have but a Queen Ann's guinea in the whole of this wicked world."

"Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am, *beggars?*"

"My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still; and have you not great talents which will make all our fortunes?" says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too* cool. "You have got a hundred a year, ma'am," says I, "*you* got a house? upon my soul and honor this is the first I ever heard of it, and I'll tell you what, ma'am," says I (and it cut her *pretty sharply* too,) "as you've got it, *you'd better go and live in it.* I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my income."

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell—kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak; going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study, and Eliza, the eldest, said, "Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas."

"She has," says I; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

"She says, John, that on Michaelmas day—we'll—we'll go away, John."

"O, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy? very good; she'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have too, for I'm going to sell the place myself;" and so *that* matter was settled.

On Michaelmas day, and during these two months, I hadn't, I do believe, seen my mother twice (once, about two o'clock in the morning, I woke and found her sobbing over my bed). On Michaelmas day morning, Eliza comes to me and says, "*John, they will come and fetch us at six this evening.*" Well, as this was the last day, I went and got the best goose I could find (I don't think I ever saw a primer, or ate more hearty myself,) and had it roasted at three, with a good pudding afterwards; and a glorious bowl of punch. "Here's a health to you, dear girls," says I, "and you, ma, and good luck to all three, and as you've not eaten a morsel, I hope you won't object to a glass of punch. It's the old stuff, you know, ma'am, that Waters sent to my father fifteen years ago."

Six o'clock came, and with it came a fine barouche, as I live! Captain Waters was on the box (it was his coach;) that old thief, Bates, jumped out, entered my house, and, before I could say Jack Robinson, whipped off mamma to the carriage, the girls followed, just giving me a hasty shake of the hand, and as mamma was helped in, Mary Waters, who was sitting inside, flung her arms round her, and then round the girls, and the Doctor, who acted footman, jumped on the box, and off they went; taking no more notice of *me* than if I'd been a nonentity.

Mary Malowney went off next day along with the furniture, and I went—and got into one of the most precious scrapes you ever heard of—a scrape which I shall mention in my next.

[To be continued.]

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

THE SILK-WORM.

BY HENRY PEACHAM.

THESE little creatures here, as white as milk,
That shame to sloth, are busy at their loom
All summer long, in weaving of their silk,
Do make their webs both winding-sheet and
tomb;
Thus to th' ungrateful world bequeathing all
Their lives have gotten at their funeral.

Even so the webs our wits for others weave,
Even from the highest to the meanest worm,
But, Siren-like, in the end ourselves deceive,
Who spend our time to serve another's turn,
Or paint a fool with coat or colors gay,
To give good words or thanks, so go his way.

A RAMBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES IN 1837.

BY WILLIAM W. WOOD, LATE OF PHILADELPHIA.

JUNE 12th, 1837.—Determined to avail myself of a week's leisure to go to Maubau, on the other coast, where I was told that I should find buffaloes at a less price than elsewhere. As the information generally received from the Indians is little to be depended upon, I did not go prepared to make any large purchase, but merely to ascertain the fact, and buy as many as three men, who accompanied me, could take charge of. M. Delaunay volunteered to be my companion. At 11, A. M., we left Magali in a Banca, for Santa Cruz, where we arrived at about four o'clock. Rebera received us very kindly; and after spending an hour with him, we set off on foot for Pagsaujan. We found the Alcade and two gentlemen at table, "talking conversation," and a good deal surprised to see us arrive at such an hour. We explained the object of our journey, and he very kindly offered us his assistance in sending one of his soldiers with an order to the captains of the villages we might pass through, to furnish us with horses and such other aid as we were likely to require. After a very good supper and cigar, we went to bed. I, as usual on such expeditions, with an excruciating headache, which was worse in the morning.

JUNE 13th.—Our original intention had been to go to Maubau by way of Cabuiti, (the shortest route) and had a letter from Rebera to the Curate, Padre Jozé Jovino, but Santos advised us to go by way of Lucbau, which would enable us to see several villages which we had not yet visited. At about eight, A. M., the horses were brought, and we set off for Magdalena, on our way to Maubau. We learnt at Santa Cruz, that there is a Spanish gentleman there, the Commandant of the Gun Boats, who has a large plantation of Abaco, (Manilla hemp) Cacao and Coffee. Both Rebera and Santos gave us letters for him. The road to Magdalena is undergoing repair; and, as all roads are in the same predicament, it was execrable. We passed through immense plantations of cocoanut trees, in many of which we saw trees not yet in fruit tapped for the *Tuba* or Toddy from which the country rum is made. The shoot, as soon as it has protruded itself sufficiently far, but before the flowers are developed, is cut deep enough to cause the sap to flow, and it is received in a large joint of bamboo attached to it. We were told that it is necessary to renew this operation morning and evening, in order to obtain the greatest possible quantity of liquor, and to prevent the tree from blooming; for, from the moment that this takes place, no more sap exudes, and it quickly produces its fruit. In order to facilitate the operation, a long rattan is suspended from the top of one of the trees, in which steps are cut, and by this means a man ascends and passes from tree to tree by bamboos lashed from stem to stem. The Indians are probably careless, and from neglect in inspecting the lashings of this frail bridge, accidents frequently occur. The trees are usually cut through the bark at regular distances, to enable the Indians to ascend and bring down the nuts. In the younger trees this is unnecessary, and a long bamboo, with a crooked knife or bill at the end, is used to cut away the fruit. The cocoanut tree begins to bear at seven years, and grows to the age of thirty and forty years. Our road was a gentle ascent through a very dull country in point of picturesqueness. It is well cultivated, but the soil is bad—a thin layer of vegetable earth over a substratum of cold tenacious red clay.

At about 11, A. M., we arrived at Magdalena, and set about searching for the house of our Curate, Padre Miguel, which we soon found. The good people received us in the kindest manner. We wished to push on to Mahayhay immediately, but as my head-ache tormented me abominably, and our hosts seemed much mortified that we would not dine before leaving the village, we determined to remain an hour or two. As soon as we decided, very formidable preparations were made for feasting us; and while the dinner was preparing, I contrived, by an hour's nap, to get rid of my head-ache. She gave us an excellent dinner, and regretted that we had not given them a hint of our intended visit.

Magdalena is a small village, and quite irregular, most of the people living in the fields, or on their cocoa plantations, where wine and oil are manufactured for the Santa Cruz market. There is a fine house building there, belonging to Padre Miguel, which is quite a palace for the country. By means of canals, a stream of water is carried through the village.

After dinner we departed, much pleased with the kind treatment we had received, and at four P. M., arrived at Mahayhay. This village is approached by descending a very deep and abrupt ravine. The gates of the main entrances are large, and built in a kind of stone bastion. The ground is very

irregular and rocky, and advantage has been taken of the declivity to lead a brook through the village as in Magdalena, but with more care and expence. The canals are of cut stone, and where the descent is very abrupt, a cane put into them leads the water into the houses. The Alcade directed us to go to the Casa Real, and send for the Captain, which we did. While this high functionary was on his way, we had leisure to examine the building, which is of stone, very large, and well built. We remarked particularly the boards of the floors, which were forty feet long, and two and a half feet wide!

We were informed that they cost six dollars each in the mountains. The wood, which is remarkably fine, is called *Bitek*. We were detained till night, without getting our horses, and at last determined to take up our quarters at the house of the Captain, who received us with a very bad grace, and without offering that hospitality which is so characteristic of the Philippine Indians. We managed to get a fowl, etc., and made a villanous supper with what appetite we might, eating with our fingers, for we had very unadvisedly left our knives, forks, and spoons at Pagsaujau, in order to decrease the quantity of our baggage as much as possible. We were obliged to wait till near eight o'clock in the morning for our horses, which turned out sorry cattle enough. The country began to be picturesque, and the church and convent of Mahayhay towering over the village highly so. It is a very massive and now ancient fabric, of stone and brick, built in the manner usual here, with enormous buttresses, to resist the frequent shocks of earthquakes. The village is large and neat; the houses all of "table," or board, and kept in good order. Here we first saw the roofs of the *cabo negro* general. This substance is the filamentous fringe of the base of the leaves of a large species of palm common in the mountains. It is a very durable and singularly neat thatch. We learnt that a well made roof will last forty or fifty years. In the square below the church, and in front of the Casa Real, there is a large space furnished with covered stalls, in which a weekly fair is held, similar to that of Santa Cruz.

JUNE 14th.—Leaving Mahayhay, we found the country much more interesting. At a short distance, we crossed a terrific ravine, at the bottom of which rushed a clear cold river through a bed of about twenty feet wide, and four feet deep, apparently worn in the rock. We experienced a severe chill in descending, and dared remain only a moment on the bridge to admire one of the most exquisite bits of scenery I have met with in my life. The road, or rather narrow path, was strown with rocks and drapery, with water, and we dismounted to climb the opposite side of the ravine on foot, driving the horses before us. The ascent was long and fatiguing; and, on arriving at the table land above, Mr. D. was near fainting from exhaustion. I, more accustomed to such work, and not so heavy, felt but little inconvenience. This was, I think, our highest point of elevation on the mountain's side; but still the Mahayhay looked higher than ever, and, although we were perhaps ten miles nearer, it seemed just as far off as when at Santa Cruz. There is as yet no very accurate measurement of this mountain, which I am inclined to fancy very much higher than is generally supposed. As it is clothed with trees even to the summit, the eye is much deceived in endeavoring to appreciate its elevation. The ascent was attempted by the Count Vidua in 1827 or '8, but there is reason to believe that he did not reach the summit by at least one-third. The Alcade has threatened for some time to get up an expedition, but I fear he will never carry the project into execution.

Our next port, which we reached over a somewhat better road, was Lucbau, the finest village I have seen. Indeed no part of Manilla is better built than parts of its main streets. We found that we had entered the province of Tayabos here, as the Alcalde's proclamation, etc., posted on the door of the Casa Real, (a very large and fine stone house) testified. The Captain received the order for horses, and gave directions for having them brought. We established ourselves in the stranger's room, and sent our servants to get something to eat. The people were civil, but not hospitable; and we were compelled to eat with our fingers. When we asked, after dinner, if it were not possible to find such things as spoons in such a fine village, we were told that our boy had not asked, or he might have had them. We were detained till five o'clock, and amused ourselves by walking through the village. It was harvest time, and all the streets were covered with mats, loaded with palms drying in the sun. The houses delighted me. The clean paint, the cool airy look, and the beautiful *cabo negro* roofs were to me the beau-ideal of a house for the country here. Water, as in all the mountain villages, flowed through the streets, which were paved with stone, and covered with hard stucco. Before the doors of the houses are large flat stones, imbedded in the pavement for washing clothes upon. We observed very few people in the streets, as most of the inhabitants were getting in the crops. From one or two specimens, I should think the women of Lucbau have beauties among them; though, from the very damp and cool atmosphere of this village, where it rains every day, their complexions are pale and unhealthy. The church is a fine large edifice, but not so imposing as that of Mahayhay.

The quality of the soil is the same as lower down, and the fields invaded by that curse to the farmer here, the *Cogon*, which takes immediate possession of the cleared ground, and is almost impossible to eradicate. The same cultivation here as at Magdalena, but more deserted land; we saw a good deal of the large species of *Paudanus*, from which the coarse mat called *Bauconau*, is made, and met several troops of horses laden with the mats, on their way to the Santa Cruz market. At the entrance of the village we were struck by the fine appearance of the hedges, which bordered part

of the road, consisting of vigorous coffee trees covered with fruit. The name of the village, like that of many others, is taken from a fruit which is produced here in plenty—the Shaddock, or Pampelmoose, called in Tagalo *Lucbau*. The little gardens and avenues to the houses by the road-side bespeak more care and neatness in the habits of the people than in the lowland villages. It is, however, generally the case, that the more luxuriant the soil the less labor is bestowed, (as less needed) while in sterile districts greater care is taken and more effort made at improvement.

Our road led us over a kind of table land, till we arrived at the borders of an immense forest just at dark. Our guides remonstrated with us against proceeding, as the road was very precipitous and highly dangerous at night; and yielding therefore to their experience, we determined to halt at the last house, a very indifferent lodging, just at the entrance of the wood. Here we found nobody but an exceedingly churlish old woman, who was by no means pleased about invasion of her premises, and at first refused to accommodate us with any thing. We were too old travellers to be put off in this way, and so we determined to be amiable and melt the flinty heart of this old "varment." By dint of assurances that we would not incommode her, and that we should pay well, she at length furnished us with rice, eggs, and some dried meat. We boiled a cup of chocolate, a store of which I luckily laid in at Lucbau, and after staying our appetites with it, we smoked our cigars, and watched the cookery of the supper. I noticed here a species of tree frog, whose call or cry resembled that of a bird.

(To be concluded in our next.)

“TEMPUS FUGIT.”

BY JOSEPH BILL, PHILA.

LIKE a swift meteor shot along the sky,
The Falcon's wing doth cleave the ambient air;
Our sight is dazzled, as it hurtles by,
Nor heeds its fleetness in the sudden glare;
It soars away in a bright line of light
Far in the ether, in untrodden ways,
Till the blue depths shut out the hidden flight—
So time doth come and vanish while we gaze,
And circling months and years engulf the
 swifter days.

Quick as our thought, or as the courser fleet,
Time sweeps along to its eternal goal;
The past, the present, and the future meet
Ere we can mark the minutes as they roll;
Now is the present!—now 'tis fled away,
Immerg'd in deep abysses of the past;
Nor for an instant will the future stay,
Howe'er our gaze imploringly we cast,
Or pray for a brief space the present time to
 last.

As on a beetling rock above the wave,
Where the wreck'd seamen in the storm are tost,
Appall'd! we impotently strive to save
The scatter'd fragments of the mighty host;
So from the high meridian of our state
We vainly try, in manhood's dream of pride,
Secure to grasp, beyond the pow'r of fate,
Those earthly blessings which forever glide
Far from our dearest hopes—adown life's cease-
 less tide.

Immeasurable good is all around,
Good gleams upon us in our infant time;
Good makes the youthful heart with joy rebound,
And goodness crowns our manhood in its prime;
But fleeting still is all the good we prize,
Nor know we often when the good is given
Till the lost blessing clears our clouded eyes—
Then do we mourn the gift which time has riven,
That blindly we have spurn'd the good that
 came from heaven.

Yet days and years tho' transient may be blest,
And moral glory fill the shortest space;
How much has Jesus in his life comprised
To cheer, ennoble, and console his race!
His spirit lives, tho' time has cent'ries told,
And will live on 'till time shall be no more—
Gath'ring all nations in his gracious fold,
And urging men from worldly things to soar,
To commune with their God—and humbly grace
 implore.

Think then that time, tho' fleetier than the bird,
May yield some moments of enduring good;
That present worth must ever be prefer'd
To future bliss which oft our hopes elude;
So let us live, that age may but reveal
Minds wide expanded—thoughts serenely fair;
That onward time with noiseless steps may steal
And find us joyous, while we still prepare
For an immortal state—our being's hope and
 prayer!

HENRY PULTENEY:
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

[Continued from page 176.]

BY WILLIAM LONDON, PHILA

CHAPTER XXIII.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and, rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena, when they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.
Byron.

FROM the insensibility of despondency into which I was thrown by the assurance of hopeless defeat which this spectacle presented, I was, after some time, aroused by the heavy crash of the roof of the building behind me. Startled by the fearful sound, I turned to survey the scene of destruction. The flames, for a moment quelled by the descent of the huge and heavy rafters, leaped forth in vast flashing masses, that kindled the blackness of the dense smoke, for an instant, and then disappeared. The contrast in the enormous volumes of vapor that hung above the spot, which were at one moment dark as the countenance of death, and at the next were a blaze with the splendor of the mid-day sun, was impressive and magnificent. But it was not long before the mastery was gained by the brilliance that had seemed to be checked, and the glare grew steady and full. The flames sprang upwards in broad and thickening lustre, sometimes flinging themselves over the lofty battlements, sometimes revolving as they ascended, mounting into the very bosom of the sky. The thin and curling smoke slid along the leads as white as the foam of a cataract that has frozen in the tempest, or rolled before the wind as green as malachite. The lurid brightness of the fire threw its image upon the calm face of the waters beneath, and illuminated the distant peaks of the island hills that rose to sight in almost every quarter whither the view was turned. The sky had been cloudless before, but now silvery ridges were floating along, as fair and brilliant as the dewy offspring of the womb of the morning; for the smoke that had risen in murky masses from the earth, ascending into the taintless heavens, was transmuted by the impearling moonbeams into the likeness of the purity wherewith it mingled; like some crime-black and passion-blasted demon, whose bosom, as he mounts towards heaven on some murderous mission, is suddenly wrung with the momentary anguish of an infinite remorse, and who moves onward, converted and cleansed, towards those realms of light, of whose glory he is ever afterwards the most resplendent monument.

The reflection cast upon the rock where I stood, by the shadow of the ascending smoke thrown down by the clearness of the moon, which was nigh the zenith, and by the red flames that mingled with the darkness, gave a troubled and disturbing aspect to the scene. I looked around for the means of escape, which as well the increasing heat as the apprehension I entertained of personal danger from those within the castle, rendered desirable. I ascended to the highest peak of the rock, which rose to a considerable elevation above the level of the rest, that I might see if any method of descending presented itself, by which I might reach the interior ground without the necessity of entering the castle. The fishermen, I presumed, following the directions I had given them, to leave the place and withdraw beyond the walls, had already gone, and nothing remained but for me to preserve myself. Upon ascending to the pinnacle that commanded a view of the whole adjacent ground, I was glad to perceive that the structure of the castle was such that both of the wings, which constituted by far the larger portion of the building, were separated by heavy walls, reaching to some distance above the roof which alone had fallen in, and that descent by confining the fire within the

single tower insured the preservation of the rest. I looked around to see what possibility of getting down from the rock presented itself. The castle-wall occupied the whole extent of one of the sides, but offered no other entrance than that through which I had come. Two other sides were washed by the sea, which, at those points, appeared to have great depth, and to forbid the hope of escape by that way. The other boundary, which appeared to look down into the garden of the castle, was too remote from the spot where I was to permit an examination of the character of the walk. I came down from the elevation where I had placed myself, and was crossing the level platform of the rock to inspect that side, when I perceived the figure of lord Angstein emerging from the passage which had likewise led me to the spot. He did not at first seem to be aware of my presence; but when he saw me, his face assumed that severity of haughtiness which rendered it at times the most impressive countenance I ever beheld, and laying his hand upon his sword, he approached me.

"Mr. Pulteney," said he, in earnest but somewhat agitated tone, "we have met and parted more than once. It is time that our difference should be ended. We meet for the last time; one or other of us leaves not this rock alive!"

"Do you come to me with a sword?" said I, as he unsheathed the blade, and held it menacingly in his hand, "when you know that I have not that weapon; and do you offer me, when equal or superior, that combat which you refused when you supposed me your prisoner? Lord Angstein, your conduct has now disgraced your title, as much as your character has always been unworthy of your name."

"Sarcasm," said he, impatiently, and in a manner that indicated deep irritation, "is but a flimsy veil for cowardice. If your courage had equalled either the swiftness of your flight or the audacity of your speech, you would not this night have had occasion to demand that contest to which you were as little entitled as the felon at the block would be justified in challenging his executioner."

"I am pleased, my lord, to find that you appropriate the title of executioner, for your intentions deserve the name; but you ought not to be ungrateful to me for having relieved you from the necessity of exercising your office. And if, by the crown-law of Cyprus, or in the opinion of lord Angstein, imprisonment constitutes felony, I left you, my lord, in a condition, when we last met, to receive also that title, no doubt equally well merited. Why you, who are still a prisoner in honor, and who may quickly again become such in person, are authorized to challenge me, I do not perceive that your principle will explain."

"Out upon quibbles of that kind!" cried he. "I delivered myself by the temper of my sword from the hands of your blackguards. If you longer refuse the contest which I offer, I shall deem you their fit companion, and resort to the only compulsion a poltroon can feel."

"I am willing, my lord, to admit an extreme reluctance to fight with you, in any form or for any cause; but I think that if you were to look back over the past, you would have no reason to impute either that or any other course of mine to cowardice, and I think that the same retrospection would suggest to you the true reasons of that unwillingness. Once already have our swords been crossed; and I will take leave to say that there was nothing in my bearing on that occasion that denoted either timidity of spirit or feebleness of arm. Would to God, the solemnity of the remembrance of her that caused and stopped that quarrel, reaching your heart as it rests by mine, would make you see that if we are not to be the very fiend's arch-scoff for more than arch-fiend's ruthlessness, the only possible relation we can henceforth hold towards one another is that of peace and silence, if friendship be impossible."

He was silent for a moment, and I saw that the appeal touched him to the heart. After a little while, he replied, in a lower and uncertain tone—

"It was not for the wrong you have done me that I sought revenge; it was as the murderer of my friend and the despoiler of his castle."

"My lord, I slew not the prince. His life was taken by one of the rabble whom he had incensed, and it was a just forfeit for the wrong he had done the man. Do you impute it to me as a crime that I have entered the castle of prince Menitzen, and brought with me those whose private vengeance, uninstigated and undirected by me, has caused the ruin of his palace? First remember what intentions and what preparations gave me the means of entrance, and do not charge it as a crime in me that to preserve myself and what is dearer to me than self, I struck back the blow of the wrong-doer, and it has fallen upon his own head. Lord Angstein, I shall speak plain words to you, for I feel I know that after what I have said, you will give me license, and that you will resent nothing that I can hereafter say. Your conduct, then, this night, I must call insane, if I would not give it a worse name."

I laid my hand upon his shoulder, and pointed towards the ship in which Harford had embarked. A slight breeze had sprung up, possibly occasioned by the conflagration of the castle, and the vessel was moving out to the open sea.

"In that ship is the son of your only sister—her express image in feature—her only representative in blood. He is in the hands of a man the most abandoned in principle and feeling of any on this side of hell, and he has borne and bears to me and mine a hatred more than demoniac. It was the last act of the life of Helena to bless that boy, and to consign him to my tenderest protection.

This man has undertaken his education, and he has sworn to make him in character and habits all that can wring a father's heart with anguish. He has sworn to make the dens of vice his only home, and scenes of crime his place of life; to nourish him upon flagitiousness, to bathe him in pollution, and to corrupt and rot his inmost moral nature. The days and the deeds of this destroyer will be consecrated to that sole work; his thoughts and feelings will be comfortable only as he finds his victim growing hourly more depraved. He will make him viler than the outcasts of hell, and more miserable than fiends can fancy. And that boy," I continued, in a voice of thunder, "is your sister's son, the presumptive heir of your estate and title, and the only being on earth whose veins are flowing with your blood; and do you charge it upon me as a crime that I have sought to prevent this wickedness? And have you this night lent your efforts to assist that monster in his plan?"

Lord Angstein turned towards me in the deepest agitation, and with a countenance as pale as death.

"You dream, you dream!" cried he; "these things cannot be true."

"They are true, my lord; by the throne of the Omnipotent, they are true. And that ship which is now floating to the sea, bears that boy to the ruin I have pictured."

He seized my arm convulsively, and the trembling of his frame betrayed the disorder which disturbed him.

"My God!" said he, "I knew nothing of this. I have been deceived. An Italian, calling himself Armadi, contrived the plan which was to be executed this night. You were to be imprisoned, but the boy was to be conveyed to my castle, and I should have educated him as my son. Are you certain that he has been actually conveyed to that vessel?"

"From this rock, half an hour since, I beheld him carried to the ship in a boat rowed by the man called Armadi. He is the person of whom I spoke; he is an Englishman, and my bitterest enemy."

Lord Angstein would have made a reply, but at that moment a noise of feet and voices was heard along the passage leading into the castle, as if a number of persons were hastening out to the spot where we were. I conjectured that they were the boatmen, who were searching for the nobleman who had escaped from their custody. I turned hastily to Angstein.

"My lord," said I, "these are the fisherman who have burned the castle and destroyed the prince. If you are found here by them your life will be in peril, and I cannot preserve you. Fly, and save yourself, if it be possible. When an infuriated rabble is our ignoble foe, we should think of nothing but escape."

He paused and wavered for a few moments, as if uncertain to remain or flee, and then deciding upon the latter, ran across the rock to the upper part of the castle-wall, where there was a door which I had not perceived before. He opened it, and going in, closed it behind him. Immediately after, the persons from whom he had fled, having traversed the passage, rushed out, to the number of a dozen.

I looked towards the persons who were clustered on the opposite side of the platform, apparently having sought that place as a retreat from the flames within. A single glance informed me that I had mistaken the character of the men in the advice I had given to lord Angstein, and that, instead of the boatmen whom I had conducted into the castle, they were the pirates, whose object had been my seizure. It was my turn to put in practice the maxim which I had given to the nobleman, and to attempt what method offered itself for my own escape. I ran as hastily as possible, and without being perceived by the sailors, to the door by which Angstein had entered the castle. I had some hope of being able to open it and find a means of passing unseen through the building. My efforts, however, were in vain; no lock or latch was visible to the eye, and the door resisted my utmost efforts to force it open. Perceiving no other mode of escaping, I knocked upon the panels in the faint hope that lord Angstein might have remained near the door on the interior, and not have gone into the body of the castle, and that he would afford me an entrance and protection from the banditti. The expectation, however, was unfounded; no answer was returned to my application, and the door remained unopened. The men had heard the noise which I had made, and looked towards me. I turned round in their direction, and my eye fell upon the man who had been my guide into the garden, and who was the leader of the party. He recognized me, and called out to his comrades.

"This is Pulteney," he cried. "This is the man we are looking for. This is the man who has betrayed us. Seize him! kill him!"

Two sides of the rock, I had ascertained, were impracticable, and my only chance of safety lay in the possibility of finding that the third admitted of descent. Fortunately, I was nearer to it than they were, and instantly I perceived that they saw me, I darted across the rock towards the interior boundary. For some distance from the top, the rock exhibited an oblique descent, somewhat rough and not too steep to permit one to pass down. I had no other course to pursue, even if it insured destruction, than to get down upon that side in some manner or other; for those whose venal duty was quickened and strengthened by a desire of personal revenge, were directly upon me with their fierce shouts and yells, and their uplifted weapons. I ran down the declivity with the same rapidity that I had crossed the upper surface, but in a few moments I found that the inclination of the rock suddenly changed, and terminating in a straight line gave place to a face far more precipitous, and so smooth as to be clearly the work of human skill. The impetus which I had acquired forbade me

to stop, and a single glance behind assured me that if turning back were possible it would be vain. To descend, however, with the same swiftness, would, I saw, be fatal, for the attitude of the point at which I was from the ground was at least fifty yards. To pause was out of the question, and I had no other means of arresting the violence of my course than to throw myself upon my back, and slide down in that way as slowly as I could. I accordingly seated myself upon the declivity of the stone, and glided forward as deliberately as it was in my power to affect. To my horror, I perceived, after moving through the distance of a few feet, that the obliqueness of the rock wholly terminated at about a yard beyond my feet, and was succeeded by a perpendicular descent as smooth and direct as the wall of the castle. Beneath, at the depth of a hundred and fifty feet, a heap of rude and pointed rocks formed the termination of the precipice. I looked above and around for something which I might catch to save myself. A small projection in the rougher part of the rock above me was just within reach of my fingers, and I seized it with a convulsive gripe of agony; but my weight soon overcame the hold, and wrenched away my grasp. I then pressed upon the rock with the palm of my hands with all the force that despair and anguish could supply; it retarded my progress a little, but I felt, as my nerves grew weaker and weaker, that the moment of inevitable death was just upon the point of rushing on me. For an instant, that seemed an eternity, I hung above the declivity. A thrill ran through my bosom, almost paralyzing sense, and my mind seemed to be drowned and annihilated in the terror that hung over that tremendous chasm. Life almost swooned within me as the last part of the slope of the rock passed beneath my arm, and I sank into the depths of the precipice.

Almost at the very moment that I passed the angle of the rock, and yielded blindly to the anguish of the certainty of death, I felt myself seized by a strong grasp, and my arm drawn within a cavity of the rock, which I instantly saw was the window of an apartment within it. I grasped my arm around the wall which was thus opened, and uniting my efforts to those of the person within, drew myself into the chamber. The faint light of the moon enabled me to discover that I was in a long and narrow room, wholly excavated from the rock. The person who had assisted me to enter—the only occupant of the dungeon—and who stood crouching near the window, was a man of mean and squalid aspect and attire, whose features were strongly marked with the worst peculiarities of the Jew: I saw that he belonged to that remarkable nation whose members in the east are by terms the victims and the masters of the men of power.

"Who are you?" said I, as I perceived that his feet were fastened by chains to the opposite walls, and that he remained silent and trembling by the window, "and what place is this?"

"These," said he, in a harsh and cracked voice, nodding repeatedly as he spoke, with the air of a man accustomed to cringe and to assent, "are the prisons of prince Menitzen. I saw you passing my window, and thought you might like to stop and look at them. Perhaps you will have the kindness to give me that pitcher of water. The gaoler brought it this morning, and laid it on the floor beyond my reach. I called after him, and told him of the mistake, but he said it made no difference. It made no difference, you see, to him. Ha! ha! I have been laughing at the joke all day."

The voice of the speaker indicated that his throat was almost parched with drouth. I handed the pitcher to him, which he drained to the bottom.

"The castle is on fire, I presume," said he, when he had ended his draught.

"Aye! it is burned to the ground."

"I have been in this place for three years," said he, with a smothered laugh, "and I never discovered till to-night what superior excellence in these apartments it was that caused the prince to assign me one of them. But I see now that there is no danger of the fire hurting them. But in spite of that advantage, I believe you are the first man that ever came into them voluntarily. Are you an enemy of his highness?"

"His highness has no longer any friends."

"If you stand so with him, I dare say he will let you remain here. If you are fond of the picturesque, the sunsets from this window are superb in winter time; but in summer the sun gets more round to the south."

"My meaning was, that the prince was beyond either friendship or enmity. Your captivity is at an end. The prince was this day added to the dead."

The Jew seized me tightly by the arm, and fixing his keen and glittering eye upon me, changed from the leer of its former expression to a glare of fire, exclaimed in a shrill voice, "did he sign my deed?"

"What deed do you mean?"

"Stranger!" he replied, "I came to this castle three years ago at the request of the prince to make an offer to him for his fisheries. I handed to him, for his signature, a deed, in which I engaged to give him a third of their value. He threatened to imprison me if I did not quadruple my offer. I knew he would be obliged to sell sooner or later, and that he could get no other offer but mine; and I knew that I should make such profit that I have staid here ever since, though the interest was running. If he did not sign the deed before he died, I have lost my liberty and health in vain, for his heir will not be obliged to sell. Hark ye," he continued, after the pause of a moment,

"I will give you half the profits if you will swear you saw him affix a signature which I shall put upon the paper."

I listened to this extraordinary speech with an amazement which the concluding proposal turned to disgust. I almost doubted the sincerity of the statement and offer until a glance at the countenance of the Jew, which was excited and earnest to the last degree, convinced me he was serious.

"I must decline your proposal," said I, with sternness. "You have saved my life, and if there is any thing I can do for you, that is decent and honorable, I will do it; but my gratitude will not be stronger than my principle."

"Nay, I have no need of assistance; since that contract, which I alone lived to realize, has failed, I may as well die too. You may unhitch that hook by which my chain is fastened to the wall, if you like, and I will exercise my feet a little."

"By what means can we escape from this place?" said I, when I had complied with his request.

"That is one of the things which the maker of this prison forgot to provide for," said he. "With the descent from this window you are somewhat acquainted. There is a window at the other end, through which I have some times smelt the sea, and thought about my fisheries; but my tether never permitted me to approach it."

I traversed the apartment, which was of a considerable length, and reached the window which he spoke of. It was overhung by the top of the rock which projected some distance above it, and the rock beneath, which a little lower down advanced as much as the upper part, was broken with irregular cavities and projections, which I had no doubt would enable one to descend to the water's edge with safety. I called to the Jew, and asked if he would descend, but he declared that he would rather remain. I crept out of the window, and supporting myself against an abutment of the stone, and leaning forward, looked down into the sea. I perceived that there was a large excavation in the rock at the surface, which from its position I did not doubt was the entrance to that passage into the castle by which the pirates had come. The ends of two or three boats which were drawn into this cove were also visible. To seize and enter one of these boats and escape to some one of the islands opposite was the most feasible mode of delivering myself which occurred. If there were no one in that chamber below, which my servant had described to me as existing in direct communication with the sea, the former part of the project would be easy, and if I could escape the observation of the men on the top of the rock, the latter part would also be without great difficulty. I descended the rock cautiously, and with as much silence as possible, but the cracking and roar of the flames, which was still very audible, rendered the latter less needful. When I reached the water, I detached one of the boats from its mooring, and floating it out into the sea, sprang into it and took up the oars. The men who had pursued me across the top of the rock were still standing at the opposite end, whether supposing that I had been dashed to pieces at the bottom or aware of my preservation, I did not know. I had rowed myself out a considerable distance into the sea before I gained a point at which I could see them, and had gone still farther before they descried me. When they saw the boat, they came toward the outer edge of the rock and hailed me. I returned no answer, but rowed on. They repeated their call, and I only quickened my strokes. The man who had guided me into the castle, and who till now had lingered in the rear of his companions, and had escaped my eye, came forward at the side of them, and directed a glass towards me. I was too far distant to hear what he announced as the result of his scrutiny, but I saw him give some direction by an emphatic gesture to his men, and a gun was immediately fired. The ball *ricochetted* along the wake of the boat, and sank but a few yards behind it, being too far off to reach it. The men then left the rock in a body through the passage by which they had arrived at it, and I made no question that they were intending to put immediately to sea in pursuit of me. I redoubled my efforts at the oars, and put forth my utmost strength. Opposite to the castle, at about twice the distance at which I was then from it, was a cluster of more than a hundred islands, a few of which were of the size of a moderately large Cypriote farm, but much the larger portion were merely low rocks, covered with soil, and supporting small trees and shrubs. I had visited this spot on the first day of my arrival at Chephali, and I found that these islands were so situated that the course of the water which flowed around them formed a perfect labyrinth. I felt confident that if by the time I reached this covert, I had some advance of my pursuers, I could baffle their endeavors to discover what course I had taken among the thousand channels that admitted of a passage. I succeeded in gaining the nearest island, and passing round it before the pirates had entered their boat; but I had gone but a short distance farther before, in the intervals of my own strokes, I heard the rapid sound of a number of oars propelling a boat with the utmost celerity. With added vigor I bent my energies to the task on whose success my hopes of escape of life depended, and it was not long, under such a stimulus, before I wound amid so thick a variety of islands and rocks that I felt assured it would be no easy matter for my foes to detect my course. I paused to listen for the sound of their boat, but nothing of the kind was audible. I was certainly not so far from them as would prevent that noise reaching me in the stillness of the night, if they had been moving as they were when I first became aware of their starting, and I conjectured on that account that they must have reached the islands, and were resting likewise upon their oars to learn by the sound of mine what course I had taken. The water was shallow in the narrow arms along which I was moving, and I determined, as a method of pre-

venting the noise which would betray me to my enemies, to propel the boat no longer by rowing, but by pushing against the bottom with an oar from the stern. By this means I advanced almost as rapidly as before, and with no other noise than that which was made by the motion of the boat through the water—a sound quite too feeble to be audible at the edge of the open sea. That my conjecture as to the cause of the silence of my pursuers had been correct, was presently apparent from the sound of oars soon falling distinctly upon my ear. Their rowing, however, was slow and irregular, and they seemed to be moving without any definite or earnest intention. In a few moments the regularity of sound which I had originally heard, was renewed, but became gradually feebler to the ear, and I concluded that they had abandoned the pursuit, and were returning to the castle. I continued, however, without slackening my progress, until I felt certain that no one could possibly overtake me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Is there that earth by human foot ne'er prest?
 Ah! thither let me fly, and there forget
 The grating noise of private jars,
 The horrid sound of public wars,
 Of babbling fame the idle stories,
 The short-lived triumph's noisy glories.
Anne Killigrew.

THE sound of pursuit had ceased, and the sound of my own single oar as I continued to push my boat slowly along, and the low wail and murmur of the wave which my progress caused, as it chafed against the shores of the narrow channel through which I moved, were the only echoes that startled the ear. The castle, with its flames, was hidden from my view by the intervening banks, clothed with thick groves of cypress and acacia, save that a general brightness marked the air in that direction, and that a few clouds hung in the upper sky which I knew were the token of that conflagration. The transition from the wild excitement into which I had been hurled but a few moments since, to the peace and brightness that lay around the present scene like the misty stillness of eternity, seemed like the transformation of a dream. As I sometimes passed between low, perpendicular banks that gave to the sea the appearance of a canal, and sometimes emerged into a broader expanse of water, in the centre of which rested an island, white with the pearl-like pebbles of its beach, but dark above, with the thick clusters of eastern foliage, I might have deemed myself a midnight wanderer among the song-sanctified "Islands of the Blest." The throng of moon-rays that thickened the air, seemed to escape the prospect in a canopy of lustre expressly its own, and to lend to it the harmony and completeness of a separate creation, and almost the spirituality of a breathing being.

I was moving through a narrow interval between two island-rocks, the gray sides of which rose to a considerable height above my head, and were glittering with dew, when I saw before me a man navigating a little boat in the same direction in which I was going. His bark was small and light, and gaily adorned with colors which gave it a graceful beauty to the eye. He was reclining in the bow, urging it forward carelessly and deliberately with a paddle. When he saw me, he leaned forward on his knee, and regarded me with some surprise and curiosity, while he directed his boat towards one side of the passage to give room for me if I chose to go beyond him. He had the dress and the countenance of an European, so far as I could judge in the dimness of the light, but as I did not know to what nation he belonged, I addressed him in the language of Cyprus with some expressions of salutation and civility. He replied in the same language with ease and fluency, but I saw that it was not native to his tongue, and I then spoke to him in Italian. His answer was in the purest Tuscan, but an accent still marked his speech, which I thought must belong to a native of France. I addressed him accordingly in French, and the words were not off my lips when he burst into a laugh, and rowed his bark up towards me.

"Poh!" said he, in a hearty English voice; "you and I are running round Europe for a medium of conversation, when we could find one a thousand times better at home. Your French is as good as the academy's, I dare say; but it betrays you for a true-born Englishman. Is that your own boat?"

"No."

"Then get into mine, and go home with me. That's a piratical-looking craft you have got there."

"Precisely what it is, I believe. I stole it from one of Menitzen's free-boating friends under the rocks of his castle; but I have no right to abuse it, for it has saved my life."

"Ah, ha! you have been at the prince's 'house-warming,' as they call it in Scotland. I was sailing about here when I saw the light, and rowed down in that quarter to see the cause of it, from whence I have just returned. Did you learn the motive of his lighting up in this way? a birth-night illumination was it, or only a spectacle to amuse the tedium of the evening?"

"More of a funeral-pyre than any thing else. Perhaps you are aware that he was killed to-day?"

"By a grape-stone, I suppose, and not a grape-shot," said he, as he pushed the boat rapidly along with his paddle. "I never knew the prince, but he was reported to have more courage at the glass's rim than at the cannon's mouth."

"I do not know how that was; I should have thought he would have had too much arrogance to be a coward, and too much frigidness to be a drunkard."

"They are an atrocious crew, all these Cypriote nobles; insolent in their bearing, and mean in their doing. They remind me of the Spaniards as characterized by lord Chatham—'as mean and crafty as they are proud and insolent;' and their assumption and conceit are immeasurable; as Navagiero said of the Castilian nobles of his time, 'If their power were equal to their pride, the whole world would not be able to stand before them.' But they compensate for the loftiness of their imagination by the lowness of their principle."

After going a little farther, we emerged from the confined passages amidst the rocks which we had been for some time following, and floated into a broad and lake-like expanse of water, bounded by a circle of islands that shone in the distance, beneath the moon, like a band of gems. In the centre of this secluded little sea, there was an island which rose by a direct ascent to a considerable elevation, the promontory of which was crowned by a temple-shaped structure of white marble, surrounded by columns, and glittering in the brilliance of the night. The scene more nearly resembled some Italian picture, or vision of youth, than any reality which had ever come before my eyes.

"This," said my companion, "is my place of residence, and called after myself, Pontarvis. I am more than fashionable in this my solitude, and if lonely, am not uncourtly; for I rise with the lustre of the evening star, and repose only by sun-light; being led to that custom partly by the love of quiet, and partly because I think a sun-rise more splendid than a sunset. So that you see I concur fairly with the definition of a vagabond as described in one of Edward the Second's Statutes, being one who 'wakes on the day and sleeps on the night.' By this mode, the world knows nothing of me, though I contrive to know something of it.

I do love

To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things,
For mine own private use.*

I may say with Petrarch, '*Lego scribo; hæc vita, hæc delectatio mea est; solitudinis appetens et gaides.*' And though I cannot pursue the quotation, and say, '*qua nidu sompa ab adolescentia mea fuit,*' for I have had action enough in my day, yet I may repeat with truth what he uttered, though modestly, '*Minom tam jugi studio, tam pauca tanto in tempore didicisse.*'"

We had arrived by this time at the island on which was the residence of Pontarvis, and putting his arm in mine, he led me up the bank to the porch of the dwelling, and pointed out the various beauties of the scenery. The building was a gem in architecture, and gave a classic refinement to all the prospect. We remained discoursing upon a variety of topics, until the eastern sun had mounted above the horizon; Pontarvis then said that his hour of sleep had arrived, and we retired accordingly to rest.

[To be continued.]

*The Fox.

VOS VOBIS.

THE HONEY BEE.

BY HENRY FRACHAM.

THE painful bee, who many a bitter show'r
And storm had felt, far from his hive away,
To seek the sweetest honey-bearing flow'r
That might be found, and was the pride of May,
Here lighting on the fairest he might spy,
Is beat by drones, by wasp and butterfly.

So men there are sometimes of good desert,
Who painfully have labor'd for the hive,
Yet must they with their merit stand apart,
And give a far inferior leave to thrive;
Or be, perhaps, if gotten unto grace,
By waspish envy beaten out of place.

THE EAGLE-FED;

A LEGEND OF LOUGH CONN.

BY A SPORTSMAN FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

THE wind which had been lulling since noon, died totally away, as we rested on our oars in the centre of Lough Conn, a beautiful and extensive sheet of water in the County of Mayo, in the Connaught province of dear old Ireland. We were uncertain whether to return to land, or await the chance of a breeze springing up at sunset; the Lough appeared the very picture of repose, as its islands and rocky shores, covered with hanging woods, were reflected in the sleeping waters, while the giant masses of Nefin in the distance, stood out in bold relief, and closed a glorious landscape, at times soft enough for him of Lorraine to study, and at others in savage grandeur, suited to the gloomy pencil of Salvator. Far as the eye could range, the trouts were rising at the insect tribe, breaking the still surface of the lake into countless undulations. But it was idle to throw a fly, and following the example of Tony Gallagher, my chief boatman, I exchanged the useless casting-line for float and foot-link, and commenced killing time and perch together. In a dead and sultry evening in summer, this is the angler's sole resource,—and to him who condescends to use a worm, the sport, of its kind, is excellent. In those extensive waters perch are found of large size, and in immense numbers; and as my boatmen were well supplied with bait, we filled our baskets speedily. It was now time to give over; the sun was sinking on the heights; night was creeping on—the latest of the feathered tribe, the cormorant, was hurrying to the rocky isle he roosted on; and two huge eagles, sailing majestically over the placid lake, were winding their evening flight towards the shattered pinnacle of gray stone, which forms the sheer precipice that crowns the ridge of Nefin*.

"Come, out oars, or it will be dark before we reach the bridge."

"It is time to move homewards," responded *Panrick More*, to his companion; "for see, Tony, the best friends of your family are returning to Craigdarroch for the night."

"What connexion has Tony with the eagles, Panrick?"

"Why, did your honor never hear about the eagle and his grandfather?"

"Never, Panrick."

"Faith, and you shall not be long so; it's an odd story, and what's better still, it's a true one, and as we row up the lake, I'll tell it to you."

Quickly the lines were reeled up, the oars dipped in the water,—and Panrick commenced the following legend of Lough Conn:—

"The winter had been bad, the spring was late, labor was backward, and provisions dear; and Tony Gallagher, God rest him! was barely a twelvemonth married, and had of course the expenses of a wedding and a christening to keep him down, the devil! No boy in the country could have got on snugger than himself. His cabin was warm and sheltered, and stood in yon little valley that now is overgrown with larch and holly. He had a good patch of potatoe land, a cow's grass, and if he had only let matrimony alone, he could have lived as happily as he pleased. A tight, clean, active fellow, was welcome every where. He could dance a jig, sing a song, box his corner; was the neatest hurler that ever struck a ball; and as to fishing, his equal was not in Connaught. When another could not stir a trout, Tony would fill a basket. With every hole and corner of the lough, he was familiar from his infancy. He threw a line that touched the water light as the thistle-down itself; and as to flies, the best tyer that ever laid a mallard's coating on a Limerick hook, was but a fool to Tony Gallagher.

"Times, as I said, were bad, and yet Tony, the *ommadaun*, would marry. Well, may be he did not find out his folly soon enough! Before, when he went out of a morning, devil a soul asked or cared when he came back, or whether he came back at all. But now things were changed; his wife, like bad fortune, was never from his elbow. If he stayed late at a pattern, he was sure of the worst of abuse; and if he danced with a neighbor's daughter, his wife would rise a *shilloo*, that the priest could scarcely quiet.

* *Nefin*—the highest mountain in the west of Ireland.

"It was a fine May morning; Tony had remained till cock-crow at a *cake*," and afraid to meet his wrathful helpmate, when the dance broke up, he strolled to the eagle's cliff that rises above the wood of Drummond. There he sat down to mourn his own bad fortune, and calculate the quantity of abuse he should receive from his lady when he ventured home. '*Och hone,*' said Tony, 'what a beast I was! to make a *gommock* of myself; and when I was snug and independent, marry that devil who would rough-ride a dragoon. I am half inclined to slip into Ballina, list for a soldier, and end my troubles, by leaving the country altogether.' As he thus soliloquized, a noise from the cliff roused his attention; he looked up, and there was the old eagle landed on the shelf of rock, with a lamb in his talons, which two young ones immediately assaulted. The parent bird, after a momentary rest, started from the aerie again to seek another prey.

"Tony, as I said before, was a young and adventurous fellow; circumstances had made him desperate, and he scaled the back of the precipice, to see if the nest was approachable. Luck was on his side. He discovered a fissure in the rock;—step by step he managed to crawl downwards, till swinging himself from an old scathed oak, he landed fairly on the ledge upon which the eagles had built their aerie. Tony secured the lamb, clomb up the precipice again; and, trusting to this unexpected God-send, he ventured home to ask his wife's forgiveness.

"From that time, no one in the parish lived like Tony Gallagher; and to abridge the home consumption of the eagle's household, and thereby secure a larger portion for his own, he removed one of the young ones, and secured the other from leaving the nest, by pinioning a wing, and strapping his legs to a root of ivy.

"Had Mr. Gallagher borne his good fortune modestly, he might have enjoyed the delicacies of the season until the hour of his death, aye, and his children after him; but personal vanity, it would appear, was excited by luxurious living, and Tony determined to treat his lady to a new jock, and himself to a suit of clothes. The materials were accordingly provided, and Patey Flynn, the best artist between Boyle and Ballina, was sent for to make the garments. Patey was not only a good workman, but a pleasant fellow—fond of news and cock-fighting, and the best company in Connanght. During his sojourn in Tony's cabin, the aerie proved unusually productive; and no wonder then that the tailor took his departure with regret at the summons of Father Denis Cavanagh, whose nether garments required an extensive repair. He obeyed the clerical call, however, as he had deposited for its greater security, a game cock with the priest, whose lineage was of the highest order, and consequently, his value above price.

"Patey, said the churchman, '*Ceade fealtleagh!*—Pull in your chair, and take an air of the fire.'

"I am obliged to your reverence,' replied the artist; 'but I'm rather warm with the walk. Fresh and well you're looking, Father Denis!

"Biddy,' says the priest to his house-keeper, 'hand out the *crustaceen*, till Patey gets a drink. Arrah! raise your hand a little, man, and take the color of death off it, for the spirit is good. And how are them creatures, the Gallaghers, struggling through this hard spring?'

"Struggling!' ejaculated the tailor; 'by this book, there's not such living within twenty miles as Tony Gallagher gives.'

"Bidershin, Patey,' said the priest, 'none of your joking, if you please.'

"Upon my conscience, I'm in earnest,' replied the tailor.

"Arrah, what had ye for dinner yesterday?'

"Two ducks and a four-pound trout.'

"Devil a blithe!' says the priest; 'and what the day before?'

"A side of lamb,' returned the artist.

"Holy Saint Denis! lamb has not crossed my mouth this season. And the day before that?'

"We had,' replied Mr. Flynn, 'two rabbits and a salmon.'

The churchman crossed himself. 'Patey! does Tony take the road, or coin?—or may be he has found a crack of money.'

"Devil a one of me knows; but it's truth I told your reverence.'

"Well, Patey, this beats Bannagher!'

"As he was speaking, there arose such a *shilloo* in the yard, that one would have thought the house was in a blaze. The tailor ran out to see what was the matter, and the priest ran after him; and there they found the house-keeper and her niece shouting a hundred murders, and pointing to the haggard, while one cried out, 'The gander's gone!' and the other muttered something about the game cock.

"Death or nagers!' says the priest, 'I'm destroyed.'

"And I'm ruined for ever!' exclaimed the tailor, jumping over the ditch. Gone indeed were gander and game cock! and quills and hackles scattered around, interspersed with sundry blood-stains, proved that both had died by violent means; and it was certain that any twelve honest men, upon their corporal oaths, would in both cases return a verdict of wilful murder!

"I'll search the world,' said the priest, 'or I'll find out the robber!'

* *Cake*—a rustic entertainment peculiar to the province of Connanght.

"And I," rejoined the tailor, "though I travel from Dunmore to the walls of Derry." "With that the churchman drew on his boots, and the tailor buttoned the knees of his inexpressibles; both, being in trouble, took a comforter from the *cruiskeevin* before they started on their journey of discovery, while the old house-keeper threw her shoe after them for luck."

It would be tedious to follow Panrick More in the minute detail he gave of the travels of the twain. It is enough to say that they reached the hill, above Tony Gallagher's cabin, at sun-set; and, as far as the fate of the lost birds went, they were sadder, but not wiser men. Great, however, was their satisfaction to observe a light glimmering from the casement, which proved that the inmates were at home; but greater was their joy when they reached the house and peeped through the window, for there hung a side of mountain mutton before the fire, in the very act of roasting, while Mrs. Gallagher, like a careful christian, was seated beside it on a stool, regulating its evolutions by an occasional twist of the string!

The tailor lifted the latch, and the priest stepped in with a "God save all here, barring the cat!" Up jumped Sibby Gallagher:—"Och, then, may be it's your reverence that isn't welcome. Agh, Patsey, but I'm glad to see ye!"

"Where's Tony?" said the priest.

"Feakes, and he's quite convenient; he's down at the still-house, Father Denis, for a sup of potein. Patsey, *avournecine*! I'll slip for him in a shake. Turn the string, God bless ye! and if the praters come to a boil before I'm back, lift them off, *astore*." And off she bolted.

"Patsey! doesn't this slog all?" remarked the churchman.

"Did I tell your reverence a lie?" replied the tailor.

"A purtier piece of mutton I havn't seen for a month of Sundays," quoth the priest.

"Ay, and the house isn't trusting to it ather," observed the tailor.

"There's someting in that bag, I think;"—and Father Denis closed his left eye.

"Be Jakus, we'll soon see that!" and up got Patsey Flynn, while the priest gave the string a twist for fear the mutton should burn.

"It feels soft," said the tailor, as he untied the bag. At the first shake, the game cock fell upon the floor; and at the second, out came the priest's gander!

The *denouement* of the tale, as Panrick described it in Irish, was dramatic to a degree;—Tony got desperate abuse from the tailor, and was sent to Lough Keerawn for penance by the priest. The aerie was demolished; the eagles, old and young, cursed next Sunday from the altar; and, as the boatman observed, "niver had a day's luck after it!" Reduced, by penance and short commons, from a well-sized gentleman, Tony dwindled down until he could have fitted an eel-skin. His wife became crosser than before; and he, poor fellow, had ample leisure to curse the hour when he meddled with either game cock or gander!

"And you believe all that nonsense, Panrick?"

"To be sure I do; nobody ever doubted it but yer honor."

"Well, pull away. Hark! is not that a bugle?"

The last gleam of "dying day" had faded in the twilight, and a deep soul-soothing quiet reigned over lake and hill; again, and mellowed by distance, a strain of music came sweetly across the sleeping waters. The musician was invisible, and the gloom of evening prevented me from seeing whence it came. I thought of the passage in *The Tempest*; they were just such sounds that stole upon the fascinated ear of young Ferdinand:—

Where should this music be; i' th' air, or the earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island.
This music creeps by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air.—But 'tis gone;—
No, it begins again.

Pulling stoutly for the bridge, we overhauled a boat laden with "a goodly companie" of both sexes, who, having dined on Glass Island, had remained until this late hour on the lake. The bugle ceased; but three voices, admirably harmonized, sang a boat-glee beautifully. We followed them, while "our oars kept time," to the landing-place, where sundry vehicles were in waiting. Hauling the skiff ashore, we collected our rods and baskets, secured the boat, and hid the oars in the thick brushwood. Pleased with the quiet pleasure of the day, and in that placid mood which attends the follower of "the gentle art," I retired for the night, to "take mine ease in mine inn."

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. VIII.

JEAN MONETTE.

At the time I first became Commissary, my *arrondissement* was that part which included the Rue St. Antoine, which has a great number of courts, alleys, and *culs de sac*, issuing from it in all directions, and from their proximity to a very great thoroughfare, gave me no inconsiderable deal of trouble. The houses in these alleys and courts are for the most part inhabited by wretches, wavering betwixt the last shade of poverty and actual starvation, ready to take part in any disturbance, or assist in any act of rapine or violence. In one of these alleys, there lived at that time a man named Jean Monette, who was tolerably well stricken in years, but still a hearty man. He was a widower, and, with an only daughter, occupied a floor, "*au quatrieme*," in one of the courts; people said he had been in business, and grown rich, but that he had not the heart to spend his money, which year after year accumulated, and would make a splendid fortune for his daughter, at his death. With this advantage, Emma, who was really a handsome girl, did not want for suitors, and thought that being an heiress she might wait till she really felt a reciprocal passion for some one, and not throw herself away upon the first tolerable match (according to the sense of the word) that presented itself. It was on a Sunday, the first of the month of June, that Emma had, as an especial treat, obtained sufficient money from her father for an excursion with some friends, to see the water works at Versailles.

It was a beautiful day, and the basin was thronged around with thousands and thousands of persons, looking, from the variety of their dresses, more like the colors of a splendid rainbow, than aught beside; and when at four o'clock, Triton and his satellites threw up their immense volumes of water, all was wonder, astonishment, and delight, but none were more delighted than Emma, to whom the scene was quite new; and then it was so pleasant to have found a person who could explain every thing and every body, point out the Duke of this, and Count that, and the other lions of Paris; besides such an agreeable and well-dressed man; it was really quite condescending in him to notice them; and then towards evening, he would insist they should all go home together in a *fiacre*, and that he alone should pay all the expenses, and when, with a gentle pressure of the hand and a low whisper, he begged her to say where he might come, and throw himself at her feet, she thought her feelings were different to what they had ever been before; but how could she give her address—tell so dashing a man that she lived in such a place—no, she could not do that, but she would meet him at the "*Jardin d'Ete*" next Sunday evening, and dance with no one else all night.

She met him on the Sunday, and again and again, until her father began to suspect, from her frequent absence of an evening, which was formerly an unusual circumstance with her, that something must be wrong; the old man loved his money, but he loved his daughter more. She was the only link in life that kept together the chain of his affections; he had been passionately fond of his wife, and when she died, had filled up the void in his heart, by placing in its stead his daughter; they were the only things, save his money, he had ever loved; the world had cried out against him as a hard hearted rapacious man, and he, in return, despised the world. He was, therefore, much grieved at her conduct, and questioned Emma as to where her frequent visits led her, but could only obtain for answer, that she was not aware she had been absent so much as to give him uneasiness. This was unsatisfactory, and so confirmed the old man in his suspicions, that he determined to have his daughter watched; this he got effected through the means of an *ancien ami*, then in the profession of what he called an inspector, though his enemies (and all men have such) called him a *mouchard*; however, by what name he called himself, or others called him, he understood his business, and so effectually watched the young lady, that he discovered her frequent absence to be for the purpose of meeting a man, who, after walking some distance with her, managed, despite of the inspector's boasted abilities, to give him the slip. This naturally puzzled him, and so it would any man in his situation; now only fancy, gentle reader, the feelings of one of the chief government's employees in the

argus line of business, a man renowned for his success in almost all the arduous and intricate affairs that had been committed to his care, to find himself baffled in a paltry private intrigue, and one which he had merely undertaken for the sake of friendship. On the second time, he tried the plan of fancying himself to be well paid, thinking this would stimulate his dormant energies, knowing well a thing done for friendship's sake, is always badly done; but even here he failed, he watched them to a certain corner, but before he could get round it, they were no where to be seen; this was not to be borne, it was setting him at defiance; should he call in the assistance of a brother in the line—no, that would be to acknowledge himself beaten, and the disgrace he could not bear—his honor was concerned, and he would achieve it single-handed; but then it was very perplexing, the man, to his experienced eye, seemed not as he had done to Emma, a dashing gentleman, but more like a bird in fine feathers; something must be wrong, and he must find it out—but then again came that confounded question, how?—he would go and consult old Monette—he could, perhaps, suggest something; and, musing on the strangeness of the adventure, he walked slowly towards the house of the old man to hold a council with him on the occasion. On the road, his attention was attracted by a disturbance in the street, and mingling with the crowd, in hopes of seizing some of his enemies exercising their illegal functions, on whom the whole weight of his official vengeance might fall, he for the time forgot his adventure; the crowd had been drawn together by a difference of opinion betwixt two gentlemen of the vehicular profession, respecting some right of preference, and after all the usual kind and endearing expressions of esteem common on such occasions, had been exhausted, one of them drove off, leaving the other, at least master of the field, if he had not got the expected job. The crowd began to disperse, and with them also was going our friend of the "Surveillance," when, on turning round, he came in contact with Mam'selle Monette, leaning on the arm of the object of his inquietude; the light from a lamp above his head shone immediately on the face of Emma and her admirer, showing them both as clear as noon day, so that when his glance turned from the lady to the gentleman, and he obtained a full view of his face, he expressed his admiration of the discovery he had made by a loud whew! which, though a short sound and soon pronounced, meant a great deal; for first, it meant he had made a great discovery; secondly, that he was not astonished he had not succeeded before in his watchful endeavors; thirdly—but perhaps the two mentioned may be sufficient; for, turning sharp round, he made the greatest haste to reach Monette, and inform him this time of the result of his espionage;—which, after a long prelude, stating how fortunate he was to have such a friend as himself, a man who knew every body and every thing, proceeded to inform him of the pleasing intelligence, that his daughter was in the habit of meeting, and going to some place (he forgot to say where) with the most desperate and abandoned character in Paris; and one who was so extremely dextrous in all his schemes, that the police, though perfectly aware of his kind intentions towards his Catholic Majesty's subjects, had not been able to fix upon him in the commission of any one of his kind acts, for he changed his appearance so often, as to set at naught all the assiduous exertions of the "Corps des Espions," whose industry and caution in their avocations have reached the acme of praise, viz: to be proverbial, and the unhappy father received from his friend at parting, the assurance that they would catch him yet, and give him an invitation (the French people do use such polite words) to pass the rest of his days in seclusion.

On Emma's return, he told her the information he had received, wisely withholding the means from which his knowledge came, saying, he knew she had that moment parted from the man who would lead her to the brink of destruction, and then cast her off like a child's broken play-thing; he begged, nay, he besought her with tears in his eyes, to promise she would never again see him. Emma was thunderstruck, not only at the accuracy of her father's information, but at hearing such a character of one whom she had painted perfection's self, and calling to her aid those never-failing woman's arguments, a copious flood of tears, fell on her father's neck, and promised never again to see him, but if possible, to banish all thoughts of him from her mind.

"My child," said the old man, "I believe you from my heart—I believe you—I love you, but the world says I am rich—why, I know not; you know I live in a dangerous neighborhood, and all my care will be necessary to prevent my losing either my child or my reputed wealth; therefore, to avoid all accidents, I will take care you do not leave this house for the next six months to come, and in that time your gallant will have forgotten you, or what will amount to the same thing, you will have forgotten him; but I am much mistaken if the man's intentions are not to rob me of my money, rather than my child."

The old man kept his word, and Emma was not allowed for several days to leave the rooms, "au quatrieme;" she tried, during the time, if it were possible to forget the object of her affections, and thought if she could but see him once more to bid him a long and last farewell, she might in time wear out his remembrance from her heart; but in order to do that, she must see him once more; and having made up her mind that this interview would be an essential requisite to the desired consummation, she took counsel with herself how it was to be accomplished, and there was only one great obstacle presented itself to her view, which was "she couldn't get out." Now woman's invention (I mean of those who are in love, or fancy it, for its pretty much the same thing) never fails them, when they have set their hearts upon any desired object, and it occurred to her, that although she could not get out, yet it was not quite so apparent that he could not get in; and this point being settled,

it was no very difficult matter to persuade the old woman who occasionally assisted her in the household arrangements, to be the bearer of a short note, purporting that her father having been unwell for the last few days, usually retired early to rest, and that if her dear Despreau would come about eleven o'clock on the following evening, her father would be asleep, and she would be on the watch for a signal, which was to be three gentle taps on the door.

The old woman executed her commission so well, that she brought back an answer vowing eternal fidelity, and promising a punctual attendance at the rendezvous. Nor was it likely he meant to fail;—seeing it was the object he had for months in view, and he reasoned with himself that if he once got there, he would make such good use of his time, as to render a second visit perfectly unnecessary; therefore, it would be a pity to disappoint any one, and he immediately communicated his plans to two of his confederates, promising them an adequate share of the booty, and also the girl herself, if either of them felt that way inclined, as a reward for their assistance.

His plans were very well managed, and would have gone on exceedingly well, but for one small accident which happened through the officious interference of the inspector, who, the moment he had discovered who the Lothario was, had taken all the steps he could to catch him, and gain the honor of having caught so accomplished a gentleman; rightly judging that it could not be long before he could pay a visit to Monette's rooms, and the letters, previously to their being delivered by the old woman, had been read by him, and met with his full approbation.

I was much pleased on being informed by the inspector, that he wanted my assistance one evening to apprehend the celebrated Despreau, who had planned the commission of a robbery near the Rue St. Antoine, and made me acquainted with nearly all the before mentioned circumstances; so about half past ten o'clock, I posted myself with the inspector and four men, where I could see Despreau pass, and at eleven o'clock, punctual to the moment, he and his two associates began to ascend the stairs; the two confederates were to wait until he had been admitted some time, when he was to come to the door on some pretext and let them in; after the lapse of half an hour they were let in, when we ascended after them, and the inspector having a duplicate key, we let ourselves gently in, standing in the passage, so as to prevent our being seen; in a few minutes, we heard a loud shriek from Emma, and old Monette's voice crying out murder and thieves, most vociferously, and on entering the rooms, perceived that the poor girl was lying on the ground, while one of the men was endeavoring to stifle her cries by either gagging or suffocating her, though in the way he was doing it, the latter would have soon been the case; the old man had been dragged from his bed, and Despreau stood over him with a knife, swearing, that unless he showed him the place where his money and valuables were deposited, it should be the last hour of his existence. Despreau, on seeing us, seemed inclined to have made a most desperate resistance, but not being seconded by his associates, submitted to be pinioned, expressing his regret that we had not come half an hour later, when we might have been saved the present trouble. I begged to assure him I did not think it so; but, on the contrary, we should be delighted with his company, which we hoped to have for many years to come, and begged to have the honor of escorting him to the lodgings provided in expectation of his visit.

Despreau was shortly after tried for the offence, which was too clearly proved to admit of any doubt. He was sentenced to the galleys for life, and is now at Brest, undergoing his sentence. Emma soon afterwards married a respectable man, and old Monette behaved on the occasion much more liberally than was expected.

J. M. B.

SONNETS TO EVENING.

PLEASANT it is, although the woods are brown,
And trees grow thin and bare, and flowers are
few,
Careless of sweeping mist or dropping dew,
Through lonely fields to wander far from town,
When Phœbus doffs his glorious golden crown,
And bedded is the lark and late cuckoo,
And nothing stirs save shadows of dark hue—
The latest leaves autumnal winds have strown;
The Bee, belated, hurrying to hive
His latter gleanings, too much tired to sing—
The mouse-like bat, flapping his sooty wing—
Or beetle blind, who comes with heedless drive,
Fierce in his flight, 'gainst traveller or tree,
Drops in the dust, and there must trampled be.

'Tis pleasant then to stand so silently,
That from far wall loud sounds the cricket's chirr,
And hearken to the faint suburban stir,
And city's deeper hum; the hourly cry
Of Time's wide-warning voice; or Evening's sigh,
Like a sad nun's in prayer; or sounds which near
Might seem discordant to some Midas' ear,
But in the distance mingling make sweet harmony.
And when the moon usurps her brother's sphere
'Tis pleasant to behold the stars serene;
The silver moonlight on the silent scene;
The sleeping earth; and skies like waters clear,
Through which some sights of heaven we may
discern,
Which glorify this world, though we for others
yearn.

OFF THE CAPE.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF MY EARLY LIFE.

BY DICK STANTON, OF PHILA.

"MAINTOP!" shouted the captain of our little privateer, as he ran his eye up rapidly to where the look-out sat on his lofty perch.

The man turned, but his answer was lost in the shrill, sharp whistling of the gale.

"Keep a sharp look out to windward!" again thundered my uncle.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came faintly down.

"It's a hurricane of a blow, Dick—I shouldn't wonder if it brings the frigate down upon us—how the old storm howls around the cape! Did you ever before see a sight like that?" said my uncle, as, stopping suddenly, he pointed over the weather-quarter, towards the murky horizon.

We were rounding the cape. The wind for two days had gone on increasing until it now blew such a hurricane as, even in that stormy latitude, is rarely seen. The night before, young as I was, I had watched the sun go gloomily down; and as I saw the long waves, which seemed to run a quarter of a mile, sweep against the frowning horizon, I had stood more proudly on our little quarter deck that I had gazed on a scene so awfully sublime. The dark horizon above, the vast waves heaving heavily up, the singing of the blast as it swept through the rigging, contributed to raise in my awe-struck mind emotions of mingled wonder and fear. Now, however, the scene was changed. The morning was just breaking, and all was dim. There was no longer the magnificent horizon of a stormy sea stretching in awful grandeur around us, but the morning mists curtained all from our sight, and we could see nothing but the waves, whitening on our quarter, and the spray driving into the thick darkness ahead—into which we as rapidly followed. The brig had labored so uneasily in the night that she had been put before the wind, and was now scudding along with the tempest at a frightful rate. The gale tore crashingly along, bearing us with it as "on the wings of the wind." Aloft, nothing but a close-reefed foretopsail was seen, straining in the gale that rattled through the rigging. The tall, trim, bare masts looked gallantly against the sky. The darkness, the uncertainty, and, most of all, the anxious look on my uncle's face, stirred a new and strange feeling within me—it was something akin to fear.

"A sail!" suddenly sung the look-out at the maintop.

"A sail!" came hoarsely sweeping from the foreyard.

"Where away?" asked the captain, glancing hastily around.

"Close on the"—

"Heavens! it's the Englisher!" ejaculated the captain, drowning the look-out's cry. "How she staggers on to us—she'll run us down, by Jove!"

I looked to windward, and, sure enough, there was our old enemy, from whom, but four days since, we had escaped, careering almost in our wake. She was an English frigate of the largest class, and, with a press of canvas on her that made every thing crack again, was dashing rapidly out of the morning fog. At first, only her tall masts were seen above the thick mists; then her yard-arms rolled into the clear space, and at last, her dark, trim, jaunty hull shot out of the fog, until the enormous mass, driving along with a cloud of foam, had come so near that I could with ease have flung a biscuit on her decks.

"We can't carry much more, Mr. Townsend?" said, inquiringly, my uncle's lieutenant.

"She *must* carry more, Mr. Grayson," said the old man; and, raising his voice, he shouted rapidly—

"All hands aloft—shake the reef out of that foretopsail—quick to it, my lads—man the clew-garnets—quick, there, for your lives!"

I had involuntarily ran forwards, but stopped, and during the whole of the breathless scene that followed, stood on the weather-bow.

"Hand me the trumpet!" shouted our brave old commander. "Quarter-master, look as sharp as a nor'-wester; we'll give it to 'em yet!"

Though sail after sail had been spread on our little brig with the rapidity of magic, our pursuer had already such a press of canvas on, and had acquired such a frightful momentum, as to leave no

chances of escape. She had discovered us at the same moment we had discovered her, and though it was certainly accident at first that brought us in this dangerous juxtaposition, she soon showed that her commander was determined to make the most of his advantage. Steadily, therefore, and without swerving a point, she came sweeping down upon us, a little on our windward quarter, her enormous bow far overtopping our low stern, and spar on spar towering far above our little masts.

"Ship ahoy!" came in broken sentences down the gale, "heave to—his majesty's ship—run you down."

"Run down, and be d—d!" roared our commander. "Hurrah for the old thirteen!"

A thundering cheer burst in answer from our tars, and was replied to by another from the crew of the frigate, who now crowded every part of her lower rigging.

"Heave to!" again came, in the stirring tones of the trumpet, down the wind.

Old Townsend answered not a word. He stood in the main-rigging, still and motionless, grasping his trumpet with the clutch of a Hercules, and eyeing his enemy like a hawk, as, bent on her dreadful purpose, she came rushing down, leviathan like, upon us. Not a breath was drawn on board either ship. Our oldest sailors grasped the rigging, in momentary expectation of the approaching wreck, while every eye was fastened on the dark hull that came driving along with the foam. Her lofty bow was already up to our quarter, her giant yards nearly interlocked with our own as she rolled—a second of awful suspense ensued, and just as a practised eye might have seen the extremity of her jib-boom swerve a hair's-breadth towards us, old Townsend, without taking his eyes from her hull, waved his trumpet, and shouted, in a voice of thunder—

"Starboard—hard—down!"

"Starboard, quarter-master, h-a-r-d!" rung out from the frigate, and the enormous mass, swinging rapidly around, came bearing down on our bow.

Our commander had seen all this, and calculated to a nicety. Had he given the word sooner, the frigate would have had time to follow him, but by deferring it to the last moment he had a chance that she would be taken unawares, and shoot harmlessly across our bow. She would then scarcely dare to tack, for he knew, in such a gale, with the difficulty of getting possession of us if we should be taken, she would not venture being laid on her beam-ends by a wave taking her in the waist—a danger to which, by the by, all vessels built like men-of-war are peculiarly liable. The daring manœuvre had well nigh succeeded. But the frigate had approached so near as for a moment to take our wind, and thus, though our brig shot rapidly to leeward, her colossal foe almost as rapidly came rushing across our bowsprit. There was a crash, a crack like thunder, a roll, a heave, and the next instant I was hurled from my look-out a fathom deep into the sea.

When I rose to the surface, the first thing I did was to strike out for my life. Happily a spar floated by me, and eagerly grasping it, I felt myself for the time secure. Shaking the spray from my face, I looked around for our brig, and to my surprise beheld her hove-to to windward, and seemingly uninjured except in her forward rigging. She was rapidly, however, falling away into the mist, and I began, with a fearful feeling, to think of myself. In the hurry and confusion which I knew must result I had little chance of being missed, and I was now floating on the ocean with nothing but a frail spar for my support. The velocity with which I was urged through the water surprised me, but another wave at this moment dashed over me, and I rose again, drenched, to the surface. Shaking the spray off, I looked up and saw that I had grasped what was apparently a broken spar from the frigate, to which, by its hamper, it was still attached. The hope which had died in my breast revived, and I shouted aloud. But all this had not occupied a minute.

"Keep her to it, quarter-master; we can do nothing with the Yankee in such a gale, and our foretop-sail-yard gone," muttered the officer of the deck. "Away, there," he sang out in a louder tone, "hurry up that spar—send the carpenter aft!" and then came the quick hurrying of feet on the deck over head.

I was hurried along, buried in the foam, and dragged with my spar almost under the vast hull of the frigate. Consequently, I was not discernable from the deck. I saw this, and shouted again, for it was my only hope. They did not hear me. I could feel that the cordage which kept my spar to the frigate was slowly loosening, and at every surge I fell farther towards her stern. I renewed my shouts in a voice of alarm.

"Cut away that hamper!" thundered, angrily, the officer of the deck.

"Oh! my God!" I exclaimed, in frightful desperation, "cut me not loose—hilloo!"

My impotent cries were echoed from the overhanging side of the frigate, or lost in the loud roarings of the gale, and in an instant with a quick jerk, I was cast loose, a wave surged over me, and when again I rose to the surface, I was far astern of the now rapidly receding man-of-war. I shouted again; but it was in vain. The loud splashing of the waters easily drowned my feeble voice.

I renewed again and again, with more despairing feelings, my efforts; but what could a poor boy do amid such a fearful warring of the elements? Before a quarter of an hour, the frigate was well down to leeward, carrying a press of sail, and swinging her tall masts, as she rolled towards the water.

Meanwhile, with a feeling which none but those who have been in such a situation can imagine, I clung to my spar, and was borne onwards with the enormous billows. Every instant a wave

washed over me, drenching me with its cold spray, and shaking me almost loose from my support. Now I rose towards the clouds on the breast of some gigantic billow, and then, with its crest combing over me, I was hurried, with frightful velocity, into the abyss below. Tossed, drenched, cold, and wearied, I had neither hope nor plan. When I rose to the top of the long wave I would look eagerly around me, but the same desolate scene on all hands met my eye. The morning mists had cleared away, but it was only to disclose in more terrific grandeur the vast prospect that stretched around. The intensity of a hurricane, singular as, to landsmen, it may seem, always has the effect of levelling the waves, and wrapping the ocean in a cloud of driving spray, which shuts every thing momentarily from the sight. It was only at intervals, therefore, I could catch a glimpse of the horizon. The frigate was nearly hull down to leeward, flitting like a sea-gull away in the white foam. Off to windward, rising and falling on the giant billows, her trim masts clearly defined against the sky, was my only hope, our little privateer. And how faint was that hope! It was against all human probability that I, an eager, high-souled boy, should ever stand on her deck again. She was now lying with her head to the wind, tossing on the surge, and if she altered her course, it would scarcely be in the direction of her powerful foe, where only she would meet me. There was no prospect before me but a lingering, horrid death. It was with difficulty I could cling to my spar; every wave that washed over weakened me, and often came with a jerk so sudden as almost to fling me from my hold. The gale, though it seemed to lull, still continued with awful power, and in its dying strength only left the swell more dangerous. As I thought of all this, my heart died within me. I saw nothing for my fate but a protracted death—starvation, and perhaps worse. For a moment I was tempted to drop my hold, and put an end to my suspense at once. But better feelings came across me. I thought of my poor, widowed mother, and the solemn counsel she had given me as she laid her hands meekly on my young head, and charged me, with her faltering, dying tones, never to forget my God. It came across my memory in that dreadful hour like the whispering voice of an angel. I thought, too, of our sweet little New England cottage, and of the graveyard where my mother was laid. I burst into tears of contrition, and lifting up my voice, alone on that stormy ocean, with no one to hear me but my God, I prayed. The rushing hurricane bore it to the Being who holds the winds in his hand.

An hour must have passed while I was thus hopelessly tossed on the deep. As the morning advanced, the distance had gradually increased between the brig and myself. Suddenly I lost sight of her, and then, looking again, I saw she was once more put before the wind, and was coming rapidly down towards me, with her foretopsail straining in the gale. I knew now the storm was lulling. I felt a new life within me. But a moment before, in that calm resignation which the certainty of our fate, however dreadful, brings upon us, I had gazed almost with apathy upon her: but now, as if by magic, my whole nature seemed changed, the stony disregard was gone, hope and fear ebbed in my heart, and a thousand stormy feelings rushed tumultuously through my soul. I clutched my spar, and strained my eyes upon the brig, trembling lest I should have deceived myself. The surges still washed over me, but I gazed dripping on that distant beacon ship. Once or twice she swerved a little from her course, and I held my breath till she wore round again. It was a half hour of thrilling suspense.

Down at length she came. She was now not more than two cables lengths distant, and with but one sail set, and every rope cracking in the strain, the spray at intervals sweeping far away by her, and at others burying her hull in a thick, white mist, she came careering over the giant billows with the velocity of a desert horse. It was plain, however, I was not seen. I shouted with all my might, but my puny voice went unheard down the gale. I had nothing to raise as a signal—how then could I attract attention! I knew, too, the difficulty with which such a small object as my spar and myself could be seen in such a gale, and my late towering hopes at the thought perished in the bud. But a few minutes would decide my fate.

All at once, I heard faintly the tap of the drum. They had at length missed me, and were beating to quarters to make it sure. I knew now that nothing would be omitted to recover me, but alas! how could they hope to find me so near them; besides the brig was already nearly upon me, and in a few minutes more would shoot by perhaps for ever. There was no time to be lost. I roused up my chilled faculties, and shouted with all my strength.

"Foretop, there, do you see anything of him?" thundered a well known voice.

"No, sir," came mournfully down the gale.

To be so near succor, to hear that voice, and yet to lose all—it was overpowering.

"Up to the maintop—look sharp, my good fellow," said the same anxious voice.

"A point or two," said the captain, waving his hand to leeward. The order swept them farther from me, and again, though in despair, I shouted madly.

I was still unseen. I felt moreover that nothing I could do would aid my discovery. I must trust to chance; now, however, that it was certain I was missing, the rigging swarmed with honest, warm-hearted tars, and a hundred eager countenances bent from their stations eagerly on the look out.

"I think I see something over the weather-bow, sir," shouted one to the captain, and the whole crew, as one man, turned anxiously in that direction. My heart sickened at the diminished chances of escape.

"A port, then, in God's name!" shouted my uncle warmly.

"Ahoy—in mercy's sake—a-a-hoy!" I gasped, prolonging the last sound, as the brig went round, not fifty fathoms off.

"Ahoy—a-hoy—a-h-o-o-y!" I screamed again in agony.

"Hark!" said a maintop man, noted for his sharp hearing, and with whom I had often laughed.

"I think I heard something—but," he added dubiously, "it's off here to lee-ward."

"Ahoy!" again, with supernatural strength, I shouted.

"I see him—hurrah!" sung out the man at the foretop, forgetting all discipline.

"Where!—where!" said fifty voices, the stentorian one of the commander rising over all.

"Off here, over the lee-ward-bow, clinging to that spar."

"I see him!" shouted an old friend at the end of the fore-yard arm; "the brave boy, hurrah!"

"There he is—there he is—there he is!" sung voice after voice, as the glad tars caught sight of me.

"There he is—God be praised!" cried a voice from the main-rigging. "Starboard he-ave!"

The emotions, thrilling, gushing, overpowering, of that moment I shall never forget. As my old uncle stood there, the only friend of my youth, with his head bared devoutly, and his long, thin gray hair streaming in the breeze, a current of joyful feelings swept over me, and tears of gladness rushed blinding into my eyes. I scarce knew what I did in the ecstasy of the moment, but I recollect raising half up on my frail footing, and waving my arm as I hurraed.

"Hurrah!" shouted the old man, waving his hat around his head, and a hundred voices simultaneously made the welkin ring with their cheers.

"Heave him a rope—throw out that float—hang on bravely, Dick!" said as many voices, and as the gallant brig rushed on me, the ropes fell thick around. I clasped the nearest, but it was useless. The giant fellow who had first heard me was planted in the fore-rigging with a rope around his waist, and as the privateer shot by he grasped me dextrously in his arm, and amid deafening shouts we were fairly lifted on the deck.

"Make way, you lubbers—where's the captain?" cried he, carrying me towards the quarter-deck.

"My boy—thank God!" was all the old man could ejaculate, and turning from the crew (for even in that hour his habits of discipline prevailed) he dropped on my cheek the first tears I had ever known him to shed.

"I didn't think, Dick, there was that on earth could make my old eye wet, but come away, my lad," and he turned to the gangway. As he did so, my giant rescuer met his eye as he leered near on.

"Ay, ay, Jim, go to the purser, and tell him to give it to you stiff."

"Thanks, sir," said he, touching his hat, as he hurried off.

As we turned to go down, I cast a last look on the deck. Far, far away, hull down to leeward, could be seen the frigate, her tall, taper masts, with all their fine tracery just discernable, as if pencilled in the faintest outlines on the distant horizon. C.

Philadelphia, February, 1839

L I N E S.

BY F. B. ELDER, PENN.

I.

Out on the glassy-bosomed wave,
The mirrored stars, in holy dance,
Display their glittering train;
The serried waves, in slow advance,
The isolated birches lave,
And mournfully complain;
The broken, craggy, rocks among
In numbers rough, and hoarsely sung.

II.

Soft zephyr's voice, in whispers low,
Commingles with the purring flow
Of Susqua's waters bright;
And on her shining surface free
Sails out a joyous coterie,
In bliss and beauty's light.

III.

Uprising in the midnight air
High swell the sounding lays
Of heaven-toned voices, breathing there
The softest notes of praise;
And the measured motion of the oar
Speaks gently on the distant shore.

IV.

Now o'er the green and shiny wave
Sweetly dies the breathing sound,
And all is hushed and quiet, save
The rolling foam around.

Columbia, Pa.

A CHAPTER
ON
FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.
BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DOG
IN ALL HIS VARIETIES.



THE SETTER.

THE Setter was originally a Spaniel, perhaps of the larger kind, taught to sit or couch on scenting the game, as the Hound was subsequently taught to stand or point, in the similar circumstance. Had we not the testimony of history, the deep flue and external form of the Setter, even when highly crossed with the Pointer according to modern fashion, fully demonstrate his origin. A Duke of Northumberland of the fourteenth century, has the reputation of being the first sportsman, who broke and trained the Setting dog to the net. In the year 1685, a Yeoman of the name of John Harris of Willdon, in the parish of Hastlebury, County of Worcester, executed a deed signed by his mark, to Henry Herbert of Robbesford, said County, Esquire, in consideration of ten shillings of lawful English money, well and sufficiently to maintain and keep until the first day of March, for the said Henry Herbert, a Spaniel bitch named Quaud, and fully and effectually train up and teach the said bitch to sit Partridges, Pheasants, and other game, as well and exactly, as the best sitting dogs usually set the same. Daniel, in his Rural Sports, has copied at length, this curious instrument. Setters in Ireland are, or used to be, termed English Spaniels. Mr. Thornhill thus describes the crack Setters in that country: colors deep chesnut and white, or all red, with the nose and roof of the mouth black. In general, Setters partake of the variety of colors in the Spaniel and Pointer. On the same authority, we learn that the Hibernian Sportsmen are in the habit of giving very liberal prices for the best kinds of this dog; as a proof, a gentleman in the north of Ireland, gave to his tenant for a setter dog and bitch, the renewal of a lease of a farm for *nine hundred and ninety-nine years*, which farm, had the lease expired, would have cleared to the landlord, above two hundred and fifty pounds per annum. In this case, it is but fair that we be allowed to presume some additional and valuable consideration. Extraordinary high prices for Setters in England, have not hitherto

come under our notice, and we believe at the present time, a very good Setter may be imported for ten pounds sterling. Yet Setters, however extremely useful, and preferred by many Sportsmen, are by no means so numerous as Pointers, the latter breed being the greatest favorites of the English gunners; but Setters are undoubtedly the best dogs for an American sportsman.

The Setter is a very beautiful and engaging dog, and the more so in proportion to retaining his original breed and form, and being free from the Pointer cross. His eye and countenance have all the softness of the Spaniel, and when of good size, with his soft, deep, and curly flue, and long fringed tail, he makes a charming and enticing appearance in the field. It is difficult, however, at present, to find a true Setter, so much has the original breed been mixed with the Pointer; perhaps the breed may have been preserved more pure in Ireland. The field duties of the Setter and Pointer are the same, but the former is the more active, hardy, and spirited, fearing no ground, wet or dry, nor the thickest covers, his feet being narrow, hard, and well defended by hair. He is well fitted for moor and heath, and no day is too long for his unwearied activity and courage. He is said sometimes to be given to strange antipathies, caprices, and self-will in his hunting.

It has been disputed, very uselessly, whether the Setter or Pointer have the most powerful nose; but let a sportsman take a thorough good dog of either kind, into the field, and he will no longer trouble himself with that dispute. Beyond a doubt, the Setter is the most useful gun dog of the two; but the Pointer is the largest, most stately and showy, and is admired for his rate, his high ranging and steadiness. The Setter on his part, may put in his claim, and more especially when of the pure breed, to his full share of the intelligence, sagacity, and affection for man, which shines so eminently and so delightfully in the Spaniel.

The Setter is said to require much water, and to be unable to endure heat and thirst like the Pointer; the former, from his constitutional activity, and the hardness of his feet, is superior in a long day, over a rough and uneven surface. From accident, or from that never-failing desire of shining by the intermixture of breeds, with little consideration of the end, Pointers have been crossed with Setters, and Setters with Pointers, but we have not observed the beneficial result. On the score of utility, the Setter can derive no improvement from such a cross; and granting, which however is not proved, that the Pointer gains something in regard of usefulness, such advantage will be counter-acted by an abatement of size, figure, and stateliness, on which account only, perhaps, he superseded the Setter in the affections of the sportsman. Many instances have been related of the unwearied activity and stoutness of the Setter, whilst following his master travelling on horseback; this dog will hunt all the fields adjoining the road, during the journey, whilst a Pointer, in the same circumstances, will generally stick close and unconcernedly at the horse's heels.

From the care taken in breeding from choice imported dogs, the breed of Setters in America has become of first-rate value. In fact, the Setter is, in every way, better adapted to the use of gunners here than any dog that can be named. Somerville, in his excellent and characteristic poem of *The Chase*, truly describes the qualities and habits of this excellent animal:

When Autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each checquered grove with various hues,
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge,
Panting he bounds, his quartered ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried! at length, the tainted galls
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, awed by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps,
Low, cowering, step by step; at last, attains
His proper distance, there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey.

The method necessary to be observed in the training and breaking of Setters, will be given in another chapter.

THE SPANIEL.

The name of the Spaniel race is derived from its supposed original country, Spain. There are many sub-varieties—the smaller Spaniel, with small round head, the ears and tails covered with long hair—King Charles' Spaniels—the Maltese or Bichon of Buffon—the lion dog—the Calpurnian or carriage dog—the hunting Spaniel or Cocker—the Setter—the Newfoundland dog—the Alpine Spaniel—the water Spaniel—the small or *petit barbet*—the Shock dog, a race between the water Spaniel and the Shepherd's dog.

The hunting Spaniel, or Springer, (*Canis cetrarius* of Linnaeus,) is useful in the pursuit of any kind of game in this country. The true English bred springing Spaniel differs but little in figure

from the Setter, except in size: their chief difference consists in the former having a larger head than the latter in proportion to the bulk of his body; they vary also in a small degree in point of color, from red, yellow, or liver color and white, which seems to be the invariable standard of the breed. They are nearly two-fifths less in height, and strength than the Setter, their form being more delicate, their ears longer, very soft and pliable, covered with a coat of long waving and silky hair; the nose is red or black, the latter being the surest mark of high breeding; the tail is bushy and pendulous, and is always in motion when employed in pursuit of game.

Differently from other dogs used in shooting, both the springer and the cocker give tongue the moment they either smell or see game; and this gives intimation to the sportsmen, who generally station themselves on the skirts of the wood or covert to which woodcocks, snipes, and pheasants are known to fly when started.

Both this dog and the cocker are frequently used as finders in greyhound-coursing, and are no less eager to start a hare, which they pursue with as much ardor as they do winged game.

From the time the springer is thrown off in the field, he gives evident proofs of the pleasure he experiences in being thus employed, by the perpetual motion of his tail, which is termed feathering amongst sportsmen; and upon the increasing vibration of which the experienced fowler well knows that he is getting nearer to the object of attraction.

The nearer he approaches the game, the more energetic the dog becomes in his endeavors to succeed; tremulous whispers escape him, as a symptom of doubt; but the moment this doubt is dispelled, and the game is found, his clamorous raptures break forth in full force. He expresses his gratification by loud and quick barking, which may be relied on as a proof that he has not sought in vain; leaving the happy owner exultingly to boast, that "he is in possession of at least one faithful domestic, who never tells a lie."



THE COCKER SPANIEL.

The cocker spaniel is much smaller than the springing spaniel, and is generally used for woodcock and snipe shooting. His diminutive size peculiarly fits him for ranging in low and thick coverts, for which purpose nature seems peculiarly to have adapted him.

The cocker differs from the springer in having a shorter and more compact form, a rounder head, and a shorter muzzle; the ears are very long, the limbs are short and strong; the tail is generally truncated and more bushy; and the hair of the cocker, over his whole body, is more curled than that of the springer. He varies in color from liver and white, red, red and white, black and white, all liver-colored, and not unfrequently black, with tanned legs and muzzle.

This beautiful and lively dog seems to have been produced, originally, by a cross between the small water spaniel and the springer, for he not only resembles the figure of the latter, but also has many of his habits, combined with the lively and active disposition of both. From the beauty and temper of the cocker, the breed has become very generally diffused, and he is more frequently a companion in the parlor than used in the sports of the field.

In his general qualifications the cocker differs but little from the springer, except that he is decidedly more active; he appears also to have a more acute sense of smelling, and pursues game with an enthusiasm amounting to ecstasy. From his lively temperament, he does not tire so soon as the springer, however long the labor of the day may be.

Frog an innate principle of this industrious little animal, he gives the loudest proofs of his ecstatic delight upon finding, or even coming upon the scent, foot, or haunt of game; it is also his determined resolution to persevere until he has fairly driven them from covert. Consequently all sportsmen who take the field with cockers, are compelled to be on the alert, and to keep pace with the progress which the dogs make in the wood, otherwise they are sure to lose the greater part of the game. They may even travel many a weary mile without obtaining a successful shot, as it is the unalterable nature of these dogs to spring, flush, or start all the game before them; and they pursue, without distinction, hare, pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, quail, and plover. It thus becomes necessary to hunt them within gun-shot of covert, and bells or jingles should be placed inside the collars, if the wood is extensive, to prevent them from beating too wide, and to keep them within call of the whistle.

The springer and cocker are more particularly appropriated to pheasant and woodcock shooting, Spaniels of both descriptions are brought into general use and domestic estimation, from their handsome shape, their beautiful sleek coats, their cleanly habits, insinuating manner, incessant attendance, and faithful obedience to their masters, qualities in which they surpass all the other members of the canine race.

Cockers are said to be more subject to certain diseases than other dogs, as loss of smell, and swelling of the glands in the neck, which sometimes prevents their taking any assistance till they die; a disease of the ears, like the mange, called formice; and lastly to the mange itself, which is most destructive of all to their beauty, health, and quiet.

The training of spaniels is comparatively easy; and in the field, the chief object is to keep them within bounds and call as much as possible, and to repress, in due degree, their incessant activity, to keep pace with which the sportsman had need partake somewhat of their active nature.

A P E N C I L L I N G .

It is a strange and curious world of ours;
Of joy and wo a mingled tide,
A vale outspread with the fairest flowers,
Where asps are hid and serpents glide;
'Tis a summer's sky, now brightly fair,
And now the black clouds lowereth there,
And now the broken masses through
Are glimpses caught of the calm clear blue.

It is like to a banquet table rare,
With many a dainty richly spread,
Where music softly hangs upon the air,
And censers fragrant perfumes shed;
Again, 'tis like that banquet hall,
When echoing harsh the footsteps fall,
When guests are gone, wreathes no incense
Save that which sickly palls upon the sense.

'Tis like to the stream all calmly that flows
'Neath beaming skies—thro' verdant vales;
'Tis like to that stream when the night wind
blows,
The billow foams, and tempest wails.
'Tis like to these—'tis like to aught
That's fair, and yet with changes fraught,

For whilst stern Time can work his will
Each good that comes must be followed by ill.

Yet there's the rose-wreathed wand to Friendship
known,
There's Pleasure's sparkling bowl,
And the silken tie by Affection thrown
Around each kindred soul:
But dearer by far is the golden bond
That is knit in a parent's feelings fond,
That the gush of a sister's love doth bind,
And firm round the heart of a brother is twined.

The links of that chain, if truly they're wrought,
There's no rust of age can ever corrode,
But pure they'll remain as childhood's first
thought,
Bright as the sunbeam an angel hath rode.
In absence' damp tomb no dimness they'll take,
No distance has power to weaken or break,
But draws round each heart that's severed more
tightly

The bond that was worn too loosely and lightly.

Gk

Philadelphia.

SWEEPINGS FROM A DRAWER.

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

1. THE falsehood of life is the glory of life.
2. There is nothing so amusing as the condescension of good-natured vanity; nothing more disgusting than the condescension of ill-hearted pride.
3. No man ever did an other a kindness, or expressed an affectionate sentiment, for which he was not at some time sorry.
4. Wisdom and power, like piety, are perfected through suffering.
5. God is usually considered infinite, or all things; and the *idea* of the universe is understood to tend towards infinity and to fall short of it. Is not God, rather, zero? and the universe, or all created stuff, an imperfect zero, and tending thither in its approximation towards perfection? Would not the perfection of every thing be zero?—do not all substances owe their qualities to their imperfections? are they not what they are, only so far forth as they are imperfect? Material things derive their utility from their defects; and greatness in human character would be impracticable and null if it were not accompanied with something faulty.
6. Figures always lie.
7. Most men would rather be charged with worldliness of feeling and conduct, than not; and even with heartlessness and intrigue, if they be successful.
8. Callousness and insensibility are not the stuff that great villany is made of. Wickedness more often proceeds from feeling too much than feeling too little. The greatest monsters of cruelty and vice have been persons of morbid sensibility, who from experiencing the impossibility of perfect self-approbation, and by exaggerating all their faults into hopeless crimes, are made reckless, and abandon themselves to utter and furious sin.
9. The hope of death is the only thing that keeps men human. Devilhood would be the inevitable consequence of the immortality of man.
10. All the pain of life that is not bodily illness, arises from *losing* something, either possessions or friends; he, therefore, who *has* the least, will be liable to feel the least pain.
11. Hobbes' theory and all the democratic theories of natural right, are founded on the assumption that *savagery* is the natural condition of man; whereas it is more likely, that the highest state of mental and social refinement is truly the *state of nature*.
12. Love is the consciousness of sympathy.
13. The passions are the dung about the roots of the powers, by which they are nourished into luxuriance and size. Pride, vanity, ambition, hate are designated by nature, to advance the intellectual faculties.
14. Nelson Coleridge, following his uncle, has given some illustrations of the difference between imagination and fancy; of the latter, he mentions Otway's "lutes, lobsters, seas of milk and ships of amber;" of the former, Lear's "What, have his daughters brought him to this pass!" But a finer illustration of imagination than I have ever seen noticed, is furnished in that passage in which Hamlet says to those who inform him that his mother would speak with him, "We shall obey her were she ten times our mother." The prince has so deeply pondered the galling shame of her behavior as to identify her qualities with her relation to him, and to impart all her personal color to that connexion. He has so identified disgust with maternity, so transubstantiated motherhood into criminality, that when he means the latter as distinguished from the former and in opposition to it, he uses the former. His speech, in plain words would be, "as she is our mother, we will obey her were she ten times more criminal."
15. Variations in mood or in principle make a great difference in the comfort of effort and the satisfaction that is felt at the results of effort, but not much in the character of men's actions or the powers of their minds.
16. The difference between philosophy and religion is, that the former is creative, the latter restorative: the one offers a good scheme of life if it be called on for its aid when as yet no scheme has been undertaken, and in those early years, when neither the heart nor the life are committed to feeling or circumstances; the other takes man after the failure of any scheme, and in that broken condition *cures* and sets him right. The error fixed upon the philosopher in *Rasselas* is not a fair com-

putation of the theory of philosophy, for he did not apply to her until the hazards of life had been assured; and she will not insure after the voyage has begun, and the risk commenced. Philosophy will *keep* men out of difficulties, if they will apply to her before beginning the journey on which the difficulties may occur; but she does not undertake to *pull* them out when they are in. But that which gives religion the advantage in practical use, is that we all come into life committed, for some years at least, to a certain defective scheme of life, and that when we are inclined to address philosophy, the time has gone by at which she can effectively afford her "*piacula*." Philosophy professes to make water-proof boots, with which, if they are drawn on in the cradle, we can wade dry-shod through all the swamps of life; but she does not undertake to mend boots that have been made at other shops. In short, philosophy is a boot-maker; religion is a cobbler. But as most of us are born booted, or find boots ready made for us soon after coming into life, the cobbler's services are more needed than the maker's.

17. Fondness for sarcastic personalities, in a man, is called bitterness; in a woman, it is termed malignity.

18. All spirited pleasure springs from sympathy, and all sympathy arises from resemblance. The soul is infinitely beautiful, and the thrill of delight with which we look upon beauty of face or form proceeds from the object looked at being like the qualities of the soul, and from the sympathy which the inward spirit therefore feels to the outward material. The veneration we have for a beautiful woman and the infinite delicacy we attach to her, does not proceed from the delicacy of her spirit, but because her face beams a similitude to soul, and its incarnation. It is for this reason that we cannot sympathize with very ugly and disgusting people, nor feel pity for the sufferings of coarse and vulgar wretches.

19. The peculiar bitterness of a loss by death consists in there being no refuge for the heart in the determination of revenge.

20. It is a law of mechanics that an impulse however small must prevail in some degree over a constant force however great, and that it can only be neutralized by an opposing impact. The same is true in morals; passion will always bear down the fixed power of principle as embodied in morality, and can only be conquered by the antagonist passion of piety.

21. Christianity is like the cloud which divided Israel from the heathens; full of light to them that are within, but of darkness to those who are without.

22. The Romanists, the dissenters, and the Church of England, treat religion as the woman [with the issue, St. Thomas, and Joseph of Arimathea, respectively, treated the form of Christ.

23. The evangelical pietists, and the transcendental philosophers, alike mistake their own souls for God.

24. Men abhor indifference and vacancy. They enjoy the depths of existence only when the soul reacts upon itself. Hence, the spirit of man loves either coincidence of thought and sentiment, whereby it sympathizes with another by having its reflected consciousness flung back upon itself, or opposition, whereby, being constantly roused to compare hope with fulfilment, and link the promises of the past with the circumstances of the present by the chasm of gladness or disappointment, it sympathizes with itself. Accordingly, it will be found that the entire "*quicquid agunt homines*," all the systems that have found acceptance in religion, morals, politics, or literature, may be distributed into two souls,—those which strike in with the current of human passions, and those which strike against it; those in which the acme of the attempted joy is in the full throb by which the feelings and the system flash into union, and those in which it is in the recoil and self-consultation attendant upon opposition. To illustrate this, in the single matter of faith the two great religions which alone have any claim to be rationally adapted to the nature of man, and which appear to possess a seminal source of inward vitality are the crescent which gives full sway to our keenest tempers and carries out our humors to their utmost depths, and which hallows our passions by deepening them into the ardor of the divine, and the cross which opposes nature, and causes men to embrace it through the force of antagonism.

THE SEASON.

A FRAGMENT—FROM CLARE.

THE insect-world, now sunbeams higher climb,
Oft dream of SPRING, and wake before their time.
Dees stroke their little legs across their wings,
And venture short flights where the snow-drop
brings
Its silver bell; and winter aconite,
Its butter-cup-like flowers that shut at night,
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold,

Like tender maiden muffled from the cold;
They sip, and find their honey dreams are vain,
Then feebly hasten to their hives again.
The butterflies, by eager hopes outdone,
Glad as a child, come out to greet the sun,
Beneath the shadow of a sudden shower,
Are lost, nor see to-morrow's April flower.

CHILD SHOOTING

AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

AN ANECDOTE EXTRACTED FROM THE PAPERS OF A LATE TRAVELLER.

What! all my pretty ones
At one fell swoop?

Butchers and villains—bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse.
Shakspeare.

"Do they really shoot children at the Cape?" inquired Lucy Jujeb of her spouse, just after their marriage, as they were gazing on the sea, on a summer eve, from one of the front rooms of old Jujeb's cottage on the coast of Kent. The sash was thrown up, and the father, a retired East India merchant, of whom it was said that lacs of rupees were but as sand-bags, was present. The old man chuckled at the observation of his daughter-in-law, while his obtuse son had not sufficient penetration to discover the mistake into which she had fallen.

"They are natural thieves," replied John; "the rascals imbibe the propensity with their mother's milk. I, one morning, detected six children in our orchard-ground; I shot five of them, and the other —"

"Shot five children for merely robbing an orchard! Are there no laws in that country?" said Lucy, interrupting her husband.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Nabob, breaking into one of his incontrollable fits of laughter: for in that respect he was second only to Adam Gordon, mentioned by Boswell to be gifted with the loudest and most contagious laugh that ever echoed from the human lungs.

"Were they native or white children?"

"Natives, to be sure!" answered the Nabob, endeavoring to suppress his surprise at the simplicity of the hopeful pair.

"And do you think," said she, "that, under any circumstances, you have a moral right to shoot children?"

"What moral right have they to crack our nuts and filch our cocoas?" retorted John; and then continued his narration.—"After shooting two brace and a half, I wounded the other in the shoulder, when an old woman rescued it, before I could reload; but the child was too heavy to be carried far: presently I espied the gipsy and her bantling among the leaves of a huge mango; she was half-buried in the hollow of the tree, and so well protected by wood, that it was impossible to shoot at her nearer than seventy yards. My pop-gun would not have injured her; so I charged an old rusty swivel punt-gun, with nearly a handful of powder, and some heavy slugs; I rested the piece on the torso of a Hottentot idol, took deliberate aim, and blazed at the old thief!—Down she came, and the cub with her!"

"I declare, it's very shocking, though they be savages," said Lucy.

"The brown 'uns are the devil to climb!" continued John.

"The natives, you mean?" said the Nabob, cachinnating again.

"Have not most of the natives embraced Christianity?" asked Lucy, with the utmost *naïveté*.

"What! the brown 'uns?" exclaimed the Nabob, yelling with laughter.

"Monkeys turn Christians!" said John, staring like a cobra; "why, Lucy, —"

"Monkeys!" drawled our Mrs. John Jujeb, discovering her error.

"The brown 'uns!" added the Nabob, with a roar that might have been heard from his plantation at Singapore to his *château* at the Cape.

WE MEET NO MORE.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

We meet no more, beloved, in the old places
We loved of yore;
By the dear haunts fancy so oft retraces,
We meet no more.

We meet no more beside the smiling river,
Whose songs of love
Made music—where the tall trees used to quiver
Its breast above.

We meet no more where flowers of beauty, springing,
Wreath'd round our feet;
No more, for us, the summer air is bringing
Their fragrance sweet.

But, like fond hopes once dearly loved and cherish'd,
Now lost and dead,
Have those bright flowers in stricken beauty perish'd—
Their brightness fled.

We meet no more where mirthful joy and gladness,
With merry calls,
Lured us, with circean spell, from transient sadness
To lighted halls.

There, where fresh forms in youth's unshadow'd morning,
Fair buds of spring,
Like rainbow tints, life's sunny path adorning,
Still brightly cling.

But we, like autumn leaves the wind has shaken,
Whose bloom is o'er,
In the blithe scenes where those young hearts awaken
We meet no more.

We meet no more—for time's dark wing hath shaded
Those happy ways;
And all too quickly in our hearts are faded
Life's brighter rays.

We meet no more, when eve its mantle's flinging,
By the old hearth,
When every gentle breeze seems sweetly singing
Glad songs to earth.

We meet not there—there, where we sadly parted
In days of yore—
There, at the tryst place of the trusting hearted,
We meet no more.

We meet no more—for long, long years have chang'd thee,
And other skies
From the sweet haunts of earlier joys estrang'd thee,
And nearer ties.

We meet no more—a cloud hath settled round us—
Youth's dreams are o'er—
We may not burst the mighty thrall that's bound us—
We meet no more!

diately let go, and a whole cable veered out. The best bower was then let go under foot in fifteen fathoms; whilst part of the crew, now almost fainting from fatigue, still continued to labor at the pumps, the rest were placed to throw some guns overboard, to lighten the ship.

The constant cry of "Spell oh!" as the men panted to be relieved, grew closer together as the labor continued. The prisoners, (the mutineers) who felt the cruelty of being forced to remain inactive, when by their exertions the lives of many might be saved, constantly implored Captain Edwards, whenever he approached near their prison, to liberate them; but "Silence!" was the only answer they received, and that thundered forth as a term of reproach.

"We must thrum a sail as quickly as possible," said Edwards; "the guns have lightened her. The carpenter reports that we nearly hold our own, and if we can get any thing under the ship, we may yet keep her above water. Now, my lads," he continued, "now is the time—and we shall soon have a respite."

"Two of the pumps, sir," said the carpenter, as he came aft, "are for a while rendered useless,"

"Then why do you come to report it, sir!—see your men at work to repair them. Down with you, and lend a hand yourself."

"I very much fear, sir," said the first lieutenant, "that all our hopes are likely soon to vanish. The ship is evidently settling; and owing to the fatigued state of the men, and the loss of the two pumps, the leak increases fast."

"For God's sake, Captain Edwards," said the prisoners, "release us!—do not let us go down to the bottom without a struggle! We will not crowd your boats. Give us but the chance—the chance that the poorest creature on board might demand—that of a spar to float upon."

"Sentry, keep those fellows quiet," said Edwards. "Let the men be kept steadily at the pumps, and at baling, and we shall yet keep her afloat until daylight. In the mean time get the boats out—put into each some bread and water, and every thing else which may be requisite for a long voyage. Lash the two canoes together, and keep the boats astern of the ship, ready for instant service. Mr. Harwood," continued the captain, addressing the second lieutenant, "see the booms unlashed, and, when you can find a spare hand, make a raft or two."

"Here are hands, sir," said the prisoners, "ready and willing to assist—do, sir, for God's sake, for mercy sake, hear our prayer, and release us!"

Not the slightest notice was taken of this prayer. The captain seemed intent upon watching the progress of events, and not a moment elapsed without his looking at his watch, and casting his eyes to the eastward to mark the first dawn of day. The seamen worked with willing hands, for well they knew what miseries awaited them. The pumps were repaired, and soon in use; the buckets were piled at the hatchways; officers and men joined in the labor; but no favorable report was made to give the captain the slightest idea of saving his ship.

Day dawned, and the Pandora might be seen washing about at her anchors. There could be no hope left. The water had increased as the ship settled. The men grew faint from fatigue; greater exertion became requisite, and Captain Edwards, seeing that no chance remained, summoned his officers. They were unanimous in their opinions, that nothing more could be done to save the ship, and consequently every precaution was taken to save the men; but still whilst the Pandora floated, her commander could not believe she was lost.

It was now half past six in the morning. The water had gained so much upon the pumps, that it washed over the combings of the hatchways. The hold was full, and the panting seamen, relinquishing the useless attempt, now left the pumps and assembled on deck. There they seemed to wait with saddened countenances the termination of their miseries. Still no orders was given to man the boats; and during the silence which the approach of such a catastrophe ever inspires, the voice of the prisoners, who knew the ship was fast sinking, again rose to implore Captain Edwards' pity; but that prayer, like all the foregoing, was useless.

The awful moment was now fast advancing. Every man had forsaken his station. Some ran below, and rummaged out the few remaining pieces of money which caution had prompted them to save; others dressed themselves in their best clothes. Some wore as many shirts as they could find; whilst others, believing that death awaited them on shore from the general manner of all savages, became reckless as to all consequences, and lurked about in the hope of discovering some spirits. To get drunk was to rob death of all its terrors; and if they were to die, they preferred that end which would come unaccompanied by all the thought which renders the end of life horrible.

Captain Edwards and his officers were on deck, watching with silent horror the finale of the scene. The imploring voice of the prisoners to be released rose again and again in vain. Had they been released, they might have escaped; and this escape Edwards resolved should never take place. The ship, now completely water-logged, heeled over on the larboard side. The minute was fast approaching—all hope was gone—all exertions fruitless; a general rush was made aft to gain the boats; and as Edwards passed over the very hole in which his victims still remained in irons, again and again did the imploring voices of these men assail his ears. He passed on in silence. The sentinels still remained at their posts, and the master-at-arms sat upon the scuttle which enclosed them. The heel of the ship, before she sank, slid the scuttle from its place; and as if by the act of an all-merciful Providence, to save some to expiate their crimes on this earth, and the innocent to escape, the man

in the act of endeavouring to regain his position, dropped the keys of the manacles from his hand, and they fell through the scuffle into the prisoners' possession. No time was to be lost—each man liberated his neighbor, who instantly forced his way on deck. The sentinels were witnessing the gradual sinking and settling of the ship. Heywood was the last on deck, and as he vacated it, one loud and terrific scream was heard—the ship gave a pitch forward, and sank head foremost.

Then, indeed, was the struggle for safety! The mast-heads of the ship alone appeared above the surface of the water, whilst the enormous vortex occasioned by the sudden striking drew down many, carrying them round and round in the whirlpool which it occasioned. So well had the sentinels done their duty, that they sank at their post. The master at arms, who had struggled to regain his position, was drowned in the attempt; and the guilty and the innocent were now left to their own exertions to save that life, of which the law might deprive them in a few minutes.

The boats had pushed off to a small sandy key, when the last shout of despair sounded on their ears. "She's down! she's sunk!" responded to that cry. Those in the boats worked hard to gain the key, in order that they might return to snatch another mesmate from a watery grave. Young Heywood, who had found time to divest himself of his clothes, in order to be less encumbered during the long swim before him, fortunately found a stray spar, on which he floated till he was picked up; but his friend and companion, young Stewart, had not time to release himself from the manacles: and thus, with his hands shackled, was summoned time eternally, to the last moment a prisoner, and a murdered, innocent man. He sank. No friendly hand was stretched to save the panting wretch from the death that awaited him: no cheering voice rose to stimulate the unfortunate youth to farther exertion; no gallant fellow strained the ear to bring assistance; his loud cry to heaven was choked in his throat, as the rushing waters overpowered him; and even the circles which his struggling form left to bear witness of him for a second, were unobserved and unnoticed. Three more of the Bounty's crew perished from the same cause: they, too, died with manacles on their hands. Ten were saved; and out of the ship's company of the Pandora, thirty were drowned, and eighty-nine were safely landed on the key.

Few shipwrecks have been attended with more circumstances calculated to inspire horror than that of the Pandora. She was in apparent security when she struck—the panic, from that second, never subsided. Fear multiplied fear. There was not a man, from the moment that the carpenter made his first report, who imagined the ship could be saved; and nothing awaited them in perspective but a long lingering labor in the boats; deprived of provisions, exposed to all the rigors of open boat navigation, with the very port as an asylum that Bligh had to reach, before his crew of spectres could feel any thing like security.

The spars which broke adrift as the frigate sank afforded assistance to many. Some, braver than their mesmates, clung with silent courage to the mast or oar they happened to meet; whilst others, less inured to such scenes, and with less confidence in themselves, cried and shrieked aloud for assistance. Some calmly struck out, knowing that any extra exertion would occasion such fatigue, that drowning would be inevitable before the returning boat arrived; whilst others, impatient at the apparent length of the swim, violently threw about their arms, and died exhausted.

But of those who struggled against fate, none exerted themselves more to save their few miserable days of life than the mutineers of the Bounty. Well they knew what awaited them on their return to Portsmouth; and yet, as if willing to cling to the few days left between the catastrophe and their execution, they were clamorous for assistance, and eager to be again prisoners. It was now their turn to undergo some of the many torments they had inflicted on Bligh, and their miseries soon began. It has been mentioned that Heywood and others stripped themselves naked, in order the better to save themselves. They each made for a small sandy key, and were picked up by one of the boats, which, having landed its first cargo, returned to save others. The hot broiling sun, acting upon a naked skin, soon occasioned the most intense pain. There was no shelter, for not a tree grew upon this miserable place of refuge; and some canvas, which had been saved from the wreck, was used for the tents, in order, by stretching it round the gunwales, and thus heightening the boats, to render them more secure. The thirst was intolerable, and the supply of water small indeed. In vain they tried every measure which ingenuity could suggest. Their skins blistered and peeled off; and sufferings, the most excruciating, followed their rescue from the sea. One man soon gave way: he was by all appearances drunk, and as such was condemned and abused. But it was not so; the poor fellow, unable to bear the oppressive thirst, drank largely of salt water, became shortly afterwards morose and sullen, and then, assuming a manner, raved, stamped, swore, blasphemed, and died.

His corpse was all saved who were destined to be saved, than Captain Edwards prepared to depart before the evening began. The tents were put into order as promptly as possible; and their provisions, which some goodhearted man had thrown into one of the boats, were mustered. The whole stock, to be distributed to the thirty-nine men for the long period of sixteen days, was a small keg of water and some flour. The calculated allowance was two wine-glasses of water per day to each man, with a proportion of flour not smaller than Bligh issued; indeed his plan appears to have been followed by all, particularly by Edwards. Rules were made for each boat, the weights were cut from the kegs, and the men were advised to resort to bathing, in order to drink by absorption.

These things, arranged before the tents were completed, and the proportion of men allotted to each.

During these three days of miserable existence on a key ninety yards long and sixty broad, they were exposed to the heat of a vertical sun. For the Pandora's people, tents were erected, but for the miserable remains of the Bounty's crew there was no shelter; even an old sail, which was useless, and which was lying on the sand, was denied them; and such was the intense suffering of these unfortunate wretches, that to save their bare bodies from insupportable heat, they buried themselves up to the neck in the burning sand. This lighter pain to that occasioned by the rays of the sun scorched their skin entirely from their bodies, and left them literally as if they had been scalded all over.

In this state these unhappy people were destined to embark, to reach, if possible, the settlement of Coupang."

The Bubbles of Canada. By the Author of "Sam Slick," "The Clockmaker," etc. One volume, 262 pp. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

In this work, Judge Haliburton seems to have forgotten the many sly hits and severe remarks upon the conduct of England towards her colonies, which he has placed in the mouth of his amusing clockmaker, Samuel Slick of Slickville. We are loth to suppose that a journey to England and an interview with the minister, have had any effect in producing this strange repudiation of his former tenets; but in the "Bubbles of Canada," the tory ascendancy is violently championed, and the idea of a liberal government of the British colonies in America is treated with supreme contempt; of course, the conduct of Lord Durham experiences the censure of the Court parasite; and when we say that the moderate requests of the Canadians, previous to the late *emeutes*, are treated with unsparing condemnation, the reader may form his own opinion of the writer's views of the insurgents and their doings.

"The Bubbles of Canada" can only be considered as a partizan publication, of a violent and malignant nature. As an explanatory or statistical work, it is a decided failure.

The air hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them.

Conversations on Nature and Art. One volume, 333 pp. With many Cuts. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

A desirable book for child and man. The scholar will find the most interesting gathering of human acts and God's glory recalled to his mind in the Conversations here given; and the tyro in science will be induced, by the anecdotal treatment of the subjects, to progress farther in the study of this world's wonders. Every reader, between the ages of six and sixty, must profit by the perusal of this pocket cyclopedia of intelligence.

The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual. Haswell and Co. Philadelphia.

This very elegant little volume, illustrated by many engravings on wood, is a reprint of a London publication, the principal portion of which originally appeared in "THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK," a British work of considerable skill, and copied from thence by Mr. Godey in his American periodical, THE LADY'S BOOK, several years since. Messrs. Haswell deserve praise for the manner of the present production, which, in every department presents a choice specimen of mechanical execution. There are several valuable additions to the original matter, but we regret that the American publishers neglected to employ an editor to "adapt" the work to the peculiarities or habits of this country. The London edition is closely followed, even in the vignette frontispiece and title page, where the English queen Victoria is represented *en cheval*. For instance, we are told that "riding on horse-back appears to have been of remote usage among our fair country women, and in other European countries." The pillion is also described as being yet in use in our country—the book is issued by an American firm; what is an American reader to suppose? The English "Rules of the Road" are also given in full; every person, accustomed to sit upon or behind "a bit of blood," knows that the said Rules are reversed in American practice. In the description of the various "Paces," the *rack* of the American horse is totally omitted, although, in the introduction, some mention is made of the *pacing* of the horses used by the ladies of Lima, which is essentially and virtually the action of the *rack*.

Having freely noticed the faults or *Englishisms* of the work, it is but right to state that, it is absolutely the best guide to Equestrianism extant, and we advise our readers to purchase a copy for presentation to their feminine socialities.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, comprising The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Rokeby, Lady of the Lake, Bridal of Triermain, Vision of Don Roderic, Lord of the Isles, Harold the Dauntless, Field of Waterloo, Songs, Miscellanies, and Occasional Pieces. One volume, 700 pp. Carey and Hart. Philadelphia.

We have frequently had occasion to notice the very superior style of the large octavo volumes produced by Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, embodying the effusions of the best writers of the day, and forming portions of their Library of Standard Authors. "The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott" is another instance added to the long and valuable list of publications embraced in this series; better poetry, better printing, better paper—cannot be produced; and when we say, that this exquisite volume, thick as three fashionable *tomes*, with an exquisite medallion portrait of the gifted author, and a beautiful vignette title, is published at the low price of three dollars and a half, we declare ourselves unable to say anything more in favor of publisher's enterprise, or writer's popularity. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," unattainable in any other American edition, is worth double the money.

Sterling. Penruddock; or, The High-Minded. By the author of "Tremaine," "De Vere," "Human Life," etc. Two volumes. Carey and Hart. Philadelphia.

We can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that these two common place volumes proceed from the pen of our especial favorite, Mr. Ward, whose didactic novels of "De Vere" and "Tremaine" are the standards of excellence in the paths of instructive philosophy—whose "Fielding" is our particular stand-by and authority in all matters connected with worldly ethics. The first tale, "Sterling," is a prosaic exemplification of an established axiom, that needs no elucidation or support. The son of a city trader affects the habits and society of the highest aristocratic circles, and consequently experiences a series of natural and well-deserved mortifications. The author concludes the first volume with the following triteness:—"Follow your place, wherever it may lead you—but never go beyond it."

"Penruddock" is something more lively in its plot and purpose; but sufficiently dull to cast discredit upon the brilliance of the writer's fame. There is occasionally a glimpse of the high intellect and extreme mental refinement which charmed us in the past productions; but while we allow that these volumes would confer credit upon an unfledged authoring, they are not calculated to satisfy the expectations of a public acquainted with the powers of Mr. Ward's pen.

The Women of England, their Social Duties and Domestic Habits. By Mrs. Ellis, author of "Poetry of Life," "Pretension," etc. Two volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

The inestimable contents of this modest and well-written book apply to the women of America with equal force. Let every one of our subscribers immediately procure a copy, and read it to his better half every wet Sunday afternoon; let the chapter be given, not dogmatically, nor curtain-lecturally, but with a pleasant look, and in an amiable but earnest tone. We boldly predicate that if this book becomes generally popular, which it ought to be, the present generation will be gloriously wived, and our rising responsibilities inestimably mothered.

The American in Paris. By John Sanderson. Two volumes. Carey and Hart. Philadelphia.

Twelve months past, we awarded, after a critical and delightful perusal, the highest meed of praise to a comfortably-thick volume, called "*Sketches of Paris, by an American Gentleman.*" The work before us is a second edition of the said "*Sketches,*" published with the name given by the English booksellers, who, following our example, pirate the best and most selling works of the transatlantic writers, without bestowing a *denier* of reward upon the producer. We must not grumble at the practice of our own precept. "The American in Paris" is justly popular in England and France, and the appearance of a second edition in America is the best evidence in its behalf.

The Ruins of Athens, and other Poems, by G. Hill, will be noticed in our next. Doctor Mitchell's agreeable volume will also receive due justice, in a more lengthened notice than we could have afforded him in this number.

M I R A B I L I A E X E M P L A .

Book of Miracles.—In the course of our literary rambles, we once met with a copy of the following curious work, the very title of which is calculated to amuse: "The Spanish Mandevile of Miracles; or the Garden of Curious Flowers. Wherein are handled sundry Points of Humanity, Philosophie, Divinitie, and Geographie, beautified with many strange and pleasant histories. First written in Spanish by Antonio de Torquemada, and out of that tongue done into English. London: printed at the sign of the Hand and Plough, Fleet street, 1600." This volume is a perfect *farrago libelli*, a medley of something and everything, and in the midst of much that is dull and heavy, are several very amusing items. Take the following as a specimen: "Algazar, an ancient philosopher of great authority, affirmeth, that an earnest imagination hath not only grace and power to imprint diverse effects in him who imagineth, but also *may work effects in the things seen or imagined*: for so intently may a man imagine that it raineth, that, though the weather were fair, it may become cloudy, and rain indeed; and that the stones before him are bread, so great may be the vehemency of his imagination that they may turn into bread." We have been used to laugh most merrily at the idea of Hackett's Kentuckian, who could grin off the bark from an oak tree; but we may now listen to such wonders without moving a muscle, for, according to this ancient theory, we have need only of a strong will and imagination to do the thing, as no doubt the Kentuckian in question had, and the thing is done. Well, and after all, as a worthy friend of ours used to profess, we are not ashamed to avow that we have great faith in the imagination. In fact, is not all around us, "in the heavens above, and in the earth below, and in the waters under the earth," a matter of imagination, more than of any thing else? Color and shape, and all the marvellous accidents of things, to say nothing of all our hopes and our fears, our good fortunes and our bad, are they not all, in a great measure, traceable to this miraculous faculty? It is, perhaps, a great enemy to us, at times an arch deceiver; but it is also the sovereign alchemy, which turns whatever it touches into gold,—blazoning and making beautiful the very dust and rubbish of human life, smoothing down the rugged places of existence, and throwing a mellowing lustre upon the brighter. Imagination, too, is your only equalizer of the fortunes of mankind, solving that problem which the progenitor of Louis Philippe, and all the theorizers of the French revolution, were unable to settle. It is the deep and fathomless fount, from which all our visions spring,—all those rich dreams of the brain, more radiant than the painter's vivifying touch, the sculptor's plastic art, or the poet's creative power. The solemn fools, who would fain arrogate all knowledge to themselves, have nicknamed it a fable, a fancy, a something to be chased from the schools, and hooted, if possible, from existence, because not as tangible as the ground we tread upon, and as divisible into circles, squares, and triangles. Yet is it as real as ourselves. It is the finest, subtlest, and most ethereal portion of the mind; and if ever we make a large stride, or, in the popular language of the day, "go ahead" in knowledge, it will, perhaps, be rather owing to our imagination than our reason. What but this faculty can bring to bear upon the great questions of metaphysics, and the history of those mighty agents of nature—electricity, magnetism, and the galvanic power—if, indeed, these be not one and the same individual agent—what, but the imagination, rather than the reason. Our intellect—we mean the *mathematical* part of our intellect, which proceeds according to common places, and conventional forms, and deals in defined premises and strict conclusions, must always necessarily have the weight and alloy of earth about it, and be pinned to the earth, like another Gulliver, by the tangling cords of lines and figures. But there is a subtler spirit, a finer *instinct*, if we may be allowed the expression, in the mind—a power, as Shakspeare happily terms it, "touched to finer uses,"—which will often defy both analysis and reason, coming to us sometimes through the medium of our sensations, and sometimes through channels we are utterly unable to describe. And this will, some day, we doubt not, go forth, like the winged thought of the poet, through the blooming, as well as through the barren places of creation,—a herald, soaring "beyond our visible diurnal sphere," and bring back to us some wealthy store, which shall redeem the prophesies of the aspiring, and support the philosophy of poetry; while the men of figures,—mathematicians, arithmeticians, and utilitarians—those "seated in the chair of the scorner," shall be shamed out of their vain boastings, and be reduced to silence. But we have strayed far, and quite lost sight of our credulous friend Senor Antonio de Torquemada; but on some future occasion we may, perhaps, be tempted to resume his volume, and find amusement for a vacant hour. In the mean time, we have only room for the following smart answer of the great patron saint of Scotland. "The devil, in the shape of a very beautiful woman, being seated at a certain bishop's table, Saint Andrew came there as a pilgrim to ask an alms; upon which the

she-devil asked the saint how far distant heaven was from earth. 'Thou should'st surely know better than I,' said the waggish saint, '*having thyself fallen from thence.*'"

Marble Ponds of Persia.—This natural curiosity consists of certain pools, or plashes, whose indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concrete, and petrify, producing that beautiful transparent stone, commonly called Tabriz marble, much used in the burial-places of Persia, and in their best edifices. These ponds are contained within the circumference of half a mile, and their position is distinguished by heaps of stone, which have accumulated as the excavations have increased. The petrifactive process may be traced from its commencement to its termination: in one part, the water is clear; in a second, it appears thicker and stagnant; in a third, quite black; and in its last stage, it is white like a hoar frost. Where the operation is complete, a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression, and a man may walk over it without wetting his shoes. Such is the constant tendency of this water to become stone, that where it exudes from the ground in bubbles, the petrification assumes a globular shape, as if the bubbles of a spring, by a stroke of magic, had been arrested in their play, and metamorphosed into stone. The substance thus produced is brittle, transparent, and sometimes richly streaked with green, red, and copper-colored veins. It admits of being cut into very large slabs, and takes a good polish. So much is this stone looked on as an article of luxury, that none but the king, his sons, and persons privileged by special firman, are permitted to take it.

BRITISH TERRITORY IN INDIA.

	Brit. Sq. Miles.	Population.
Bengal Presidency	323,000	57,500,000
Madras ditto	154,000	15,000,000
Bombay ditto	11,000	2,500,000
Territories in the Deccan, etc., acquired since 1815, and since mostly attached to the Bombay Presidency, ...	60,000	8,000,000
Total British Territories	558,000	83,000,000
BRITISH ALLIES AND TRIBUTARIES.		
1. The Mysore Rajah	27,000	3,000,000
2. The Nizam	96,000	10,000,000
3. The Nagpoor Rajah	70,000	3,000,000
4. The King of Oude	20,000	3,000,000
5. The Gykwar	18,000	2,000,000
6. Bhopal, 5,000; Katak, 6,500; Boondee, 2,500	14,000	1,500,000
7. The Sittara Rajah	14,000	1,500,000
8. Travancore, 6,000; Cochin, 2,000	8,000	1,000,000
9. Under the Rajahs of Jedpoor, Jeypoor, Oodipoor, Bikmair, Jessulmair, and other Rajpoor Chiefs	283,000	15,000,000
10. Holkar		
11. Seicks, Gonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Catties		
Total British and their allies.	1,103,000	123,000,000
INDEPENDENT STATES.		
12. Scindia's dominions	40,000	4,000,000
The Rajah of Nepál	53,000	2,000,000
The Rajah of Lahore	50,000	3,000,000
The Ameer of Sinde	24,000	1,000,000
Belonging to the Afghan Empire	10,000	1,000,000
	1,280,000	134,000,000

Profits of Popular Authors.—Victor Hugo, the celebrated chief of the romanticist school, in France, has, according to *La Presse*, sold to M. Delloye, the publisher, for 240,000 francs, the right of printing his works for ten years, and has received one half of this money down. The *Moniteur* says that the sum agreed upon is 300,000 francs. The "reading public" of the United States forms a larger proportion of the population than in any other country; but no publisher dare offer an American author a moiety of the above sum for the exclusive sale of his works, because, however popular they may be, competition with the stolen, and therefore cheap, literature of Europe is out of the question. An international copyright law would place this matter in a different light.

New Poem by Halleck and Bryant.—The "Figaro in London," a very popular penny paper in London, lately published about one hundred verses of Jim Crow's nonsense, "as sung by Mr. Rice, and written by the celebrated American poets, Bryant, Halleck, etc." Nothing but a war can put a stop to these horrible and blood thirsty proceedings!

BURTON'S

Little Sam has a way and a potent sway—
It loves the mother that sings it to rest,
And the tiny dog in its small arms prest,
And the kittens that round it play.

VOL. IV.—NO. V.

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And that it truly and zealously brings
To living and even inanimate things,
The flowers, the breeze, the bird.



BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1839.

THE PETS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON, PHILADELPHIA.

Illustrating a Splendid Mezzotint Engraving on Steel by J. Sartain.

[The original painting of the accompanying subject was executed by the celebrated Edwin Landseer, of England, for the Marquis of Abercorn, and represents the portraits of the two infant daughters of that nobleman, the Ladies Harriet and Beatrice Hamilton; with likenesses of two favorite dogs, a small barbette or lap spaniel, and a huge stag hound, of a rare and valuable breed. Samuel Cousins, an artist of reputation in London, has given the world a large sized engraving of this very beautiful subject—the first imported copy of which was placed in the hands of John Sartain, of Philadelphia, whose distinguished talents have been well employed in the production of the subjoined plate. A more beautiful specimen of mezzotint engraving has never been published in the United States.]

WHAT a beautiful thing is childhood's laugh
When it comes from the heart unchecked and free—
And tells of the stainless thoughts within,
Unburthened by sorrow, untrammelled by sin,
And fresh as the spring-tide tree!

What a beautiful thing is childhood's talk,
When the pure young soul with love is full—
When it showers its feelings on all around,
As the rains of summer salute the ground—
O how strong is affection's rule!

From the parent's breast to the meanest thing,
Love still has a true and a potent sway—
It loves the mother that sings it to rest,
And the tiny dog in its small arms prest,
And the kittens that round it play.

It loves old Tray, with his soft long ears,
As he lies asleep by its cradle bed;
And it loves little Shock, with his tawny coat,
And the bright blue ribbon around his throat,
When he fawningly comes to be fed.

It loves the old nurse that combs its hair,
And tells it her old romantic tales—
It loves the beautiful, scented flowers,
And it loves the bird that sings in the bowers,
Mid the sighs of the summer gales.

It loves—what is there it does not love?
For by love its inmost sense is stirred—
And that it truly and fearlessly brings
To living and even inanimate things,
The flowers, the breeze, the bird.

Alas! for the days when the heart is true
 To its own fresh feelings, unstained and free;
 Ere the world has corrupted its moral beauty,
 And its actions are swayed by the hand of duty,
 Not prompted by purity.

Alas! for the days when a bell can please,
 And a rattle afford unmixed delight;
 Ere the bosom has felt those dark congealings,
 That spread like a frost o'er its soft revealings,
 And give them a deadly blight.

O could we but love as in childhood we loved,
 When the heart was unfilled with folly and
 care,
 With a spirit as light, as pure, as free,
 As when we knelt at a mother's knee,
 And lisped our earliest prayer.

Time may go by, and years may roll,
 And wealth and honor may round us swarm,
 And pleasure may spread her transports vain,
 But they bring us nothing in all their train
 Like childhood's roseate charm.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

THEY are like magic spells
 That linger round our heart's harp's latest
 chords,

Like unforgotten music's fondest swells,
 Those gentle household words.

Afar our footsteps stray,
 And pleasure's sparkles lure us on to roam;
 But, like a rainbow radiance, far away,
 We see the light of home.

Though in another clime,
 Fancy still points to that one hallowed spot,
 That little Eden, still undimm'd by time;
 Far—but forgotten not.

There, round the hearth, we trace
 The fond familiar friends we loved of yore,
 The smile still lingering on the dear, dear face
 We've seen so oft before.

We hear the tones again
 That made sweet music to our welcome feet;
 We mark how echo each remember'd strain
 Loves fondly to repeat.

And infant laughter thrills
 Through the old halls, in cadences of glee,

As though the gushing of imprison'd rills,
 Was suddenly let free.

These speak unto the heart
 In the dry desert, or 'mid Lapland snows,
 On the rude ocean, where the wild waves part
 Like life's last dying throes.

Beneath some stranger dome,
 Where faces gather we have never known,
 We hear the same sweet music breath of home,
 Though in another's tone.

And then, with swimming eyes
 And beating pulses, with emotion stirr'd,
 We look into our hearts, whose pensive sighs
 Echo each household word.

They are the spells entwinn'd,
 Like holy love, round young affection's chain;
 Though fate may sever, they shall fondly bind
 Its broken links again.

Their charm shall linger still,
 While life's stream flows around our bosom's
 chords,
 And the deep music of each tender thrill
 Shall be those household words.

A RAMBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES IN 1837.

BY WILLIAM W. WOOD, LATE OF PHILA.

[Concluded from page 219]

AFTER supper, our hostess had the grace to spread a large new mat upon the floor for us, and, covered with our cloaks, as some protection from the unusual coolness of the night, we slept soundly till daylight. After a cup of chocolate, we left the old woman in quiet possession of her little castle, quite delighted to get rid of what she evidently considered a set of boisterous, ravenous vagabonds.

JUNE 15. We now began to descend, and for some time by a good road of hard red clay, bordered on each side by the primeval forest of huge trees and impenetrable underwood. A remarkable feature in the vegetation was various tree ferns, some of them very beautiful. With few exceptions, the plants were similar to those of the mountains of Jalajala. We met with few kinds of birds. Numbers of the *Calao*, or large hornbill, crossed the road every now and then, not wild and unapproachable, as they are here, but alighting repeatedly within gun-shot. As we descended, we enjoyed several very beautiful views, and saw streams of water in almost all the ravines. The size and value of the timber was remarkable, but the situation renders it quite unavailable.

The half way point between Lucbau and Maubau is called *Digin*—two or three houses and small plantations. As we approached this place, in descending a deep ravine, we found a remarkable basaltic formation. The road was strewn with parts of columns of a black basalt, nearly similar to that of the Giant's Causeway. A few only of the columns were *in situ*. They measured from six inches to two feet in diameter, and although all of them preserved the form of hexagonal prisms, yet the sides were relatively exceedingly irregular. This formation appeared to extend nearly to Maubau, and forms probably only a part of a very extended range of column or basalt on the Mahayhay mountain. At the *Digin*, we lighted a cigar and dismounted for a few minutes. After leaving this place, our road followed the channel of a river to the sea, and in the course of the morning we crossed the same stream at eighteen different fords. The current is rapid and very strong, so much so, that in several places where the rocky bed of the river rendered it safer to cross on foot than on horseback, we found it a hard matter to keep our legs. In the rainy season it becomes a furious and impassable torrent. We noticed in one place a wild vine stretched across in order to aid passengers, and to save them from being swept away. Within an hour's march of Maubau the river becomes much wider and deeper, and is navigable for *baucas*. At Maubau, a much larger river joins this, within a short distance from the sea, and they form together a considerable stream. At intervals upon the road, we observed substantial wooden crosses erected, all of which bore inscriptions in Jagal.

At about noon we climbed the last hill, and on reaching the summit, saw the village of Maubau stretched at our feet, a beautiful bay with two large islands in the offing, and the "vast Pacific," smooth as a mirror, forming the horizon to this beautiful view. We entered the village, and rode to the house of Dr. Vicente Pino, the gentleman to whom we had letters. He received us very kindly, and seemed a good deal astonished at the apparition of two white faces in such a distant and unfrequented spot. Six hours hard riding had given us famous appetites, so that we accepted with pleasure the customary cup of chocolate while the dinner was preparing.

After dining very comfortably, we set out to take a look at the village and a plantation of Abaca and Cacao, which Dr. Vicente has laid out upon a hill within a short distance. This is the Abaca country, and on comparing the trees with those at Jalajala, were agreeably surprised to find that Dr. Pablo's plantation, instead of being, as we had supposed, of a poor and stunted growth, was nearly, if not quite, equal to that of Maubau. We inspected the new hemp, which appeared very good, as well as the rude contrivance for cleaning it, which is susceptible of very great improvement. The apparatus consists of nothing more than a heavy blunt knife, pressed forcibly upon a wooden block by means of a bamboo lever spring. The knife is raised by a treddle which acts in opposition to the spring, and the end of the raw hemp being placed under the knife, it is suffered to come down upon it, the workman draws it rapidly through, and by this means the vegetable mat-

ter is scraped away, and the clean fibres remain. As may easily be supposed, a man is able to clean but a small quantity in a day, as the force required is such as to prove very fatiguing to the operator.

By this system of cleaning, the outer layers of the hemp, which, though coarse, might still be useful, and the finest fibres which form the core of the stem, are lost. The former require a great force to cleanse them, and the latter are too delicate to bear the rough manipulation which the apparatus requires. There were about a dozen knives in use, and we observed part of a machine which had never been completed, for performing the work more expeditiously.

Towards evening, leaving Mr. D. to rest awhile, we took a stroll along the beach to look for shells, but found none of any consequence, except such as were rolled and defaced by the surf. The beach is fine hard sand, except where the high land juts out into the sea. To the northward are extensive coral reefs, dry at low water. I much wished to visit there, and we arranged an expedition for the next day but one.

JUNE 16th. According to agreement, we went to-day to visit the coffee plantation, which for some particular reason has been laid out at a great distance to the southward of the village. In preference to following the winding shore of the bay on foot, we hired a Balasian, or small proa, which is constructed of planks, exactly on the model of the Malay vessels. This boat, which was very flat, short, and shallow, loaded almost to the water's edge, pulled faster with four oars than a Pasig banca. It belonged to some half-savage inhabitants of the Island of *Alabat*, who were staying at Maubau. These poor people, who appeared very miserable, are principally fishermen. They suffer occasionally from the incursions of the Malays of Mindanus, who cruise on this coast for the purpose of making descents upon unprotected stations, and carrying off the Indians as slaves. The people of the island have no arms but knives and bows and arrows, but with these they defend themselves very efficiently when provoked. One of the crew of the proa, last year, shot dead with his arrows two of the Malays of a plundering party which landed on *Alabat*. In our progress, we observed five *Castillos*, or fortified stations, at regular intervals along the coast, each with a guard and one cannon. Of late years, the expeditions of these robbers have been much less frequent than formerly. Sixty years ago, a large body of roving Malays landed on the coast, marched several miles into the interior, to a village called St. Antonio, plundered it, and carried off most of the inhabitants as slaves. Since that period, a small guard of twelve men is constantly kept at *Piapi*, the spot where they landed. We rambled over the coffee plantation, which is situated on the bank of a small river, at some distance from the beach, in one of the most magnificent forests I ever saw. There are about 100,000 coffee trees of two years' planting, in fine order. The ground, however, is overrun with weeds, which impedes their growth. The proprietor is now about re-clearing the land. In the river, I found a few new shells, but we were too much in haste to give me time for a full examination. Here again I was struck by the enormous dimensions of the timber; one log of the red *harra* wood, of three and a half feet square and twenty feet long, was particularly noticed. After examining the plantation, we dined in a house built for the people who have charge of it, and took a siesta of a couple of hours, which we much needed.

We examined the river and beach in search of shells, but found very few—neither rare nor beautiful. From the dead specimens in the sand, there is no doubt that fine species might be obtained by dredging at some distance from the shore.

Here we met some men coming from the villages on the coast to the southward; they were loaded with small bales of *Sinamay*, which they were carrying to Maubau. These "men of burden" had a very convenient kind of bamboo saddle, with shoulder-straps, on which they fastened their loads. Their physiognomy was different from the Indians of our neighborhood, their color paler, and their features broader. They were fine looking men, and travelled at a famous rate. As the sun declined, we set off to return to Maubau, and, tiring of our boat, we walked two or three miles along the beach. At dark, we reached the village, tolerably tired.

We learned from Dr. Vicente that within an hour's march were to be found the *Actas*, or aboriginal black race of the Philippines, which, from account, seems to be nearly or quite the same as the *Papua* race of New Guinea and the adjacent islands. I expressed a wish to see them, but was assured that it was by no means safe, as they have a very great aversion to white men, and occasionally salute such unwelcome visitors with a flight of arrows, as once occurred to our host, who was wounded in two places. They have another exceedingly cruel custom by which Indians sometimes suffer. Upon the death of a near relative, the rest of kin is in duty bound to cut off the head of the first stranger he meets, as an offering to appease the manes of the defunct. Upon hearing all this, as may readily be imagined, all desire to proceed vanished.

JUNE 17th. In the morning we had a good view of the village, which is large and neat, defended on the beach and north side by a strong stone wall, with a kind of bastion on the corners, and a low water gate. The sea has made some large breaches in it, and to the south, the wall is replaced by a stockade. Upon an elevation is a ruined stone fort, built long ago, as a defence against the Moors, when their visits were more frequent than at present. Now, there is more reliance placed in four fine armed *launches*—carrying each, one four pound long gun, and six two-pound swivels, with a crew of thirty men—than in the fortifications. The church is large, but by no means such as those of Lucbau, or Mahayhay. It is now undergoing repair of the damages caused by the earth-

quake of 1830, which threw down part of the tower, and rent the building in many places. There is a brisk trade in sinamay carried on here. The rich people among the Indians furnish the silk and abaca to the workers, who are paid at certain rates per piece. In almost all the houses there is a loom, at which the women work during their leisure hours, as our Indians here do in making mats. The quality of the fabric is very ordinary and cheap—five varas for six and seven reals to a dollar. It is very narrow, not exceeding sixteen inches. When a piece is completed, it is starched and beaten in a roll with a smooth piece of heavy wood, by which the necessary polish is given. Although for the ordinary sales only the coarse qualities are made, yet by giving an order, the most beautiful kinds of sinamay may be had here. Great quantities of this fabric are manufactured in the province of Camarines, some kinds of which, in point of fineness, approach the celebrated *piua*.

During the day, I made two excursions to the coral reefs to the southward of Maubau. The perfect transparency of the water enabled us to distinguish the smallest objects on the reef. The sight was most beautiful. The bottom of the sea was literally one vast grove of coral, of many kinds and most elegant forms, in the cavities of which we saw strange "monsters of the deep," and fishes of the most brilliant colors sporting about. Our boatmen dived and brought up immense shells (*Iredachua*) of thirty and forty pounds weight, bright sky-blue star fish, and many other interesting objects. The second time, we arrived at low water and walked over and through these forests of the sea, collecting shells and various curious animals. A number of wild Indians were wading in the pools, spearing fish and large sea-eels, four or five feet long. We continued admiring these curious sights until the tide rose again, and then took to our boat. Farther out, in deep water, the coral was finer and more perfect, as not subject to be broken by the surf. At intervals, we observed deep caverns, in which the dark green water formed an exquisite contrast to the bright white coral branches which hung over these apparently unfathomable abysses. Dr. Vicente proposed to take us to the Island of *Calvaete*, to search for shells, on the morrow; but as we had no time to spare, I was unable to accept the invitation. In the evening, we called upon the Curate, whom we found a good kind of person. He regaled us with Bologna sausages, a most delicious biscuit, and a pleasant Spanish wine, called *Manzanilla*—a kind of sherry.

As we had now been away longer than we expected, we made up our minds to set out on our return on the morrow.

JUNE 18th. After hearing mass, and taking a cup of chocolate with the Padre, we packed up our baggage and saddled the horses. As soon as breakfast was despatched we got under weigh, bidding a kind farewell to our excellent host, and at eight, A. M. were upon the road to Cabinti.

We retraced our steps until within a short distance of Lucbau, when the Cabinti road led us to the right, over an undulating country, pretty well inhabited, but with a very unkindly soil, which is thoroughly overrun by the Cogon. The surface is two or three inches deep of rich earth over the same tough red clay which we observed on the other road. Ten hours hard riding brought us to Cabinti. We waited upon the Curate Padre José Tovino, a jovial old man, who received us most hospitably. He is the most inveterate talker I ever met with, and it was only at eleven o'clock that he suffered us to sup and go to bed. He so rarely sees strangers that we could not wonder at his desire to gossip. The Padre had been curate, etc. in Camarines, and related some circumstances relative to the celebrated eruption of the Albay volcano, in 1814, in which his village and several others were destroyed by a shower of burning stones. His drawings of the mountain, before and after the eruption gave us a good idea of it.

JUNE 19th. Two hours ride brought us to Pagsanjan, where we breakfasted at Santos', and then went on to Santa Cruz. It was five o'clock before we could get a banca, and ten, P. M. before we arrived at Magali, very tired, but highly gratified by our excursion.

Through the whole course of our journey, we were struck by the superior care bestowed upon the plantations, the better built villages, and single houses in the fields, and an appearance of comfort and neatness very different from what is observed on the lake. The cows, buffaloes, and horses, were in all cases tied to pickets in the pastures. In consequence of this latter precaution, few of the rice fields require fences, and there are no damages done by cattle to the crops, as here. No buffaloes were to be had at prices to make purchases advisable, and so the main object of my journey failed. Still I saw much of the country, and passed a week agreeably and without accident or annoyance. The horses on our return road were excellent, and the road itself, though very abrupt and tedious, infinitely better than that by way of Magdalena and Mahayhay. The Maubau people are famous travellers. The two men who accompanied us to Cabinti, to take the horses back, set out on their return the same night, after a short nap. There is more intercourse with Santa Cruz than would be supposed, when the distance and roads are considered. Most of the cargoes are carried in panniers, slung on each side of a peculiar saddle—the lighter articles on horses, the heavier on buffaloes, the driver following on foot.

SPUKENSWALD.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF REINHALT VON SCHWARTZSCHREIBER.

BY L. A. WILMER, PHILA.

COUNT Rogueinvalt resided at a large but antiquated castle about two leagues from the town of Fulda, in Germany. He was one of those persons who may travel by water without the least dread of any disaster from that element; for, in the words of Gonzalo, there "was no drowning mark about him." Many noblemen of his time were justly celebrated for rascality, but Count Rogueinvalt was a little in advance of them all; or, to use the phrase of a respected contemporary, he was "one of the d—dest." He had passed through a regular apprenticeship to the devil, and had now set up business on his own account, having discovered the incapacity of his master to give him any farther instructions. His soul had a very suitable residence in a body shockingly distorted; he was hump-backed, hip-shotten, wry-necked, bandy-legged, and, in fact, too ugly even for the acceptance of an old maid of forty-six, and that is about as extreme a case of deformity as we can conceive. His features were much on a par with his figure. From this it will be seen that Count Rogueinvalt had the political virtue, *consistency*, in a very eminent degree; and he had as much reason to be proud of his consistency as politicians commonly have to be proud of theirs.

The castle which Count Rogueinvalt inhabited was on the edge of an extensive forest, which literally swarmed with robbers, so that few travellers, who had any thing to lose, took it into their heads to pass that way. The Count was on the best terms imaginable with the free-booters; indeed he was, to all intents and purposes, their captain. His hall was approximated to their carousals, and there they divided their booty, and planned their future depredations. His cellars were constantly stored with the best wines, which his kind coadjutors had extracted from the vaults of the neighboring castles. It may be imagined that the lives of these worthies passed away very comfortably; if we suppose conscience and the dread of punishment to be left out of the question. One great difficulty which robbers generally meet with, in their professional operations, is the disposal of their prisoners. Killing them is usually regarded as an approved method of getting them out of the way; but then the question arises, "What is to be done with the bodies?" The maxim that "dead men tell no tales," is not altogether true; for the very bones of a dead man, inhumed for twenty years, have been known to rise up in judgment against a murderer, and blood itself is a most eloquent witness. Now, the manner in which Count Rogueinvalt and his gang disposed of their prisoners is very ingenious, and should be recorded for the benefit of other practitioners, who may be placed in similar situations. They killed them first, and then *eat* them. You may stare, but 'tis matter of fact. This custom, adopted at first merely for concealment, became at length so agreeable by practice, that they preferred human flesh to all other viands. When no stranger was to be had, some fat peasant was frequently kidnapped to supply the deficiency. Many country people in the neighborhood disappeared in the most mysterious manner, and, as they were too poor to tempt the cupidity of the outlaws, their relatives were entirely unsuspecting of their fate. Alas! they little thought that their beloved fathers, brothers, or sons, were then seething in the caldrons at Spukenswald castle, or smoking on the board of their flint-hearted landlord! When there was more than enough to supply their own wants, Rogueinvalt caused his servants to make up the residue into sausages, which were disposed of in the markets of Fulda and Cassell.

The countess of Rogueinvalt was scarcely behind her husband in the cruelty of her heart. She assisted in the slaughter of the prisoners, and sat with the robbers at their unnatural banquets. They had three children, the eldest was a daughter, called Wilhelmine, a very beautiful girl of eighteen, but, as might be expected, rather unamiable in her disposition. The other two children were boys, whose respective ages were nine and twelve years.

One day as Wilhelmine was walking on the road, at some distance from the castle, she discovered a gentleman advancing on horseback, and immediately congratulated herself on the prospect of making a captive. When he drew near, she perceived with little emotion, that he was young and very handsome, but what chiefly interested her was, that he was tolerably fat.

The gentleman seemed struck with her appearance, and, (probably for the sake of entering into

conversation,) made some inquiries about the road to Coblenz. When she had answered his demands, she courteously invited him to repose awhile at Spukenswald castle, seconding the invitation with a languishing glance, which convinced him that he had made an impression on her heart. As he was already half in love, he instantly resolved to accompany her, and dismounted from his horse, that he might walk by her side and converse more conveniently. The apparent modesty and amiability of the designing girl, soon completed her conquest, and ere they had reached the castle, he had made her an offer of his hand. He informed her that he was the eldest son of prince Puckenick, going with despatches to the emperor.

By this time they had entered the castle, and young Puckenick, at a signal from Wilhelmine, was seized by four ferocious men, who hurried him to the apartment they had fitted up as a slaughter-house. This was a place under ground, about fifteen feet square, lighted only by an aperture in the top. The pavement was of brick, in the form of an inverted pyramid, intended to carry off the blood through a sink in the earth. The unhappy young man could not imagine why he had been dragged hither, and begged his treacherous mistress, who had followed them, to explain.

"You will know it all soon enough," said one of the ruffians, as he fastened a rope around the prince's legs; another of the villains then pulled up the rope, which passed through a block near the ceiling, and the ill-fated youth was suspended with his head downwards, and his back against the wall. A third ruffian then began to sharpen a long butcher's knife on a grindstone, which was turned by the fourth. While this was going on, the prince sorrowfully entreated Wilhelmine, who stood observing the process, to tell him why he was treated in this manner. A smile of contempt was all the answer she vouchsafed to his queries. At this moment, Wilhelmine's two little brothers, Tommy and James, came in to see the fun; for boys always like to be where there is any mischief going on. Tommy urged the fellow who was grinding the knife to make haste, and Jemmy was so impatient, that he seized a cleaver, and was about to perform the operation himself, when his sister called on him to forbear, lest he should spoil the meat with his clumsy hacking.

At length, the knife being deemed sharp enough, the wretch who held it, coolly whistling some horrible Dutch waltz, approached the prince, and was about to draw the edge of the instrument across his throat.

"Hold, one moment!" cried prince Puckenick, in a tone of the deepest horror. "Oh," he piteously exclaimed to Wilhelmine, "will you not save me!—can you see me butchered in this most cruel and causeless manner?"

"Why," said Wilhelmine, with a sneering laugh, "I merely wish to eat a piece of your heart; and as you just now told me that it was all my own, you surely cannot blame me for using it according to my fancy."

A few faint struggles marked the last moments of the unhappy prince, and in less than two hours the robbers were feasting on his remains!

On account of the dangerous condition of the forests through which the young prince had designed to pass, he had commenced his journey under the protection of a large troop of horse; but, being naturally of an adventurous temper, he had that day spurred up his quadruped, and ridden some leagues in advance of his guard. The latter, however, had reached the spot where the prince had met with Wilhelmine, just about the time when the body of the prince, disjointed and reeking from the caldron, was placed upon the tables in the great hall of the castle. Thirty robbers sat down to the repast; many were the songs and the jests which resounded through the apartment, as the diabolical company prolonged their merriment. The count, the countess, and their daughter joined heartily in the mirth, which was shortly to meet with a fearful interruption.

The prince's guard soon discovered by the tracks what route their young master had taken, and, unsuspecting of any foul play, the whole troop, consisting of fifty armed men, arrived at the castle while the outlaws were in the zenith of their hilarity. The latter were taken completely by surprise, when the guard entered the room, and inquired for prince Puckenick. They were informed that the prince had proceeded on his journey about half an hour before their arrival.

"We have come in good time," said the captain of the guard, to Count Rogueinvalt; "in good time to claim your hospitality; but the number of your guests is already so large, that we fear we shall tax your kindness by availing ourselves of your entertainment."

So saying, the captain and his troop, without waiting for an invitation, seated themselves on the forms or benches which the robbers had just relinquished. The countess affected great affability to her unexpected guests. While the feast was in progress, Rogueinvalt ordered in a large demijohn of wine, which was impregnated with a deadly poison. This was distributed freely among the soldiers, so that each soon drank a sufficient quantity to make his death inevitable.

"This is excellent veal," said the captain of the guard, as he greedily swallowed slice after slice of the prince's body.

"No wonder, at that," answered Count Rogueinvalt, with a demoniac leer, "doubtless the calf was well pastured."

"Gracious mercy!" exclaimed one of the guard, as he put his fork into the dish and drew forth a human hand. At this exclamation, all eyes were turned on the person who made it, and the latter held the hand up on his fork, in full view of the company.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the captain of the guard, in a faltering voice, "have we got among anthropophagi?" Then, as if stung by a sudden suspicion, returned to the Count, and said severely, "Whose hand is this?"

The Count made no reply. Rising from his seat, the captain ordered the castle to be searched. In a short time, the clothes of the murdered prince were found, dabbled in blood and stripped of all their valuable ornaments. A servant of the Count was seized and ordered to confess all that he knew relative to the murder, which was now reasonably suspected. At first the man refused to make any acknowledgment, and the captain of the guard ordered him to the court yard, to be put to the rack. When his finger and toe nails had been torn off with pinchers, and the soldiers were proceeding to apply thumb-screws, the wretch requested them to forbear; and he then made a full confession of his own and his master's guilt.

In the meanwhile, the robbers and the remaining servants had fortified themselves in the hall, and it was some hours before the guard could succeed in dislodging them. At length, however, they were routed, and the whole of them put to death. But no sooner was this punishment inflicted than the avengers themselves began to feel the effects of the poison they had taken, and the whole troop dropped dead almost simultaneously.

The Count, his wife and children, had hid themselves in some back building, and so escaped. The nerves of the Countess, however, were so much shocked by the fright she had received, that she died that night in a fit of hysterics. The two boys entered the banquet room the next morning, and stealthily drank some wine which had been left, not knowing that it contained poison; so they died also, and now the Count and Wilhelmine were all that were left alive in the castle.

Rogueinval, in the course of his nefarious practices, had amassed immense sums of money, and he now resolved to remove, with his daughter, to a distant part of Germany. From this time, the castle of Spukenswald was uninhabitable. Never was any place so terribly haunted before; though all the old fashioned castles in Germany had the name of being haunted, more or less. Here it may be remarked that all antiquated buildings are especially liable to be infested with rats, cockroaches, ghosts, and other similar vermin.

Well, we will leave the ghosts, rats, etc., in undisputed possession of this castle, and all the appurtenances thereof, for the space of about five years, while we conduct the reader to the town of Freyburg, and introduce him to a young gentleman of good family, called Herman Van Bogel. Christopher Van Bogel, the father of this young gentleman, was in reduced circumstances at the time of his death, as he was a younger son, but his elder brother, Baron Wiggensberg, inherited a large fortune; and as he was childless, it was generally thought that Herman would be his heir. But the Baron had disappeared in an unaccountable manner, and had not been heard of for several years; so that it was unknown whether he was living or dead. Herman, whose hopes of future subsistence were centred in his uncle, had now but a frail dependence, as the Baron had most probably died intestate.

Herman had become enamored of a charming young lady, Margaret Schemmerhorn, and he had the pleasure to find that his attachment was reciprocated. But, a short time before their union was to have been consummated, Herman's affections were strangely alienated, and fastened on another object. This object was on Miss Dorothea Zieglendorffer, the daughter of a very wealthy gentleman, who had lately become a resident in that neighborhood. Mr. Zieglendorffer lived in the greatest splendor; nothing could exceed the magnificence of his entertainments, and an air of unbounded opulence pervaded every part of his establishment. His daughter was superlatively handsome, and the effect of her charms was heightened by the richness of her dress, for her person was literally covered with jewels. Of course, she was very well qualified to strike the imagination of a young man in straitened pecuniary circumstances. But Herman was sagacious enough to discover that his own equipments were not so likely to strike the imagination of Miss Zieglendorffer. However, there are few young men who do not see in themselves something likely to attract the favorable regard of young ladies, and indeed we must say, young ladies are seldom very fastidious. So Herman indulged many delicious hopes that his person and talents would make him acceptable in the eyes of Miss Zieglendorffer.

He succeeded in becoming acquainted with the lady, for her father kept an open house, as he seemed ambitious of making a display of his wealth. Herman selected a moment which he deemed most propitious, and made an avowal of his passion; but she coolly replied that she "had no intention whatever of getting married." It was now the mere cast of a copper with Herman whether he should hang himself or persevere in his suit. The latter course seemed to be hopeless, and the former offered no very inviting prospect. Thus situated, he thought it advisable to counsel an old astrologer who lived in a cave, about two leagues from Freyburg. To this course he was chiefly impelled by an admonition formerly given him by his father, concerning which more will be said hereafter.

It was late in the evening when Herman arrived at the door of the astrologer's cell. This cell had been delved from the rock, as it was said, by demons, constrained to play the part of stone-cutters by powerful incantations. These supernatural artizans had evidently performed their work in a workman-like manner, for the interior of the cave was spacious and commodious. The walls

were cleverly decorated with architectural ornaments. The astrologer sat on an iron chair; before him was a table of the same durable material, covered with parchments, full of strange figures and flourishes. He raised his head, as Herman entered, and regarded the youth with a stern and inquiring aspect.

"Sir," said Herman Van Bogel to the ancient wizard, "these were the last words of my dying father: 'When thou findest thyself, my son, in circumstances of the greatest peril and distress, go to the great master of cabalistic art, mine ever dear friend Shafner; ask his advice, for he can assist thee when all human aid besides is powerless to render thee service. But, beware, my son; trouble not the man of art on any slight and trivial occasion.'"

"And how dost thou heed thy father's advice?" demanded the wizard, with a stern voice and angry countenance. "A childish affair of love brings thee to interrupt my studies, and squander that time, every moment of which is more valuable than the emperor's treasury."

Pardon me," responded the youth; "once in my life had I resolved to require thy counsel. Once only shall Herman Van Bogel intrude on thy kindness. The time has come. Let me have the benefit of thy instructions now, or to-morrow I will not be living to renew the request."

"Thou hintest at self-destruction," said Shafner. "Thou wouldest have the madness, the impiety, the silly temerity, to commit suicide; and yet thou hast not the *courage* to win thy mistress, when nothing but courage is wanted for the attainment of that object."

"Reverend sage," returned Herman, his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with indignation, "do thou name any means by which Dorothea Zieglendorffer may be won; and though exposed to all the powers of earth and hell, thou shalt see that I have courage to engage in the task."

"Listen, then, to this prophecy," said Shafner, taking from a shelf a large volume, bound in black leather, which he opened and read as follows:

"Who enters, at midnight, dread Spukenswald's hall,
And the talisman ring away shall bear,
Though the sweetness of love may be chang'd into gall,
Fulfill'd are his wishes, whatever they are."

"About sixty leagues hence, on the road to Fulda, you will find the castle spoken of in these verses. Any of the peasants in the vicinity can direct you to the spot. Your success depends entirely on your presence of mind and unbending courage. The least alarm, or even horror, at aught you behold may not only frustrate your wishes, but will place your life in imminent jeopardy. I must tell you no more now; if you obtain the ring, bring it to me, and I will give you farther instructions. If you fail, your immediate destruction is unavoidable."

Inigorated by hope, and burning with impatience, Herman took leave of the astrologer. The next morning, by break of day, he mounted his horse and proceeded on the route which Shafner had indicated. On the evening of the fourth day he arrived at the neighborhood to which he had been directed. A light gleamed from the window of a small hovel. He was exhausted and fatigued, and resolved to obtain some refreshment, if possible, before he entered the dreary grounds which surrounded the castle of Spukenswald.

He alighted, rapped gently at the door of the wretched dwelling; a voice within invited him to enter. On opening the door, he perceived an aged woman seated on a shattered chair, and reading by the light of a fir torch, placed in an iron candlestick by her side.

"Mother," said Herman, "I am benighted, wearied, bewildered. Can you afford me a morsel of food, permit me to rest myself for an hour, and direct me to the castle of Spukenswald?"

The woman closed her book, and fixing her eyes on Herman, with an air of astonishment, repeated, "The castle of Spukenswald!"

"Ay, my good mother, that is my destination," answered Herman.

"The castle of Spukenswald lies northward, at the distance of two leagues," said the old woman, "and surely, young man, thou art as ignorant of its character as of its location; for, to my knowledge, human footsteps have not crossed the drawbridge of that castle for the last five years."

"Is it uninhabited, then?" asked Herman.

"Uninhabited! no," replied the old woman; "it is inhabited, but not by beings of this earth. But ere I relate the history of Spukenswald, refresh thyself with such provision as I can offer thee; and surely after thou hast heard what I have to disclose, thou wilt abandon the design of entering or even approaching the castle."

"Whatever may be the consequences," said Herman, "I must go thither to night."

"I cannot think thou wilt be mad enough to do so," said the old woman, as she placed some milk and brown bread on the board which served for a table, "or be assured," she continued, "thou wilt never return alive to speak of what thou hast seen."

"Come, then," said Herman, as he began to partake heartily of the homely fare, "come give us the history; and see if thou canst make it sufficiently horrible to deter me from my purpose."

In compliance with this request, the old woman resumed her seat, and repeated to Herman the substance of what has already been related by us concerning Spukenswald castle. She concluded

her narrative with some appalling accounts of the present state of the old fabric—having derived her information from certain peasants who had ventured near the castle, in pursuit of strayed cattle, or for other urgent purposes. Herman laughed heartily at these tales, which he supposed to be mere fictions, and having rewarded the old woman liberally for her entertainment, he resumed his journey.

As soon as he struck into the by-road which led to Spukenswald, he was impressed with the fact that few travellers had preceded him on that route for some years past. The bushes and weeds had grown up luxuriantly in the very centre of the way, and, in fact, it was only by the separation of the trees that the road could be distinguished. There was a faint moonlight, which, on such an occasion, is scarcely to be preferred to total darkness; for, when objects are dimly perceived, imagination is apt enough to clothe them with something of the terrific. When Herman had approached, as he supposed, within a mile of the castle, he found himself on the edge of a piece of water, through which his road evidently passed. The stream was but three or four feet in its greatest depth, but there was something in the surrounding scenery which was more than gloomy and desolate. The shadows of the forest gave to the waters an appearance of Stygian blackness. The opposite bank of the rivulet presented no indication of a road, but the branches of the trees seemed to be thickly interwoven and almost impenetrable. Every thing now betokened the hideous loneliness of the spot, and Herman felt, with what emotions we cannot say, that he was alone in a place where no mortal but himself dared to tread.

When he had crossed the stream, he found it impossible to proceed any farther on horseback, and he was under the necessity of fastening his beast in the wood, and following the scarcely perceptible path on foot. After toiling for half an hour through briars and bushes, he found himself at the drawbridge, and perceived, through the gateway, the gloomy and forbidding aspect of the ancient fortress. As soon as he entered the court-yard, a number of white objects, scattered over the ground, first attracted his attention. On examination, these proved to be human skeletons. A slight and momentary shudder was the result of this discovery, but Herman, remembering what was at stake, repressed every feeling of dread, and walked boldly into the hall, the doors being all open. Seating himself on a broken bench, he began to deliberate on the next step which was proper to be taken. The moon had, by this time, thrown aside the cloudy veil she had worn in the early part of the night, and shone forth with undiminished lustre. As the beams came through the large windows of the hall, Herman perceived that the floor was strewn with skeletons, in the same manner as the court-yard.

While he was meditating on this strange state of affairs, he was astounded by hearing a loud clear voice, which seemed to come from the battlements above, utter the words, "Past twelve o'clock, and all's well." At this signal, the whole posse of skeletons suddenly started from their recumbent postures, and began to perambulate the hall with as much apparent indifference as visitors promenade at the hotel of a fashionable watering-place. Herman sat in a recess of the apartment, and seemed to escape the observation of the spectral company. Bows and other gestures of salutation were frequently exchanged by the skeletons, as they walked through the room, but not a sound was heard, except the rattling of their bony feet on the stone pavement. After the lapse of a few minutes, a large black box, fixed on truck wheels, moved spontaneously into the hall. Herman was puzzled to conceive what might be the use of this locomotive engine; but while he gazed intently upon it, two skeletons advanced and removed the pall with which it was covered. It was full of disjointed bones, skulls, ribs, vertebrae, etc., etc.; the very bones, doubtless, from which Rogueinval and his associates had formerly such delicate pickings.

One of the moving anatomies then took a skull from the box and laid it on the floor, face upwards. Then he took the spinal and cervical bones, and laid them so as to join the skull in a proper position—then came the ribs, the bones of the legs and feet, and so on, until the whole frame was completed. As soon as the skeleton on the floor became entire, up it jumped, cut a caper, and joined the others who were walking the hall. This process was repeated, until the bones of twenty or thirty defunct individuals were fitted together as cleverly as an expert cabinet-maker could set up a bedstead.

By the time this business was accomplished, the terrific voice from the battlements was again heard—"Past one o'clock, and all's well," it said, though Herman began to think otherwise. At this sound, it was *excut omnes* with the spectres, who retired in Indian file, through a door which opened into another chamber of the castle. But it soon became evident that they retired merely to re-enter in a new dress, for Herman had barely time to rub his eyes before he observed a figure advancing with a slow and measured pace. As it drew nearer he perceived that it was clothed in the usual costume of that period, but the face was deadly pale. It made a half circuit around the hall, and paused within a yard of the bench on which Herman sat; it then turned slowly, so as to face the young man, and, as it threw back its head, the astonished beholder saw that the throat was cut from ear to ear. The apparition then continued its walks around the room, and disappeared. No sooner had this figure vanished, than another entered, went through the same ceremonies, and disappeared in the same manner. Then came another, and another, and yet another; and, in fact, they continued to come, until Herman had numbered six corpse-like figures, all with their throats cut in the most horrible fashion.

The seventh now made his appearance; as soon as Herman threw his eyes on the ghastly countenance, he recognized the features of his uncle, Baron Wigginsberg. The phantom came nearer; every feature was distorted, as if by an agonizing death; the eyes protruded, the lips were drawn apart, so as to discover the long yellow teeth; the hair and beard were seemingly clotted with blood, in short, the whole appearance was revolting in the extreme. The spectre had now arrived within a few feet of Herman's bench, when the head was thrown backward, and the neck appeared to be almost severed. The shrivelled skin shrunk from the terrible gash, and even by the light of the moon, the separated wind-pipe was discernible. The apparition raised its hand, as if to point at the wound, and Herman discovered a glittering ring on the attenuated finger. In the first moments of amazement at beholding this momental similitude of his uncle, Van Bogel's powers of reflection were somewhat at fault; but when the figure began to move off, the necessity of obtaining the ring he had just beheld, and which he supposed to be the talisman, urged him to follow the spectre. When the latter came to the opposite side of the hall, it passed through a door, and proceeded along an extended passage, Herman still following. At the end of the passage was a large window, through which the rays of moonlight entering, were now intercepted in part by the retreating figure of the apparition, on which Herman kept his eyes fastened, until it seemed to sink through the floor. Herman followed hastily, and beheld in the pavement a deep chasm resembling a trap-door. To this chasm he could discover no bottom, and no steps to enable him to descend. One moment he gave to reflection, and believing the place could not be very deep, he leaped down and was precipitated into a miry dungeon, totally dark, and filled with the stench of putrid animal matter.

On recovering from the shock of his fall, he endeavored to catch a glimpse of the object which had led him to this subterranean den; but the gloom of Erebus surrounded him, and nothing was visible except the darkness. The hissings of serpents now assailed his ears, and he began to muse on the probability of being obliged to pass the remainder of a short life in these dreary vaults, when he felt something coil itself around his legs. He soon found himself in the grasp of a serpent of prodigious size, the compression of whose folds became tighter and tighter, until the bones of his legs actually cracked by the severity of the constriction. One moment more and he would have been rendered helpless in the embrace of his enemy, but Herman, with great presence of mind, drew his knife and lacerated the reptile so vigorously that its coils were relaxed, and the youth extricated himself without having received any serious injury. He now observed a dim, phosphorescent light at some distance, and endeavored to walk towards it, but at almost every step he felt a reptile writhing beneath his feet. Probably his long heavy Dutch boots were all that preserved his life. The pale, blueish flickering gleam which directed him, seemed to evade his pursuit, and he began to be more and more surprised at the extent of the dungeon. At length he reached a flight of steps, and ascending to the top, he, with great difficulty, forced up a heavy trap-door, and emerging from the darkness, found himself in a square room, feebly lighted in a most extraordinary manner. Balls of sulphurous fire were rolling and crackling over the pavements, and he presently ascertained that about half a dozen skeletons were amusing themselves with a game of foot ball. Herman crept up softly into the room, while the unearthly players kept the fiery balls moving with astonishing velocity. It may be believed that Van Bogel's stay in this apartment was very short; he threaded his way among the eager sportsmen, (if we may so call them) found the door, took French leave, and departed. He was again in the long passage formerly mentioned, and from thence he reached the hall with little difficulty.

A skeleton band was again parading the hall of the castle, as Herman entered; but he had now become pretty well accustomed to these gentry, and was so little embarrassed by their presence, that he walked through the various groups to his former seat with perfect unconcern. As soon as he was seated, one of the phantoms approached, and holding up his hand, with a gesture of menace or reproof, Herman again beheld the ring which had caused him so much trouble. It seemed that the ghost of Baron Wigginsberg had laid aside the dress it had lately worn, and now appeared in the naked majesty of bones, for Herman could not doubt that this was the skeleton of his uncle.

From that moment Herman's eyes were fastened on this skeleton, until the voice of the ghostly sentinel on the battlements announced that it was "past three o'clock." At that sound, every spectre glided to the spot it had formerly occupied on the floor of the hall, or in the court-yard, dropped to the earth, and lay as motionless as when Herman first beheld them on his entrance. They who had occupied the box leaped into it, one by one, and fell disjointed as before. Among the latter Van Bogel desisted the spectre of the ring, and nerving himself for a desperate purpose, he advanced to the box, just as it began to recede. In another instant he had seized the moving sepulchre, and was dragged violently for some distance, when, losing his presence of mind, he relinquished his grasp and fell senseless on the pavement.

When Herman returned to consciousness, he found himself in a narrow and damp apartment, into which a feeble glimmer of moonlight was admitted from the top. Having now lost all traces of the ring, he supposed his design to be frustrated, and prepared, with a heavy heart, to leave the place. But, on examination, he found that the iron door, through which he had probably entered, was closed and fastened, and he soon despaired of making an egress in that way. While groping about the walls, he discovered an arch way, four feet and a half high, which mere necessity induced

The magistrates of the town were seated on an elevated bench, and the people were all convened in their presence, when Shafner, the astrologer, entered.

"I have come," said he, "to accuse two persons of murder before this tribunal. But first let me relate a tale of horrors which these murderers fondly hoped was sealed from all mankind."

The astrologer then recounted the atrocities which had been committed at the castle of Spukenswald; and, among other things, stated that Baron Wigginsberg, having had occasion to travel, had called on him, and deposited his will, which he requested might be produced in case of his (the baron's) death. Some time after, Shafner, by his art, ascertained that the Baron had been murdered. The astrologer further said that he was now enabled to produce a talismanic ring, which had been the property of Wigginsberg, and which possessed the remarkable faculty of making known the persons by whom the Baron had been murdered.

"This," he continued, pointing at the ring on Herman's finger, "this is the talisman. When it is touched by the Baron's murderers, the white stone surrounded by diamonds will suddenly change to a blood-red color. Let each person present now touch the ring and observe the result."

Many were the persons who singly advanced and touched the ring, and no change was observed. At length it was announced that all had submitted to this singular trial.

"All!" repeated Shafner, "that is by no means the truth. I have not touched it; the magistrates have not touched it, nor have Mr. Zieglendorffer and that young lady touched it." As Shafner said this, he brought his own finger in contact with the ring, and the magistrates followed his example.

"Now," said Herman, with a smile, as he presented the ring to his new father-in-law, "it is your turn to try this curious experiment."

The moment Zieglendorffer's finger rested on the talisman, an exclamation of surprise burst from every beholder; the white stone immediately changed to a deep red, and continuing thus for a minute, resumed its former appearance. Then Dorothea, by order of the magistrates, touched the ring, and the same results were observed.

"For your farther satisfaction," said Shafner to the magistrates, "I can bring the most indisputable evidence to prove that these persons are Count Rogueinvalt and his daughter, Wilhelmine, who have sojourned among us under the assumed name of Zieglendorffer."

Rogueinvalt, alias Zieglendorffer, now began to laugh in a most discordant manner.

"You may save yourself the trouble of bringing evidence, Mr. Wizard," said he, "for to tell you the truth, I am tired of such a life as I have lately led; without a morsel of man's flesh for five years. I have never enjoyed a meal since I left Spukenswald. And let me tell you, good inhabitants of Freyburg, that your fellow citizen, Baron Wigginsberg, made some rare messes for me and my jolly companions. The steaks were exquisite, the sirloin admirable! I'd be hung to-morrow, for the satisfaction of making one or two more such dinners."

"His heart was spongy, Pa," said Wilhelmine, "and not so good as that of Prince Puckenick."

"Puh! you are a dainty fool," answered her father; "Prince Puckenick was a mere kickshaw. But a piece of a good solid old German Baron is the meat for my money."

Herman's love for Dorothea or Wilhelmine was now converted into detestation, and he saw her and her wicked father led to execution without a sigh of regret. A priest attended on the culprits, but they could not be persuaded to repent of eating human flesh, for they declared that this was the only real pleasure they had ever enjoyed.

"But, though I cannot repent," said Rogueinvalt, "I can make the church a present of forty thousand rix-dollars; which, I suppose, will answer the same purpose."

The ecclesiastic scarcely knew what answer to make; he could not declare *repentance* to be unnecessary, and he hated to refuse forty thousand rix dollars. So he took a middle course, and promised Rogueinvalt that the church's gratitude and prayers would certainly be due for such a liberal donation.

The prisoners were brought into the public square, and as their guilt was evident, their execution was ordered to be immediate. Ropes were fastened around their feet, and they were hung up in the way they had often suspended others; and their throats were cut before the whole population, which was highly amused and edified by the spectacle.

On inspecting Baron Wigginsberg's will, which had been left with Shafner, Herman was found to be the inheritor of both title and estate; and he was likewise adjudged to be entitled to all the treasures left by Count Rogueinvalt. Having so expeditiously become a widower, he renewed his addresses to Miss Margaret Schemmerhorn; she forgave his little freak of inconstancy, and they were married. After which event, we do not find either of them mentioned in any authentic history.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOB STUBBS!

A MAN ABOUT TOWN!

(Continued from page 216.)

CHAPTER IV

AFTER my papa's death, as he left no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering-places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the departure of my dear parent, and her children, left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military-looking person; for though I had absolutely cut the old North-Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Crow hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign), though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of Captain; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title, in a watering-place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrowgate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard-player; so much so, that in many of these towns, the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy, my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when strolling one day up the High Street, in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard, and elsewhere—no other, in fact, than Dobbie. He too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs; and was walking with a showy-looking Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet, and a bird of Paradise—a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light blue shoes. Three children, and a handsome footman, were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known, myself, at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobbie, the son of the rich army-clothier, Dobbie (Dobbie, Hobble, and Co., of Pall Mall);—the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, living quietly at Leamington with her children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper, so the fact is, that I myself, went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money, and landed estates—ah! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and every body was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day, and left a card for Dobbie, with a note:—he neither returned my visit nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow, as before; and, going up to him, very kindly seized him by the hand, and swore I was—as really was the case—charmed to see him. Dobbie hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared; but I gave him a frown, and said—

"What, Dobbie, my boy, don't you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher's daughters, ha?"

Dobbie gave me a sickly kind of grin, and said, "Oh! ah! yes! it is—yes! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs."

"An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobbie's, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much, of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him."

Dobbie was obliged to take the hint; and Captain Stubbs was duly presented to Mrs. Manasseh; the lady was as gracious as possible: and when, at the end of the walk, we parted, she said, "she hoped Captain Dobbie would bring me to her apartments that evening, where she expected a few friends." Everybody, you see, knows everybody at Leamington; and I, for my part, was well known as a retired officer of the army; who, on his father's death, had come into seven thousand a year. Dobbie's arrival had been subsequent to mine, but putting up, as he did, at the Royal Hotel, and dining at the ordinary there with the widow, he had made his acquaintance before I had. I

saw, however, that if I allowed him to talk about me, as he could, I should be compelled to give up all my hopes and pleasures at Leamington; and so I determined to be short with him. As soon as the lady had gone into the hotel, my friend Dobbie was for leaving me likewise; but I stopped him and said, "Mr. Dobbie, I saw what you meant just now; you wanted to cut me, because, forsooth, I did not choose to fight a duel at Portsmouth; now look you, Dobbie, I am no hero, but I'm not such a coward as you—and you know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters; and *I will fight* this time."

Not, perhaps, that I would; but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobbie to be as great a coward as ever lived; and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterwards. My words had their effect upon Dobbie, who stuttered, and looked red, and then declared he never had the slightest intention of passing me by; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow; but that lady had a very capacious heart, and there was a number of gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. "Look at that Mrs. Manasseh," said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too), sitting at dinner by me; "she is old, and ugly, and yet, because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her."

"She has money, has she?"

"Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children; I know it *for a fact*," said the strange gentleman. "I am in the law, and we of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families amongst us are worth."

"Who was Mr. Manasseh?" said I.

"A man of enormous wealth—a tobacco-merchant—West Indies; a fellow of no birth, however; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear sir," whispered he, "she is always in love—now it is with that Captain Dobbie; last week it was somebody else—and it may be you next week, if—ha! ha! ha!—you are disposed to enter the lists. I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money."

What did it matter to me, whether the woman was good or not, provided she was rich? My course was clear. I told Dobbie all this gentleman had informed me, and, being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear *so* bad, that the poor fellow was quite frightened, and fairly quitted the field. Ha! ha! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had murdered her last husband.

I played my game so well, thanks to the information that my friend, the lawyer, had given me, that in a month, I had got the widow to show a most decided partiality for me; I sat by her at dinner, I drank with her at the Wells—I rode with her, danced with her, and at a picnic to Kenilworth, where we drank a great deal of champagne, I actually popped the question, and was accepted. In another month, Robert Stubbs, Esq., led to the altar, Leah, widow of the late E. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitt's!

We drove up to London in her comfortable chariot; the children and servants following in a post-chaise. I paid, of course, for everything; and until our house, in Berkley Square, was painted, we stopped at Steven's Hotel.

My own estate had been sold, and the money was lying at a bank, in the city. About three days after our arrival, as we took our breakfast in the hotel, previous to a visit to Mrs. Stubbs' banker, where certain little transfers were to be made—a gentleman was introduced, who, I saw at a glance, was of my wife's persuasion.

He looked at Mrs. Stubbs, and made a bow: "Perhaps it will be convenient to you to pay this little bill, one hundred and fifty-two poundsh."

"My love," says she, "will you pay this—it is a trifle which I had really forgotten." "My soul," said I, "I have really not the money in the house."

"Vel, denn, Captain Stubbsh," says he, "I must do my duty—and arrest you—here is the writ! Tom keep the door!"—My wife fainted—the children screamed, and I—fancy my condition, as I was obliged to march off to a spunging-house, along with a horrid sheriff's officer!

I shall not describe my feelings, when I found myself in a cage in Cursitor-street, instead of that fine house in Berkley-square, which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a place!—in an odious, dismal street leading from Chancery Lane—a hideous Jew boy opened the second of three doors; and shut it, when Mr. Nab and I (almost fainting) had entered; then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced into a filthy place, called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back parlor, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkley-square! Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I met at the table-d'hôte at Leamington, only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred and fifty pounds: and I had two thousand at my bankers. But was the loss of *her* £80,000 nothing? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing?—The accursed addition to my

family of a Jewish wife, and three Jewish children, nothing? And all these I was to support out of my two thousand pounds. I had better have stopped at home, with my mamma and sisters, who produced me eighty pounds a year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs; and when I had charged her, the base wretch! with cheating me, like a brazen serpent, as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others? She only took me, she said, because I had twenty thousand pounds. I *had* said I possessed that sum; but in love, you know, and war, all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met; and I cordially vowed that when I had paid the debt into which I had been swindled by her, I would take my two thousand pounds, and depart to some desert island, and never see her more, or any of her Israelitish blood. There was no use in remaining in the spunging-house (for I knew there was such things as detainers, and that where Mrs. Stubbs owed a hundred pounds, she might owe a thousand), so I sent for Mr. Nab, and tendering him a cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds, and his costs, requested to be let out forthwith. "Here, fellow," said I, "is a cheque on Child's for your paltry sum."

"It may be a sheek on Shild's," says Mr. Nab, "but I should be a baby to let you out on such a paper as dat."

"Well," said I, "Child's is but a step from this; you may go and get the cash—just giving me an acknowledgment."

Nab drew out the acknowledgment with great punctuality, and set off for the bankers, whilst I prepared myself for departure from this abominable prison.

He smiled as he came in. "Well," said I, "you have touched your money; and now, I must tell you, that you are the most infernal rogue and extortioner I ever met with."

"O no, Mистер Stubbsh," says he, grinning still, "dere is som greater roag dan me—moah greater."

"Fellow," says I, "don't stand grinning before a gentleman; but give me my hat and cloak, and let me leave your filthy den."

"Shtop, Shtubbsh," says he, not even Mistering me this time, "here ish a letter, vich you had better read."

I opened the letter: something fell to the ground—it was my cheque.

The letter ran thus: "Messrs. Child and Co. present their compliments to Captain Stubbs, and regret that they have been obliged to refuse payment of the enclosed, having been served this day with an attachment by Messrs. Solomonson and Co., which compels them to retain Captain Stubbs' balance of £2010 11s. 6d. until the decision of the suit of Solomonson v. Stubbs. Fleet Street."

"You see," says Mr. Nab, as I read this dreadful letter, "you see, Shtubbsh, dere vas two debts—a little von, and a big von. So dey arrested you for de little von, and attashed your money for de big von."

Don't laugh at me for telling this story; if you knew what tears are blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for weeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man—a madman in the Fleet Prison, where I went, instead to the desert island. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept an eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and not like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander or give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand upon my heart, and, thank Heaven, say No! Why, why was I punished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months—my wife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether—I remained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging her to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends turned their backs upon me. My action went against me—I had not a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and seized my two thousand pounds. As for the detainer against me, I was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But, fancy the malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my creditor for £3, with sixteen years' interest, at five per cent., for a PAIR OF TOP BOOTS. The old thief produced them in court, and the whole story—Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping, and all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it. "So Doctor Swishtail would not pay you for your boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"No; he said, ven I asked him for payment, dey was ordered by a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster."

"What, then, you came on a *bootless* errand, aye, sir?" (A laugh.)

"Bootless! no sare, I brought de boots back vid me; how de devil else could I show dem to you." (Another laugh.)

"You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Tickleshins?"

"I never would sell dem; I swore I never vood, on porpus to be revenged on dat Stobbs."

"What, your wound has never been *healed*, eh?"

"Vat do you mean vid your bootless errands, and your *soling* and healing? I tell you I have done vat I swore to do; I have exposed him at school, I have break off a marriage for him, ven he

would have had twenty thousand pound, and now I have showed him up in a court of justice; dat is vat I ave done, and dat's enough." And then the old wretch went down, whilst everybody was giggling and staring at poor me—as if I was not miserable enough already.

"This seems the dearest pair of boots you ever had in your life, Mr. Stubbs," said Commissioner Dubobwig very archly, and then he began to inquire about the rest of my misfortunes.

In the fullness of my heart I told him the whole of them; how Mr. Solomonson the attorney had recommended me to the rich widow, Mrs. Manassch, who had fifty thousand pounds, and an estate in the West Indies. How I was married, and arrested on coming to town, and cast in an action for two thousand pounds, brought against me by this very Solomonson for my wife's debts.

"Stop," says a lawyer in the court, "Is this woman a showy black-haired woman, with one eye? very often drunk, with three children—Solomonson, short, with red hair?"

"Exactly so," says I, with tears in my eyes.

"That woman has married *three men* within the last two years. One in Ireland, and one at Bath. A Solomonson is, I believe, her husband, and they both are off for America ten days ago."

"But why did you not keep your £2000?" said the lawyer.

"Sir, they attached it."

"O! well, we may pass you; you have been unlucky, Mr. Stubbs, but it seems as if the biter had been bit in this affair."

"No," said Mr. Dubobwig, "Mr. Stubbs is the victim of a FATAL ATTACHMENT."

[To be concluded in the next number.]

TO A LETTER SEAL.

BY J. E. DW WASHINGTON, D. C.

Thou that dost bind the human thought
In foolscap, post, or hot-pressed Bath,
That attest prying eyes at naught,
That seals the notes of love and wrath,
Thou many colored little thing,
Thou art o'er all epistles, king.

From the high crests and coats of arms
That ride the backs of lordly scrawls,
To the pierced hearts and other charms
That lovers rise, when Cupid calls;
Thou holdest still thy treasure true
In court despatch and billet doux.

Without thee love would silent die;
Without thee scandal's tongue would cease;
Without thee, the unblushing lie
Would wound no more our bosom's peace.
Without thee, friends would write no more
To friends upon a distant shore.

Thy colors whisper grief or joy,
Thy symbols speak of love or hate;
The lass, that face to face seems coy,
By thee repents, before too late.
And spendthrift heirs with joy behold
In thy black face their father's gold.

The young wife kisses thee in love;
The miser cuts thee off to keep;
The school miss eyes thy cooing dove,
And sees thy love torch in her sleep.

The warrior hails thy lifted sword,
And little Jonahs kiss thy gourd.

The pardoned marks thy form of state,
And lathes with tears the eagle's wings;
The statesman scans thy crown of weight,
And bows before the stamp of kings;
The Templar marks thy cross of red,
And o'er it bends his mystic head.

The patentee admires thy wheels,
And ploughs and churns, and water looms;
The postman scans thy courser's heels,
And placemen mark thy *hickory brooms*.
The admiral eyes thy anchor's foul,
While gladdened wisdom greets thy owl.

The merchant marks thy cotton bales,
And views thy laden fleets with pride;
The farmer eyes thy lifted flails—
The painter sees how Raphael died;
The poet views Parnassus' peaks,
And Welchmen shed their tears o'er leaks.

The Scotchman views thy highland glen,
And sees the kilted piper there;
The writer marks his favorite pen,
The Russian greets the grizzly bear,
The ragged loafer charms the Jew,
While huntsmen scan the chase' halloo.

March, 1839.

CHINA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY."

No. III.

We resume, and shall conclude in the present number, our notice of Mr. Dunn's Chinese collection. We have described, individually and at length, several of the figures in the collection; we propose to despatch the remaining ones in a somewhat more summary manner. Of these, there are altogether about eighty, though, for want of room, not more than fifty have as yet been displayed. They are all likenesses, and many were recognised as the representatives of familiar faces, by persons formerly resident in China. They are carefully executed by a native artist, who spent several years in perfecting them. The material is a peculiar species of clay, found in the country, and admirably adapted for modelling. The faces and hands are colored after nature, the heads are mounted with hair, they are clothed in costumes of native manufacture, some of which were purchased at an enormous expense, and the effect of the whole is to convey to us a vivid and accurate idea of the dresses of the different classes of Chinese, the general contour and expression of their features, and many of their peculiar habits, fashions, manners, labors, and recreations. They have been admirably grouped by the judicious proprietor, whose taste in arranging has been shown to be fully equal to his diligence and perseverance in collecting. We have a group of literati, another of fashionable beauties, a third of theatrical characters, and so on. But what, in this department of the collection, pleases our fancy best, and appears to us most spirited and life-like, is the scene in the silk mercer's shop, in the north-east corner of the saloon. In this case there is a table with six legs, such as is in common use in China, differing scarcely at all from those used a hundred years ago in England and this country. Between the silk man's establishment and the pavilion described in our last number, we have a specimen of a Canton street, with a palanquin and bearers. This is the only kind of carriage known in China, and it is used by all who can afford the necessary expense. No other kind of vehicle could be employed, as the average width of the streets is not more than four or five feet.

We have, in the collection of figures, specimens of almost all classes of Chinese, from the lordly mandarin to the humble cooley, from the delicate female, clad in garments stiff with gold, to the sturdy boatwoman, differing but little from the other sex either in dress or appearance. Yet the similarity of features and expression, running through all ranks and conditions, will strike every beholder. High cheek bones, flat noses, small eyes, a yellowish complexion, and a rather languid, heavy cast of countenance, are the general characteristics. Nevertheless, the faces of the ladies of rank are rather pretty than otherwise, and there is in the collection a painted miniature likeness of a distinguished Chinese belle, whose beauty is of the highest order, and who, in that respect, would be a match for any "bright particular star" in our own fashionable circles. Chinese ideas of beauty differ, however, essentially from ours. Corpulency in men, and small feet in women, are held to be necessary conditions of it. The dresses of ladies of the higher classes are exceedingly rich and costly; and they are as modest and becoming as they are elegant. They are cut high in the neck, and are sufficiently loose and flowing to conceal the contour of the person. A display of the shape, and such an exposure of the bosom as is common in Europe and America, would be regarded by them as a shocking offence against modesty. Every one will be struck with the quantity and elegance of the embroidery on the dresses of both men and women of the higher ranks. In this art the Chinese excel all other nations, and it is one of the most productive branches of industry pursued by them. Women sometimes earn by it twenty, and even twenty-five dollars a month. Males, as well as females, pursue this occupation. The beauty of the silks in this collection will not fail to attract notice, and it confirms what we see stated in books, that the Chinese keep their finest silk fabrics for home use.

Next to the modelled figures, we are most interested in the native paintings collected by Mr. Dunn. These are very numerous, and embrace a great variety of subjects. An attentive examination of this department will correct several erroneous impressions current among us respecting the deficiency of the Chinese in the art of painting. It has been generally supposed that Chinese painters could not manage perspective at all. This, however, is a great mistake, as an inspection

of several of their pictures abundantly shows. We do not mean to compare Chinese paintings with the works of European masters, or the productions of our own artists, for the purpose of claiming equality for them. This would be preposterous. All we desire is to render justice where it has been hitherto denied. We do not exaggerate the truth, when we assert that many of the paintings in Mr. Dunn's collection are highly respectable as works of art, and some of them would not discredit our own eminent artists. There is one large landscape painting of very high merit, and several miniature likenesses, finished with the most elaborate care, and in very beautiful style. In the representation of single objects, as birds, fishes, flowers, etc., the Chinese certainly excel. Their drawings are uncommonly accurate, and their coloring brilliant and natural. In shading, it must be confessed, they are not adepts, and they positively object to the introduction of shadows into pictures. So little do they understand or appreciate this branch of the art, that, when one of the British embassies exhibited some admirable portraits, painted by master artists, and sent as presents to the emperor, the great mandarins inquired whether the originals had the two sides of their faces of different colors.

But it is not as works of art merely, or mainly, that we are interested in the pictures in Mr. Dunn's collection. There is another respect in which they are more instructive. They give us a lively idea of Chinese towns and country scenery, and afford no little insight into the manners, customs, labors, inventions, tastes, arts, religious rites, and manifold usages and civilization of that remote people. They are, in short, a mirror of Chinese life, presenting it graphically to our view in its multifarious phases, and leaving a clear and indelible impression of it upon the memory. We have, for example, well executed views of Canton, Whampoa, Macao, Honan, the Bocca Tigris, etc. These give us a distinct idea of what kind of cities they dwell in, and especially of that singular phasis of Chinese life—*river habitation*. We have likewise a series of pictures representing all the processes of tea-curing. Various other kinds of labor, the interior of their houses, the costumes of all classes, from the emperor downward, articles of furniture, machines of divers sorts, boats of every description, temples and pagodas, are all faithfully portrayed.

Several cases are filled with specimens of the Chinese porcelain. These are exceedingly numerous, various, and beautiful. They are of all sizes, from the enormous bowl, large enough to hold mint julep for half a county of Virginians, to the tiny tea cup fit only for a fairy's use—from the magnificent vase to the delicate snuff bottle; and the variety of shapes and outward adornings is as great as the sizes. There are some specimens five hundred years old. Antiques are held in high esteem by the natives, and enormous prices are sometimes paid for rare specimens. The porcelain department contains a few vases, the exterior surfaces of which are covered with innumerable cracks, running in all directions, but not penetrating far enough to injure the fabric. These cracks were from design, and took place in the burning; but the art of producing them has been lost. There are several thousand pieces in this department alone, and no pains or expense were spared in procuring the best specimens of every kind of article manufactured. There are articles here which are new to our oldest China merchants, and excite their highest admiration. The list embraces a great variety of vases, China seats, flower pots, fish ponds, pipe-stands, jars, tile-work, screens, and services of various kinds. Many of the articles gathered here, which add greatly to the interest and beauty of the display, are unknown in commerce.

The collection contains accurate models of all the different kinds of boats seen upon Chinese waters, except the junk, an exact representation of which appears among the paintings on the screen which separates the vestibule from the saloon. The Chinese display much taste and ingenuity in their river craft, but their junks are as cumbrous and unwieldy as any thing could well be. They are by no means bold or expert navigators. They creep along the coast, or stretch from headland to headland, but never, if they can help it, venture out of sight of land. There sailors are extremely superstitious and degraded, and there is scarcely the semblance of discipline on board their trading junks. But while such is the clumsy construction of their trading and war vessels, and such the want of skill in navigating them, the river boats, of which there is a great variety, are well contrived, neat, commodious, and dexterously managed. The most showy of these is the flower boat. This may well be called a floating palace. It is richly carved and gilded, and is as gay as a bride decked for her espousals. It is much used by parties of pleasure, by the higher mandarins, and by a less reputable class of persons. We have also three models of canal boats, the same that have been in use for several hundred years, and a specimen of the *san-pan*, or house boat where such multitudes of Chinese are born and spend their whole lives. It is computed by Bridgman that there are eighty-four thousand of these on the Canton river, in the immediate vicinity of the city, which, estimating the occupants at an average of only three, would give a total river population of two hundred and fifty-two thousand souls. It would be impossible to navigate in such a crowd of boats, were they not arranged in streets, like the houses of a city. Another circumstance which prevents jostlings and confusion, is that the boats are almost always propelled by sculling instead of rowing. The peaceable dispositions of the people have a similar tendency. A peculiarity of Chinese rudders is, that they are universally perforated with holes. Why this is done, or what good purpose it answers, would be a subject of guessing fit for the wits of a Yankee. The junks have all two huge eyes painted on the two sides of the bows. If a Chinaman is asked the reason of this, his reply is—

"Have eye, can see; can see, can saavez: No have eye, no can see; no can see, no can saavez."

There are several models of bridges in the collection. The originals are of granite, and the workmanship very beautiful. The arches are constructed upon true scientific principles, notwithstanding that the bridges have been built many hundred years. They are for foot passengers only, as carriages are unknown in the country. The models of pagodas give us a lively idea of that singular class of buildings. They are connected with the worship of Fo, or Budha, and are always either nine or seven stories in height. They appear in almost every Chinese landscape, of which generally they form the most striking and picturesque objects. They are now, for the most part, in a dilapidated state, as Budhism is fast waning in China. They are always built on elevated sites, and make excellent look-out places; and they are well adapted for the transmission of telegraphic dispatches. Whether they will ever be used for such a purpose depends upon an improbable but indispensable prior condition, viz: an almost total change in the genius and habits of the Chinese people.

The models of summer houses, of which there are some half dozen, are interesting objects. They show a considerable variety in the style of structure. Some of them are two stories high, though this, in the originals, is not common. They are rather elegant and tasteful edifices, and, in a hot climate, must form delightful summer lounges. The form of the roofs will attract notice. They are not flat surfaces, but slightly concave, representing the curve which a cord stretched between two points would describe. This singular form is, with great probability, supposed to have been borrowed from the tents used in the infancy of the nation.

The collection embraces numerous implements of different kinds, agricultural, mechanical, etc. We have an itinerant barber, shoemaker, and blacksmith—each with all the instruments and appliances of his craft, and each forming a novel and interesting study. The blacksmith has a portable furnace and bellows, and plies his art in the open street, as do also both the others. His bellows is curious, being a cylindrical blowpipe, worked with a piston, and so contrived as to keep the blast of air continuous. The barber is the representative of a large class in China. Nobody shaves himself there, as the head is included in the operation. Hence the throngs of tonsors that crowd the streets of every town. There are no less than seven thousand three hundred in Canton alone. The functions of barber cannot be exercised without a special license from government. They are all ambulatory, carrying a stool with a case of drawers, and a small furnace with a basin. The razor is clumsy in appearance, but is said to shave very well. The agricultural implements include ploughs, harrows, rakes, hoes, forks, axes, shovels, spades, etc. Carpenter's and cabinet maker's tools, musical instruments of various kinds, metallic mirrors, pots, kettles, and other cooking utensils, flatirons, mouse-traps, gongs, bells, etc. etc. add to the value of this part of the collection.

The specimens of Chinese manufactures collected by Mr. Dunn, are extremely diversified in kind, and many of them of exquisite beauty. We have already noticed the porcelain department. The samples of lackered ware are also numerous and interesting. Among them are some boxes and stands of rare elegance. The lackered manufactures of the Chinese are well known, and, though not equal to those of Japan, they are yet extremely beautiful. The varnish is obtained from the *tsie-shoo*, a species of *rhus*, from which it distills like gum. It is highly poisonous in a liquid state, and great caution is used both by those who collect and those who work in it, to guard against its obnoxious qualities.

The articles of furniture, of which there are many specimens, form an interesting class of manufactures. We have noticed them to some extent in a former number. The chairs, tables, and book cases, are of a dark colored wood, resembling somewhat our rose wood. The former are massive and of large dimensions. The Chinese gentlemen covet corpulency as much as the ladies do small feet, and they wisely make provision for its comfortable accommodation. The tables have abundance of carving on them, executed in a very beautiful and tasteful manner. But the book cases are singularly elegant. The lower portion is for the reception of the library, which is protected from the dust by doors in front; the upper section is divided into several distinct compartments, adorned with rich carving, which serve for the display of a number of characteristic pieces of ornamental furniture.

The screen work has been already described. It is among the most beautiful of Chinese manufactures. The carving, especially, cannot fail to attract universal attention, and excite universal admiration. In this art, as in that of embroidery, the Chinese may challenge the world to a trial of skill, and repose in the confidence of a triumphant verdict in their favor. Their ivory balls, containing sometimes nearly twenty others in the interior, have long been the astonishment of all other nations. Their skill is equally shown in another article not so generally known—the snuff-bottle. These are hollowed out of agate and rock crystal, into perfect bottles, of about two inches in length, through openings in the neck not a quarter of an inch in diameter; and, what is still more surprising, the crystal bottles are inscribed on the inside with minute characters, so as to be read through the transparent substance.

The Chinese embroidery has been repeatedly referred to in this and former numbers. Its richness and elegance will attract the notice and admiration of every beholder. The fondness of the nation for this particular kind of adorning seems to be almost a passion. We see it on their dresses,

shot came, and observed the smoke of the discharged rifle still hanging about the branches of a fallen tree. He advanced so suddenly upon his foes, who were two of the party of the previous evening, that they had not time to load their guns, but being the strongest party, they sallied out to take our hero a prisoner. Girty fired at one of them as they approached, but in his anxiety to kill, he missed his aim. The nearest Indian raised his tomahawk, whilst Girty full as eager for the death of his foe, advanced upon him, with his own hatchet poised, ready for a throw. The Indian did not attempt to hurl his tomahawk till he discovered his white antagonist was determined to come to a battle hand to hand; and when he did throw it, he delivered it so awkwardly that if Girty had stood still, it would not have hit him. When the tomahawk was thrown, the foes were not more than six feet apart; with one bound, Girty wrapped his arms around the Indian, and at the same moment the other fellow sprang upon Girty's back; they all rolled upon the ground together—one of the Indians under Girty, while the other was upon him, but by a successful turn and a violent effort, he caught the upmost savage in his grasp, and exerting his tremendous strength, succeeded in getting him also undermost. There is no struggle which is so awfully furious as that of two rational beings competing for victory or death—unlike the brute creation, they are conscious of the awful situation in which they are placed, and consequently fight with all the energy and desperation, which the desire of life and fear of death prompts them to exert. Look upon the eyes of two of the inferior animals while battling; we behold therein no expression but that of madness or savage rage, which alone excites them to fight. But it is when we look into the eyes of one who is fighting with us for life, that we behold the passions most terribly expressed. Those who have not been so unfortunate as to fight for life with another of his species, cannot form the faintest conception of the terrible expression which the human eye is capable of portraying, when the awful alternative is placed before us, of dying or taking the life of one of our fellow beings—but let that pass.

The two Indians were now under Girty, but it required the exertion of all his strength, and the play of his Herculean muscle to keep them there. Girty's plan was, as usual, soon formed; for the difficult task of holding down two men, did not all prevent him from deliberating; he determined, to bring into requisition again his pugilistic powers. He suddenly loosened his grasp, and at the same moment struck one of the Indians a severe blow with his fist in the face, and then sprang upon his feet. The other Indian, who had also risen, appeared perfectly aware of the powers of his white foe, whose aim, he discovered was to close with him, but which scheme he tried to avert by a rapid retrograde movement, and at the same time waving his tomahawk. Just at the moment when he was making the effort to throw, he fell backwards over a log, and the tomahawk flew high into the air. He regained his feet in a second, but that second was not lost by his equally vigilant foe, who was at his side as he rose, and catching him by the neck and hip, hurled him upon the ground and fell upon him. At the same moment, the other Indian, who had now recovered from his knock, rushed up with his face all bloody, brandishing his knife in the air, and yelling like a wild cat. He made repeated thrusts at Girty, but all his caution was brought into requisition, and he was very careful not to venture within the grasp of his foe, fearing probably another embrace, which might prove equally as endearing as the last. After vainly striving for some time to stab his foe at a distance of three feet, he ran for a rifle which he snapped, but finding it empty, he proceeded to load it with all expedition.

The struggle was now with Girty and the fellow under him, who, while Girty's attention was occupied with the other Indian, succeeded in getting out his knife, and struck it into his thigh directly upon the spot where he had bound the handkerchief, and which saved him from a severe wound. The knife penetrated the handkerchief and slightly gashed the flesh. Girty seized the Indian's arm, which he held as in a vice, while with the other he grasped the knife, and drawing it through his foe's hand, plunged it into his breast. Girty immediately sprang to his feet, and gained a tree, just as the other Indian had finished loading the gun. The Indian ran around the tree, keeping some distance from it, such was his dread of Girty, who, by moving around the tree and keeping it between him and the Indian, completely foiled the other's repeated manœuvres to shoot him. While thus engaged he espied the dead Indian's gun lying but a few feet from him, and a short distance farther was a large tree. Now if he could recover the gun without being shot, he felt he should be on equal terms with the savage. It would be risking his life to run from one tree to the other, but this is the last thought which intrudes during the excitement of an engagement. He ran for the gun; as he stooped to snatch it up the Indian fired, and the ball past just over his head. If he had not stooped for the gun, the ball would have passed through him. Girty snatched up the gun, and cocking it advanced upon his foe who, like a hero, and contrary to Girty's expectations, drew his knife and yelled a defiance; but the cause of this man's boldness was soon made manifest, for Girty now discovered the gun to be empty; it could not have been loaded during the fight, but must have been fired previously.

Girty threw down the empty gun, and drawing his knife, rushed upon the Indian, whose courage now failed him, and he turned about and fled. Girty followed for some hundred yards, but the Indian, being the most frightened, proved himself the fastest runner. Girty returned and loaded his gun, and then proceeded to take the scalp from the Indian, and while thus engaged a large buck ran within twenty-five yards of his stand. The animal appeared frightened and was so intently engaged watch-

ing the direction from whence he came, that he did not see Girty. The buck continued his course directly for the last lick, and Girty took a short course through the high bushes, in order to meet him at the north side of the lick, where he expected the buck would run, but in passing through this luxuriant and tangled brushwood, he encountered unexpectedly a foe in a large bear, which sprang upon his hind legs but a few feet before him. He shot at the bear, and the ball passed into him, but it only increased his rage; he grew actually furious, and falling upon all-fours he advanced upon Girty, and fought with an energy which for a while rendered utterly useless the violent thumps which Girty bestowed plentifully upon his thick hide. In running backwards while striking at the bear Girty stepped on a large snake which suddenly sprang up, and writhing round his leg, struck his fangs below the knee on the tibia bone. The bear howled and still pressed on, but finally growing weak, Girty, by a successful stroke, succeeded in disabling the bear. A numbness soon seized his leg, and extended up the whole left side even to his arm, which became useless. He sat on a log, and tried by binding a handkerchief very firmly around his thigh to prevent the swelling from extending farther up, but his scheme proved abortive.

For the first time, Thomas Girty began to think of dying. The left leg and arm were swollen to almost twice their natural size, and livid spots began to appear, chequering the whole of his left side. His heart beat slowly and a drowsiness came upon him, and he felt an almost irresistible desire to sleep. Whilst lying thus utterly helpless, he heard a noise in the direction of the bear, which was not dead, but only what hunters term "hamstrung." The bear growled and gnashed his teeth, and an Indian sprang out of the bushes, and observing that the bear was disabled, tomahawked him, but not without some difficulty. After he had finished this job, he, for the first time, discovered Girty who lay upon the log, half dead and helpless. The Indian poised his gun to shoot, but observing that Girty made motions to him with his hand, he lowered his gun, and drawing his tomahawk again, advanced cautiously till he stood over him, Girty pointed to his leg, and to the snake which he had killed. The Indian ran into the woods, and after a few moments returned with his hands full of a weed which he motioned Girty to swallow. While Girty chewed the weed, the Indian deliberately proceeded to bind the white man's hands and feet—thus saving his life that he might have the pleasure of taking it again!

The first mouthful of the herb appeared to have an instantaneous effect; the swelling ceased and the pains became assuaged, and in one hour, Girty was enabled to stand and use his left arm, although the sensibility of the parts had not fully returned. The Indian yelled and was answered by other voices, when six Indians soon joined him. Among them was the hero who had ran off from Girty, and who (as Girty afterwards learned) was a brother to the Indian who had been killed. The savage's eyes glistened with fury as he beheld Girty, and drawing his tomahawk, he brandished it over the white man's head, but was prevented from killing the murderer of his brother, by the voices of the others, who probably depicted the consoling spectacle of the prisoner burning at the stake. After awhile another brother of the slain Indian joined the party, and when he beheld Girty, his countenance was distorted by passion, till he looked more like a demon than a human being. He drew his knife, and before the others could prevent it, gave Girty several severe gashes in the side, but the knife fortunately struck against the ribs, and thus saved his life. Girty glared upon him like a wild cat; he moved not a muscle which might indicate fear or pain, which exalted him in the Indians' estimation. The medicine which Girty had swallowed had developed its peculiar power, and to his surprise, in a few hours after he had taken the herb, the numbness left his limbs, and the swelling had entirely gone down. It is probable that this potent remedy for the bite of a snake, would not have been known by the whites, had not the aborigines disclosed it. By the way, the Indians have given our *Materia Medica* more presents, than our physicians have given them credit for.

Girty's hands were bound securely with a cord made from the sinews of a deer; mounting him upon a horse, they tied a cord to his ankle, and bringing it under the horses' belly, it was fastened to the ankle on the other side. All the Indians appeared proud of such a formidable captive, but the brute upon which he was mounted was one of those fractious beasts, the disposition of which is so *misanthropic* that they turn down their ears, and evince an utter hatred towards the whole human race. This beast permitted no opportunity to pass wherein he could bite the leg of the captive. The hatred of the horse towards Girty was only surpassed by the two brothers of the Indian whom he had slain that day, whose hatred was expressed by a thousand knocks, with many more curses. The party crossed the Miami, and steered due north for their town, the name of which is not known, but it may have been the town of Chillicothe. At noon they stopped, and cooked some venison by thrusting their ramrods through it, and holding it in the flame, and when thoroughly smoked, although but superficially cooked, they swallowed it without offering Girty a mouthful. Girty was bound against a tree, and the Indians amused themselves by throwing their tomahawks at him, in order to try how near they could strike to his ear without hitting it; but the sport was soon ended by Girty, who watched his opportunity, and when one of the brothers who had treated him so brutally, stooped near him to pick up his tomahawk, Girty gave him such a severe kick in the breast, as to deprive him for some time of breath. They immediately secured Girty's feet, and after beating him with clubs for half an hour, they again mounted him on his horse, and re-commenced their journey.

Girty watched every opportunity to escape, but the Indians were so vigilant, that he could not

move a limb without attracting their attention. They travelled till night, and taking their prisoner from the horse, bound him hands and feet. From one hand they passed a thick pole across his body, the other end of which was bound to the other hand, which kept his arms extended to their utmost,—this is the most painful way in which a person can lay. The Indians were aware of this fact, and adopted this method of confining Girty, on whom they practiced every plan which might contribute to render him uneasy. His feet were bound together firmly, and fastened to a stake drove in the ground, and a cord was passed around his throat, and secured to stakes on each side. This cord was drawn so tightly that it was with the utmost difficulty Girty could breath. Here he lay all night, and as might be imagined, did not get one minute's sleep. A sentry sat over him the whole night, during which time he prevented himself from becoming drowsy, by imitating the cry of owls, wolves, turkeys, etc., which Girty afterwards observed were so natural, that he could not refrain at times from laughter. This pleased the Indian so, that he treated him the next day with considerably more humanity—'tis seldom we miss our aim in tickling self love! The next morning he was again bound on the spiteful beast, and without receiving any thing to eat, started on the journey. About noon they came in sight of a small town, where the Indian hallo was given, and answered by the inhabitants of the town. In a few moments, every man, woman, and child, were advancing; they invariably greeted the prisoner with a curse, a blow, or a scowl; but he found the blows the most plentiful. Every person appeared to be in ecstasies, for the great warrior was captured, who had killed so many of their bravest men. He was not forced to run the gauntlet, which either had not been adopted by them in those days, or which is more probable, they feared to let loose from his fetters, a man whose powers they were aware were so great. He was carried to a hut, and bound upon the floor in the same manner as the preceding evening; and the guards were selected, who watched over him, nor relaxed their vigilance for a moment. As this last chapter has swelled to an unusual length, we will leave Thomas Girty for the present.

J. M. S.

Dayton, March 4th, 1839.

[To be continued.]

AN ODE TO SPRING.

BY JOSEPH SILL, PHILA.

It is the voice of Spring!
Soft as a zephyr breathes the stilly air
That creeps within the lattice. Scarcely stirs
The clustering locks that shadow o'er my brow;
It murmurs not, nor giveth out a sign
Of its pervading presence, yet 'tis here,
And hovers round me like a pleasing shade.
Its freshness is not seen, nor even heard,
But felt. The buds are still in embryo,
And the dark tall branches of the trees
Give out no seeming of refreshing green,
And yet throughout our being it doth steal
In kindly unobtrusive influence.
No vernal beauty yet adorns the grove,
But genial spirits are at work within
Infusing strength, and renovating life.

The passive torpor that subdued our frame
Gives place to active usefulness and pow'r;
While the free mind, loos'd from the lethargy
Which gelid winter had enthrall'd and bound,

Soars like an uncag'd bird into the air,
And plumes for higher flights, because 'tis free.

Spring is the time of promise, and the dark
And shadowy abyss of time is glanced at
Through the bow, that Iris gave to heaven,
Whose radiant tints color the prospect round,
And give a halo to futurity.
It is the type of human loveliness—
'Tis shadowed in the laughter-looking face
Of rosy youth whose joys are all expectant,
And looks more brightly from the sparkling eyes
Of the young maid, whose summer's yet to come.
It is an emblem and a sign of life,
And bids us in the freshness of our days
To sow the seed of virtue, and prepare
For all the mid-day heat, and chilly winds
That yet may blow upon us. Come then, Spring,
And, with thy flowery footsteps, cheer my future
path.

March 24, 1839.

UNPUBLISHED PASSAGES

IN THE LIFE OF

VIDOCQ, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF POLICE.

No. IX.

THE CONSCRIPT'S REVENGE.

A FEW leagues from Nismes, in the late province of Languedoc, is the quiet and retired village of St. Perau. Standing some distance from the high road, it is rarely sought except by those having business with the inhabitants, or, at long intervals, by some pedestrian wandering out of the beaten track in search of those beauties of nature which the bye-ways so often present, and are seen with more heartfelt enjoyment when bursting unawares on the sight of some way-worn searcher of the picturesque, than those more gorgeous views in the high-roads, the description of which has raised the expectation to the highest pitch, merely to show that the reality always falls far short of the anticipation.

It was in this village that Pierre and Annette had passed their infancy; they were respectively the son and daughter of men who had began life together; had followed the same occupation, that of vine-growers, and been for years neighbors and sworn friends; whose common wish too was for a future day to see that friendship more strongly cemented by the marriage of their children. It could not therefore be much a matter of surprise that betwixt their children there was more than friendship. Pierre saw with much delight that few girls for miles around could compete with his little wife, as he called her, either in face or form; and that to be considered like Annette of St. Perau was a compliment many a bright and blue-eyed girl was justly proud of. Annette, too, was never so happy as when in company with Pierre, her partner in the summer dance, or wandering with him beside the river Gardon, listening to his projects for the future, when they were man and wife.

When Pierre was about twenty, by the death of his father, he was left alone to cultivate his small "Terrein;" it was more than sufficient to keep him in comfort; and he could therefore carry into effect those plans of happiness he had so long looked forward to. What happiness could be greater than to have his dear Annette as his wife in the same village and very house where he had been born? cares would not be likely to obtrude themselves; for if he were not rich, he could always command sufficient to live in comfort; the man, he thought, who would desire more did not deserve as much. When more than a year had elapsed, he proposed to Annette's father that their union should at once take place. He explained to him frankly his circumstances, and intimated it could be no secret that Annette was not altogether averse to such a match. The proposition on the part of Pierre, though not unexpected, was nevertheless unwelcome to the father of Annette. A year or two previous he had entered into some speculations, for the purpose of carrying on which he had borrowed money of a Mons. Tarnier, a person who had formerly been in trade, but, having amassed what he considered a sufficiency, had retired, and purchased a moderate sized house at St. Perau, which he made his residence. The speculation of Mons. Dumont, much to his surprise, and I believe to the surprise of every one who enters into them, failed. It was very astonishing how it could have happened; and particularly unfortunate that he had not foreseen it, since he might have provided some means of repaying the money; but true it was that paying was entirely out of the question; for he had not only lost what he borrowed, but all his own besides; and as to the sale of his land, that would not be sufficient by one half. He put the best face on the matter; went to Mons. Tarnier, told him all the circumstances, that the speculation had failed, and that he had not wherewithal to repay the loan. Mons. Tarnier did not seem at all surprised that the speculation should have failed, and much less that, having so done, Dumont was unable to pay him what he had lent; he assured him that it was but a trifle; this Dumont denied, because he could not see that when a man owed twice as much as he was able to pay, that it was to be called a trifle. Tarnier informed him that it was in his power to more than pay him twice over. Dumont could not at all perceive how; and the other explained, by saying that the charms of Annette had made such an indelible impression in his

heart, that for her sake he would sacrifice every thing; and if he were to become her husband, would not only release Dumont from all claims he had against him, but supply him with money to begin the speculation anew: to this arrangement the father acceded; and it was whilst he was debating in his own mind how to gain the consent of Annette, that Pierre inopportunely urged his suit. There was no other way to answer Pierre than by informing him of every thing. What was the amount?—far, far more than Pierre, by the sale of every thing, could hope to obtain. That he was obliged to admit; but with unusual ardor, he still urged his suit, and the folly as well as heartlessness of forcing the girl to marry one she could never love: it would be to her the source of never ending sorrows, and embitter the whole of a life which might otherwise be passed in content and happiness. Besides, how could he reconcile it to his feelings to sell his only child for money. Pierre was confident that he never loved his daughter, since he could barter her person and affections for gold, as if he were selling a beast of the field. Dumont remained inflexible; but promised that he would wait five years, as Annette was still young; and if, during that time, Pierre could raise sufficient money to release him from his present difficulties, the girl should then be his. This promise he made without the remotest intention of keeping; but the presence and importunities of Pierre became annoying and perplexing, and he was glad to get rid of him on any terms.

Pierre sought the object of his affections, and overwhelmed her with grief by informing her of the barrier that was raised against their union; she felt much for her father, who had inconsiderately plunged himself into difficulties, but more for him whom she had looked forward to as soon having the right of calling her by the fond name of wife. It was with sorrow she listened to his plans for the future; she could not combat them effectually, and yet strove to raise difficulties which she thought might prove insurmountable, though why she scarcely knew.

Pierre's intentions were to sell his little plot of ground, place the money raised by the sale in the hands of some friend, and then throw himself upon the world, and endeavor, by the most frugal and parsimonious means, to raise the rest of the money which Dumont owed, long ere the time allowed him had passed. He thought that far from his native home and village, in the large towns and cities, where readier means of gaining wealth are to be found than in the quiet spot where he had passed his early years, some opportunity might present itself of gaining what he sought.

His plans were soon carried into execution, at least so far as regarded the sale of his small plot of land, and placing the money in the hands of a friend; but his resolution almost failed him when the time came to bid adieu to his dear Annette. It was the first time it had been for more than a few hours that they had been apart; and those few hours had seemed like lengthened days, they crept so slowly on; but now it was an absence of years, perhaps for ever, and all before him was uncertainty; he might prosper, he might not. It was a venture in the lottery of life. Annette accompanied him until they reached the main road leading to Paris, and, leaning against a stump of a tree, remained watching him as the rise and fall of the road brought him at intervals to her view; nor was it until the turning of the road shut him from her sight, that she felt she was truly alone; her feelings almost mastered her; but striving to subdue them, she sought the village, which had now lost every charm, and could only bring to mind the remembrance of many happy hours.

Intelligence was occasionally received at the village respecting Pierre: the first they heard of him was, that being at Clermont during the time the Conscription was drawing, the son of a rich banker of the town had the misfortune to be drawn, and not being partial to a military life, particularly in the station assigned to him, had striven by every means to obtain a substitute; this was not an easy thing to do, the previous Conscription having taken most of those who were suitable, and the others held back, in hopes of being tempted by something considerable. The young man offered what to Pierre seemed a large sum, and he accepted it, transmitted the money to the friend who had the care of the rest, and became a soldier. The next intelligence they received was, that he had been draughted into a regiment of Hussars, and was one of those in the expedition to Russia; and the third and last was after a long lapse, and brought the news of the disastrous retreat from Moscow, and the death of Pierre, who had fallen a victim to the severity of the climate.

It was shortly after the news of Pierre's death arrived, that Mons. Tarnier declared, that as every means of raising the money by Pierre's endeavors was now at an end, that he must either be paid or receive the hand of Annette; and was incessantly talking to the poor girl about huissiers, arrests, and prisons, which would be her father's doom, unless she yielded her consent to become his wife. If she turned to her father praying not to be sacrificed to the man she abhorred and detested, who had been the cause of her own unhappiness and Pierre's death, still the same din of prisons and persecutions of the law rang in her ears; and finding no relief, no one to say a kind consoling word, the almost broken hearted girl became as passive and spiritless as her admirer wished. There was but one thing she clung to with any degree of pertinacity, and that was for the marriage not taking place until the expiration of the five years; it wanted but eighteen months she had promised Pierre to wait; and if he were dead she did not feel absolved from her promise; it was but that one boon she asked; would they deny her; it could be of little consequence to them, whilst to her it would be the means of rendering her future years less bitter, to think she had not broken her faith with him whom she had so fondly loved. But at this they laughed; it was merely an idle scruple, there was no cause for postponing the marriage, delays were dangerous; and the result was, that Tarnier led

to the altar the vestige of the once blooming Annette. Her bright sparkling eye had lost all its former lustre; her cheeks were blanched with an almost unearthly whiteness; and the faint and scarcely heard responses that fell from the bride, found the greatest difficulty in gaining utterance. It was a truly sad wedding; none seemed joyous; it was more like the ceremony of a young and fair creature taking those vows which for ever shut her from the pleasures of the world she had scarce begun to taste, and which she knew would immure her till death in the dark walls of a cloister.

So far Mons. Tarnier considered himself a happy man. But men have different feelings as to what constitutes happiness; and many cannot know them without the object of their choice has some kindred affection; but this was not his case. He never even thought if the poor sad creature he had made his wife had either feelings or affections. He had seen her when her heart was light and gay, the glow of health upon her cheeks, and the smile upon her countenance. Had he loved! No, not for an instant. It was partly brutal passion, but more the desire of possessing that which every one admired. To effect his purpose, he had left nothing unturned, no lie, no deceit, every thing that villainy could bring into play he had employed; and when he triumphed, what was it over! a poor broken-hearted girl. A great triumph truly.

It was towards the close of a beautiful summer's day that the comparative coolness of the evening had tempted Annette to stray some distance from home; she was alone, for her husband seldom offered to be the companion of her walk, nor did she wish it. There was no communion of feeling betwixt them; and her own musings were more congenial to her mind than the ill-timed remarks and sarcastic observations that he generally used when they were together. She had wandered, without being aware, to the turning of the road where she had parted with Pierre. It had often since her marriage been the place she had sought to wile away an hour in meditation, and always left with sadness to seek a home, the sight of which she abhorred. The stump of a tree was still there; and, leaning against it, she tried to forget the intervening time since she had last seen Pierre. Strange, she thought, that it should have been on this very day five years ago that we stood here together for the last time. Little did I then think it was for ever we parted; that from thence I should have to date long years of misery; but I feel it cannot last much longer; forebodings come across my mind that I shall not long remain one of earth's creatures. I have nothing in life to wish the day far off, would it were here. Her attention was at that moment attracted by the approaching sounds of horses' steps. She looked towards the road; it was merely an officer and his servant, who seemed following the high road to Nismes; and she turned towards home. The officer at that moment pulled up his horse, and, dismounting, came towards her. Had she been strong enough, she would have increased her pace, but her weakness forbade it. "Unhand me, sir," she exclaimed, as he clasped her in his arms; "is it like an officer and a gentleman to insult an unprotected woman?"

"What, Annette!"

"Let me go, sir, I beseech you."

"Surely you do not know me."

"I do not, sir, nor do I wish."

"Not wish! Is it so, Annette; is this your welcome after years of absence; has time then wrought so great a change? I did not expect this."

"I do not understand this language. It is but adding to your insult. I say let me go, sir, I do not know you."

"Not know me!" said he; at the same time releasing her. "The Pierre of former days has then been forgotten. Well, well, I will not force myself upon your remembrance." Saying which, he turned away.

"Oh, sir, stay an instant. You spoke of Pierre: I will listen to you if you will speak to me of him. I have not heard that name for many a day, save when I have spoken it to myself."

"Why should I speak to you of him. Surely it were better he should speak himself. Look, Annette," said he, lifting off at the same time his military cap; "are these features so altered that you cannot recognise them?"

"Merciful heavens, what do I see! It cannot be; and yet that face—yes, yes, it must be; it is not to be mistaken."

Saying which, she rushed into his arms, and remained for some moments, resting her head upon his breast.

"You are a strange girl, Annette; but you look pale and ill."

"Do I, Pierre? I do not feel so. I am happy, very happy; but look at me, and tell me, am I dreaming?"

"Why, I almost think you are, or you would not have been so long ere you recognised me."

"Oh, Pierre, I did not expect a moment such as this. I feel so light and gay, so happy I have not been for many a long day. Look, Pierre, there is the old tree where we parted; it has not yet been cut down. And look, farther on is the village; you must remember them."

"Yes, Annette, indeed I do. They have been present to my mind full often. And how has the tedium of the night-watch been beguiled when I have thought of thee. I have prospered in the world, Annette; I am rich and honored. I have been noticed by the Emperor, who has made me what I am. I rendered him some unexpected assistance at the retreat of Moscow; since which he has never

forgotten me, and has kept me near his person; by which means I escaped the fate of my former unfortunate regiment. But what would all that I have attained, be without thee. No; I have but coveted them to share with you; we shall indeed be happy.

"Oh yes, Pierre, very happy."

"This is the last day of the five years. When I left I did not expect to return such as I am. What pleasure it will be for me to present you at Court when we are married."

"Married did you say, Pierre?"

"Yes, Annette, I did say married; what is there to make you so shudder at the word?"

"Oh I have been deceived, cruelly deceived. I see through it now. It was all false they told me; and they knew it too. Oh Pierre, I have been wronged, cruelly wronged; I have been made to believe you dead, and——"

"And what?"

"To save my father from destruction, I became the wife of—oh, for mercy's sake, do not look so upon me, I cannot bear it."

"But my letters!"

"I have never received any."

"There has been some foul villainy at work; and by it I have been robbed of that I have looked for many years so fondly to. Tell me, is it that man Tarnier whose wife you now are?"

"Yes, Pierre, it is indeed the same."

"May the deadliest curse of man light on him, and sink him to perdition. But why do I use the weapons of a woman? I will have revenge, deep and bitter revenge; if he has the power to injure me, so has he to atone for it. Annette, it is not against thee I would hurl the passion my injury has called up. You look so weak and ill, you would disarm a madman of his fury. Lean upon my arm, and I will lead you to the village."

When they had arrived nearly at her home she was almost exhausted; but, ere parting, she promised Pierre to meet him on the following day at the old tree; and, after folding her in his arms, and imprinting many a kiss on her pale cheeks, he hurried away, venting the deepest curses on the man who had robbed him of his heart's dearest object.

On the following day Annette was in no condition to keep her engagement. The surprise she had received—the feelings of disappointment at the deceit which she found had been practised to induce her to become the wife of the man she detested, had proved too much for her; the mind had sunk beneath the overwhelming weight of despondency; she but gathered together the small remnant of her strength to vent it out in loud and incoherent ravings; and, as her weakness grew upon her, they subsided into prayers for forgiveness. Nature at length could bear no more; and looking up to heaven for that she had not power to ask, her spirit passed from earth.

On leaving Annette, Pierre had hastened to discover by what means his letters had been intercepted, and was not much surprised at finding that Tarnier had contrived to gain possession of them, and fabricated the news of his death, which he well knew had not taken place. He was on his road towards the village the day after, to keep his appointment, when he was informed of the death of Annette. The information staggered him at the moment; but he tried to suppress any outward emotion; the contracted brow and heaving breast, however, showed plainly that the feelings were striving to burst forth. It was but the promise of revenge that kept them down, then they might burst forth as they would.

Mons. Tarnier was standing in one of his rooms looking over some directions for his wife's funeral, which he had just written down, when Pierre was shown into him. It was the day after that on which she died. He looked up, but could not recognise his visitor, who, much to his alarm, the moment he had entered turned the key in the door.

"Pray, sir," said he, "what am I to understand by this?"

"What you will; I care not. Look sir, and see if you can recognise that Pierre you have so deeply injured. But I come not to talk with you; here are two swords, they are of equal length; choose——"

"The man is mad; you do not suppose I am going to fight with you."

"By heavens, but you shall."

"I am not a soldier, and fighting is not my trade; as it appears to be your's, if I have injured you the laws of the country will redress your grievance."

"I will not talk with you thus. If you will not defend yourself, then let the crime of murder be upon my head; defend yourself I say for the last time."

"Surely you will not murder me in cold blood," exclaimed the other in the utmost trepidation; at the same time lifting up one of the swords to protect himself in some degree from the threatened attack; but his guard was instantly beat down, and Pierre's sword passed through his body; he fell, saying he was a murdered man.

"That I cannot deny," exclaimed Pierre, turning away; "his blood is upon my hand; but I am avenged, and so is poor Annette. Had you not stepped between us," said he, looking towards the dying man, "and done that by the basest means you could not hope to do by fair, I had not become your murderer; you brought it on yourself." Saying which he left the room; and mounting his

horse, which had remained without, he dashed right across the country, avoiding the bridle-roads, but keeping always in the line towards the sea-coast.

I never could ascertain with any degree of certainty what subsequently became of Pierre. In the village it was reported that he was one of the French officers in the service of the Grand Seignior, where he had risen to high rank. Whether there was any foundation for the report I know not; but he never afterwards was seen in France.

J. M. B.

THE DEATH OF HIDALLAN.*

BY SARAH L. LAMBERT, FRANKFORD, PENN.

THE minstrel's harp no music yields—
But silence reigns in Balva's halls,
Gone are the massy swords, and shields,
And banners from their ancient walls.
The sightless Lamar sits alone
Beneath a neighboring forest tree,
His thoughts are of his absent son
Returning crowned with victory.
Who, while his spirit burned for fame,
His sire's retainers forth had led,
To earn in Zingal's wars a name
New lustre o'er their line to shed.
While wearily the old man waits
A sound falls on his aged ear—
A light his brow illuminates—
For well he knows the footstep near.

"My son," asked the chieftain, "thy step do I hear,

Or is it thy spirit, that's wandering near,
On the banks of the Corun's blue stream did'st thou die

Whilst round thee was rising the fierce battle cry?
Or if thou returnest Hidallan to me
From the roar of the battle, unwounded and free,
Where, where, are my people, the mighty in war,
Did they fall in the contest? return they no more?"

"Thy people still live, and their deeds shall go down

To ages far distant, with fame and and renown,
But the name of thy son shall no longer be heard
Nor hearts with the tales of his powers be stirred;
I must listen afar to the battle's deep roar,
And the conquerer's wreath shall adorn me no more."

"Alas for my son," said the gray-headed chief,
While dark o'er his brow stole the shadows of grief,
"The hopes that I cherished are vanished too soon
For the sun of his glory has gone down at noon;
Behold the white stone by yon streamlet that lies,
(It is hidden, my son, from my long darkened eyes—)

There where the blue waters his resting place lave—

Sleeps the noble Garmallon, the mighty and brave,
His soul from the land of the brave and the blest
Is calling me home to the warrior's rest,
And softly it whispers, oh! come, thou renowned,
Whose name with a circle of glory is crowned,

Ah! noble Garmallon! I am mighty no more,
For my son, (shall I breathe it,) has fled from the war."

Hidallan's noble forehead flushed,
And anger in his dark eye woke,
But soon the rising storm he hushed
And in a gentle accent spoke.

"Why seek through my spirit such anguish to spread

Oh! never from battle, Hidallan hath fled,
But the love of the king into hatred hath turned
And fiercely toward me his anger hath burned,
And Zingal before his brave warriors hath sworn
In his battles my sword shall be drawn no more."
"Alas!" said the chieftain, "while thousands
around

Return from the battle, with victory crowned,
Must Hidallan, in silent, inglorious ease,
Be resting beneath the soft shade of my trees?
Let the cold waves of death o'er my stricken heart
roll,

For sorrow and shame have encompassed my soul!
My son has destroyed my last glory and trust,
For his name has been written in naught but the dust.

Hidallan, go seek in our ancestors halls
For the sword of Garmallon, that hangs on their
walls,

Its touch my cold bosom with joy shall inflame,
For glorious triumphs it won for our name."

With mournful brow, the youth obeyed,
And troubled eye, his sire's commands,
He brought Garmallon's trusty blade
And placed it in his trembling hands.
The polished weapon, broad and bright,
Its hilt adorned with jewels rare—
A thousand sparkling rays of light
Shot forth beneath the noon-day glare.
The old man bent his silvery head,
And in a reverent manner laid
(As though o'er something holy spread)
His hand upon the shining blade,
He sat in silent musing lost,
Then with a wild and dreamy start,
As some black thought his spirit crost,
He sheathed it in Hidallan's heart.

* See the War of Caios. Ossian's Poems.

HENRY PULTENEY:

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

[Continued from page 226.]

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

CHAPTER XXV.

Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quæ vilis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.—Tacitus.

THE sun had sunk to slumber beneath the bosom of the waves, and the blush of the dimpled waters no longer confessed his splendors. In the western sky, evening slopt, like a weary fawn. A single star, of the palest gold, hung above the horizon. The moon, mounting above the hills of Cyprus, shot its silvery rays amidst the fading purple that in the depths of the sky still lingered behind the departed day—the last lustre of its gorgeous trail. It was that hour in which night is sweet, but not yet sacred.

I was lying near the edge of the high grassy bank in front of the eastern portico of the house, looking at the picturesque variety of the numerous islands that were clustered beneath, and listening to the varied sounds, sometimes of gay human voices, sometimes of distant and undistinguishable echoes, that the stillness of the hour made audible. It was a scene of calmness, freedom, and peace. Pontarvis came out, and seated himself beside me. He directed his telescope towards a group of fishermen who were collected on one of the nearest of the islands, and gazed upon them for some time. Several of them were stretched upon the beach: others were leaning against great coils of nets, with their long pipes in their mouths. Their grotesque style of dress, with caps having tails reaching far down their backs, and monstrous boots extending above their hips, and the still more diverting attitudes into which they had thrown themselves, presented a ludicrous spectacle.

"What a humorist is God!" exclaimed Pontarvis; "the merriest droll that lives."

"He is too much of a Dutchman in his drollery; his humor is something too heavy and practical."

"Like most jesters, his merriment is too much at the expense of other people. All of the Creator's portrait painters have represented him as grave, severe, and serious; but when I call to mind the characters and courses of some mortals whom he has made and I have met with, whose faces and fates would have forced a smile even to the countenance of the Ephesian weeper, and when I reflect how absurd and farcical are those daily acts and scenes of life which are the appointments of his providence, I cannot help fancying that he is a mirthful, sportive being, who made the world for his amusement, and manages it for his diversion."

"The theological limners of Judea, and their Christian copiers, can scarcely have drawn 'by permission;' for they have painted the good God with all the passions of a bad man."

"The soul and mind of man proceeded forth from God; of course all its powers and faculties must form a part of that divine nature from which they have been derived. That capacity of discerning the ludicrous, and that ability to derive delight from it, which together constitute what we term the 'sense of humor,' are inherent in the constitution of men, and I cannot help thinking that they are therefore attributes of deity, 'for we are also his offspring;' and that there is a falseness in that creed which excludes them from his character, and in that religion which forbids herself to be approached by them. And if we were to judge of the tastes and dispositions of the author by that which has been created by him, we shall reach the same conclusion as when we examine that which has emanated from him. The more Tacitus regarded the affairs of men, the more they seemed to him a perpetual joke. 'Mihi quarto plura recentium seu veterum revolvo,' says he, 'tanto magis ludibria rerum mortalium cunctis in negotiis observantur.' Life, at its best estate, is but a brilliant jest, and at its worst condition but a dull buffoonery. If we look at the character of that being in whom heaven takes its chiefest interest and pleasure, we find in it that assemblage and juxtaposition of incongruous and inconsistent qualities which constitute the very essence and constitution of

humor. The aspirations of men, in the very proportion of their grandeur, are linked to weaknesses that leads to failure; and his strength is greatest where its object is too petty for respect. 'Having wings that can carry him to the skies,' says Sir Humphrey, 'he is perpetually grovelling in the dirt;' and he illustrated the truth as well as asserted it. His life is a struggle between 'low wants' and 'lofty will.'

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar—in his mix'd essence breathing
The breath of degradation and of pride.

"He is a strange mixture of levity and perversity, says Mirabeau, whom we are bound to serve and would willingly love; who counts the stars, subdues the elements, defies and combats all the powers of nature, and can do anything but conduct himself and his equals.* He has found every thing save that liberty and peace which are the only necessities of his condition; he has been able to confer and endure authority, but can neither manage it when he rules, nor co-operate with it where he submits. He can cringe, but is unable to obey; he can revolt, but is unable to defend himself; he can love, but cannot become attached.' What a contrast is there, then, between his position and his powers; if we look at the one, it is the station of a God; if we regard the other, we must admit with Hooker, "whatsoever hath the name of a mortal man, there is in him whatsoever the name of vanity doth comprehend." Upon this bombastic creature, and his actions, can Heaven do else than smile? can God have made him but for merriment? Heaven may laugh, yet love; nay, may love the better for its laughter. For my own part, I have often stood by Charing Cross, or in crowded Regent Street, and as I looked upon the multitudes that were hurrying along, have laughed till the tears have rolled down my cheeks, and that mirth has drawn after it what I might call an intense affection for its object. There was more kindness in the merriment of that antique sage who always laughed, if I have not mistaken the character of that diversion, than in the tears of him who wept perpetually."

"A survey of the variations of human opinion in different ages and countries, as to the existence and character of God, would be curious. The difference among men as to his attributes impugn the argument drawn from their agreement as to his being."

"The existence of God," said Pontarvis, "is a matter which I never trouble myself about; since it is demonstrable that nothing can be *known* upon this subject. The conception is an august and venerable one; that only thought which all created intelligences have in common, that feeling alone in which they all sympathize—the only associating fraternizing idea through all creation. But the *fact* is a very different affair. The English theologians are so perpetually shifting the front upon which they expose their faith to the attack, that it is difficult to tell which side of it they wish you to oppose. So fundamentally does one age differ from another in its notions of the impregnability of the different sides, that the Highgate Coryphæus of the modern school expressly declares that Lardner's system will only make new atheists. The favorite argument in support of deity, when I left England, was the natural adaptation of religion to increase the spiritual comfort of men. This was chiefly insisted on by Coleridge and Alexander Knox, the latter, by the by, one of the strongest men in England. I admit the fact which is the basis of this argument. The belief in deity is the only element and atmosphere of all the virtuous and happy feelings. The argument drawn from the wants of man's nature tends to prove it is necessary to *believe* in God; but that necessity does not prove the truth of God. Nature, working upwards from dust to man, implants in his breast a religious sense, prompting him to worship and love a great supreme being, for various purposes thereby gained in his happiness and dignity. If any refuses so to worship, he resists the instincts of his constitution, and pays the penalty in inward wretchedness."

"With regard to that natural argument in favor of piety," said I, "I would say that the first step in religion is suggested and sanctioned by nature, but not the second."

"The popular ideas of creation," said Pontarvis, as he stretched at full length upon his back, and inhaled through his Indian Chillum the soul of the sparkling Latakiah, "begin at the wrong end, and run the wrong way. The universe created God, not God the universe. But they state the theory analytically, instead of conceiving the facts synthetically. In every growth, the flower is the end, and not the beginning; harmony is the offspring, not the author of the lyre. The progress of a point around a centre gives rise to circularity, and the form precedes the idea. Touching the fact of deity, when men ask me whether I believe in God, I call to mind the observation made by Machiavel in his commentary on the first decade of Livy, that people more usually are right in generals than in particulars, respecting which observation I will remark in a parenthesis that it is at once a truth and the reverse of a truth—and ask them to define what they mean by God—to give me such a notion of his nature and identity as will enable me to know what they mean to question me about. Such an idea of his essence no man is capable of forming; and it is idle to bandy the inquiry, 'Do you believe in such a thing?' without defining what thing you mean. If, in avoid-

* In this fine passage, Mirabeau appears to have had Pope in his recollection.

ance of this objection, it be said that God possesses a different mode of existence from that of which we know any thing, then, upon that showing, he who says, 'There is no God,' says no falsehood. For that universe of things and thoughts, beyond which our minds can never escape, means the aggregation of all those things which possess a certain mode of existence, and the words by which we predicate existence, '*is*,' has reference to this. And it is true, too, that in the universe there is no God; for in it nothing can be which cannot be conceived; and God is confessedly of that sort. This much must be granted, that it is impossible to believe in God without believing wrongly; and that the only way of believing rightly on that subject is not to believe at all. Coleridge said that God was the only bodiless existence that there was; the first article of the church likewise styles him 'incorporeus,' and though the Jews attributed to him a human form, since they assigned to him place and motion, the new testament asserts his corporality. How, then, can we, whose thoughts in their subtlest essence and their freest breath, are everlastingly enfeathered in the chains of the material and the formal, conceive of the bodiless aught, or how can we conceive of him at all? And how can we love whom we cannot conceive of it? Or how can we pray to the inconceivable?"

"Prayer is the mystery of mysteries. All prayer must be idolatry; for in the most spiritual devotion we homage a self-formed idea, which is not God, and is the likeness of something in the heaven above, or on the earth; the worshippers must petition a mental image of God, an invisible substantiality of his own making. Upon the scriptural requisition, therefore, prayer seems to me to be an awful impossibility; and there was a deeper meaning than the answer satisfied in that entreaty of the disciples, 'Teach us how to pray.' But for my own part I confess myself unable to see why idolatry has been so strongly forbidden in the bible, for since the *heart*, only, and as conversant with a distinct sphere external to all conceptions of the unimaginative *mind* is concerned in apprehending deity and doing prayer, (which it performs through feeling) it clearly matters not what relation our notion bears to reality, so that our feelings bear the right one; and certainly one representative of God is just as accurate as another. In fact, idolatry strikes me as a thing extremely philosophical; it gives us an object, a *thing*, an *x*, to which all our fancies and ideas of deity shall be limited, and on which the *mind* (which is only a concentrated exercise of fancy) shall fix and rest and be at ease, while boldless feeling, blind but intelligent, unlocalized yet definite, shall enter into the tabernacle of the unseen God, and perform a silent worship whereof the intellect takes no cognizance. Thus does the nightingale press its bosom against a twig, that physical restlessness may be stayed, whilst the wreathed incense of floating melody rises richly through the air, unpurposed in its course, but inerrant in its truth."

"Religion, wherever it has appeared, and whatsoever shape it has assumed," said Pontarvis, "appears to me to be a *dream*, according to Coleridge's definition of the word, 'the attempt of the fancy to explain to the understanding the causes of the sufferings of the body.' It is a theory invented to account for those facts which the experienced of the world admits, that certain acts cause men to feel uncomfortably and others produce comfort; and the hypothesis at the same time adds new sanctions to those moral requisitions it is built upon. As for the theory, it may, as a matter of accident, be true, or it may not; but let us not fall into the vulgar error of believing that it must be true, because it explains the facts. As for the sanctions the theory brings with it, they are not wanted. The facts are their own supporters; if they can sustain the theory which is built upon them, much more can they sustain the deities derived from them. The consideration that virtue alone is happiness below, is supposed to prove the existence of a God; the same proposition proves the necessity of doing well, without any reference to the reasons of the phenomenon. The convenience of virtue will therefore carry men as far as the terrors of religion; and when I regard the necessary evils that dogmatic theology brings with it, I will make bold to whisper, 'being in a lone isle among friends,' that I should not regret to see religion eradicated, and virtue preached in its stead. When I regard the characters of the religious world, piety seems to be no more than a peace-offering to God by which they purchase the right of sinning with a higher hand, the price of an indulgence to be wicked. Religion has scarcely any other effect than to make men bold in their badness; it is sometimes a monitor to encourage our virtues, but is oftener a chrism to sanctify our vices. Religion by bidding men to be humble, tends, in its practical working, to destroy that self-respect which is the best preservation against sin. Whatever discourages a man's disposition to self-homage, has a demoralizing tendency; for pride in its proper character, is the best, perhaps the only foundation of virtue. It is impossible to 'revere' when you are momentarily told to 'suspect,' yourself; and when you are forbidden to think it possible to attain the perfection of virtue, or to congratulate yourself on any thing you do. You reject high goodness as a forbidden luxury, and cling to wit as your destiny and duty. He who accustoms himself to avoid vice as a meanness, will have a surer and more abiding guard against evil than he who is habituated to consider it a crime against God: because passion, which springs ceaselessly in human breasts, and is the most constant arbiter of mortal action, co-operates with the former feeling, and against the latter. That the true sanctions of virtue are in herself—that the ministers of goodness are in the instinct and feelings of the heart, and in natural conscience, and not in the fear of punishment—is powerfully put by Cicero in his treatise '*de Legibus*,' and the argument equally destroys the necessity and the propriety of future punishment. '*Si homines ab injuria pœna, non natura arcere deberet, quænam sollicitudo vexaret impios, sublato judi-*

orum metu! quorum tamen tam audax unquam fuit, quin aut abnueret a se commissum esse facinus, aut justis sui doloris causam aliquam fingeret defensionemque facinoris a natura jure aliquo quæreretur. Quæ si appellare impii, quo tandem studio colentur a bonis? Quod si poena si metus supplicii, non ipsa turpitudine, deterret ab injuriosa facinorosaque vita; nemo est injustus; at incauti potius habendi sunt improbi. Fum autem qui non ipso honesto movemur ut boni viri sumus, sed utilitate aliqua atque fructu; callidi sumus, non boni."

"Religion," said I, "will always be useful for that larger class of mankind, who cannot be true to any pursuit which they do not follow as a passion; but they who can be earnest without enthusiasm, and firm without fervor, may well rest contented with natural morality."

"While I regard religion with indifference, and even with something of dislike," said Pontarvis, "there is nothing I feel more ardently and more earnestly than the necessity of moral goodness. To be virtuous, to be good, to be pure in thought and kindly in feeling, is the first and deepest duty of our lives. We should be good for the happiness it inspires to our hearts; for the dignity it imparts to our feelings. There is no happiness like that of being conscious that our duty has been fulfilled, and that our conduct has been worthy of the dignity of our character. It is not in the power of all men to be great; but all may be good. We may not be able to occasion great improvement in the exterior world, but we may prevent the destruction of our own moral nature. It is our duty, therefore, to accomplish what we can within ourselves. Nay, we have no *right* to risk the injury of our moral being for the possibility of doing acts that may make us illustrious. *Because* it lies within our power, it is our only duty, to be good. And the friendship and the fellowship of virtuous thoughts and memories are the richest pleasures that our soul can taste.

Beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.*

And there is nothing else in life that is really important. For what are all the glories of power and the pomps of renown, unless a man can respect himself and feel that he is respected by others? What profit hath he who hath erected the most splendid temple of greatness or fame, and hath defiled and ruined that soul which should inhabit and enjoy it? There is no real greatness but in true goodness; and if genius be divorced from virtue, its broken pinion but flutters in the dust, and the naphtha of its broken lamp but gleams along the earth.†

Wit's like a luxuriant vine;
Unless to virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be crown'd,
It lies deformed and rotting on the ground."‡

* Suckling. † See some lines by Sir Humphrey Davy on Lord Byron. ‡ Cowley.
[To be concluded in the next number.]

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

BY GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS, NEW YORK.

THE moon and all her starry train
Were fading from the morning sky,
When home the ball-room belle again
Returned with throbbing pulse and brain,
Flushed cheek, and tearful eye.

THE plumes that danced above her brow,
The gems that sparkled in her zone,
The scarf of gold-wove myrtle bough,
Were laid aside—they mocked her now—
When desolate and lone.

That night, how many hearts she won!
The reigning belle—she could not stir
But, like the planets round the sun,
Her lovers followed—all but one!
One, all the world to her!

And she had lost him! marvel not
That lady's eyes with tears were wet.
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget!

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. ARMY.

No IV.

PARAGUAY AND DOCTOR FRANCIA.

THERE is, perhaps, no country in the civilized world, about which there is so little known as there is respecting Paraguay. A traveller in South America, and more particularly in the Argentine Republic, or United Provinces of the River Plate, (embracing the whole extent of country known under the name of Buenos Ayres, though that name is now almost exclusively applied to the capital of the Republic,) hears many strange and marvellous stories respecting the neighboring province, and its Dictator, Francia. Mystery is always one of the principal sources of the marvellous, and in this case, if not mystery, an almost total want of information respecting the customs, manners, and habits of their neighbors, has had the tendency to draw forth all the imaginative powers of the Buenos Ayreans, to enable them to answer the many inquiries naturally arising in the mind of a foreigner in relation to Paraguay. The following facts, mostly relating to Dr. Francia, are partly the results of careful investigation of the subjects, while in Buenos Ayres, and partly derived from an intelligent English gentleman, who has been married and settled in Buenos Ayres for a number of years.

Paraguay is bounded on the South by the River Paraguay, on the East by the River Parana, and on the North and West by the still unexplored countries which are filled with immense herds of wild cattle, and unconquered savages as wild as their brute companions. From the impossibility of obtaining correct statistical information, but little is known respecting the population. It is generally believed, however, that the number of inhabitants is about two hundred and fifty thousand. The country is very rich, and yields provision in abundance for the people, who are almost entirely dependant on their own exertions, as little intercourse in the way of commerce is held with external nations. *Maté*, the principal drink of the South Americans, here attains its greatest perfection, and though generally raised over the whole southern continent, the *Maté* of Paraguay is every where sought after, and obtains the highest price. This and tobacco form almost the sole articles of export, and are paid away in lieu of money, for any thing that may be introduced into the country; money being almost entirely unknown.

The father of Dr. Francia was a Frenchman, who spending his youth in Portugal, emigrated to Paraguay about the year 1750, where he shortly after married a creole, or descendant of the Spaniards and natives; his name was Rodriguez, and the name of the subject of this article, the present dictator, is Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, the latter title originally given to him, according to a custom common to the country, to designate the nation or any peculiarity of every individual of importance, has since come to be exclusively applied to him: *apropos*, to this peculiarity, one of the most important characters in the early stages of the Republic of Paraguay, a Don Jeronimo Vasquez, from wearing spectacles was denominated *Senior enatro ojos*, and was rarely spoken of in any other manner.

Francia takes pride in claiming his descent from a Frenchman, though he treats his father's countrymen no better than any one else; he was originally intended for the church, and studied at the Jesuits' college of Cordova, in the province of Tucuman, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Theology; having, however, no leaning to the church, he determined not to take orders, but to study law and become an advocate; he did so, and as a lawyer first became known to his present subjects. He was remarkable for great quickness of thought, and strength of mind, and soon grew into consideration with the people, always ready to look up with respect to one better educated than themselves; when the Spanish Colonies in South America threw off the yoke of Spain, Paraguay in 1811, declared herself independent. A president and council of government were immediately formed, and Francia was chosen secretary to the council. In this situation he made himself still more known, and the masterly plan which he originated for the defeat of the Buenos Ayrean army, sent under General Belgrano against Paraguay, and which succeeded to admiration, raised him at once to the summit of popular favor, and he had but little difficulty in so managing his influence

with the people as to carry into effect a plan for a new form of government, in which he should play a rather more distinguished part than that of secretary. His favorite study was the History of Rome, his *beau idéal* of a statesman and hero was Julius Cæsar; with his ideas running in this course, the plan he proposed to the people, was the election of a *Triumvirate*, in whom was to be vested the whole control of the government; his plan was adopted, and the former president Don Fulgentio Yegros, Don Jeronimo Vasquez (*de cuatro ojos*) and himself were elected Triumvirs. This form of government, however, did not suit him, and he determined to have it changed, as the power was too much divided; his influence over the people was again set at work, and he persuaded them to abolish the Triumvirate and place the power in the hands of two *Consuls*, to be elected for one year. He was elected one and Don Fulgentio Yegros the other consul. His partiality for Roman History again broke out rather strangely; he had two chairs of state erected in the council chamber, on one of which he caused to be inscribed in letters of gold "*Cæsar*," and on the other "*Pompey*." He took immediate possession of *Cæsar's* chair. An arrangement was entered into by the two Consuls, that they should manage the helm of state alternately, each one having four months of power; thus dividing the year into three parts. Francia *weathered* his partner, "good easy man," out of the first term, thereby coming in for the last also; before his term was expired, he again made use of his extraordinary influence to induce the people to vest the power in one Consul only. His plan as usual was adopted, and he had such credit given him for disinterestedness, that the people, feeling convinced that he wished for nothing more than to retire into the quiet of private life, were on the point of leaving him out and electing his old colleague Don Fulgentio, sole Consul. By great exertions, however, he secured his election to the Consulate, and shortly after was elected Consul for life, and again in a few months Dictator, with absolute and unlimited powers. And as such he still continues to govern Paraguay, keeping his subjects in a state of utter ignorance, and stifling every approach of the knowledge, that might enlighten them as to their degraded condition; no books are allowed in the country, and no other means of information afforded. On obtaining supreme power, his first object was to isolate his dominions from all surrounding countries; no intercourse was permitted, and though no impediment was placed in the way of any one wishing to enter his country, when once in they had to stay; there was no going back—it was, as Virgil says of the infernal regions,

Facilis descensus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis—
At revocare gradus, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est—

Of late, however, he has put a stop to the entrance of all strangers from all countries, and Paraguay seems almost cut off from social existence; merchants or captains of vessels wishing to trade with Paraguay, pass up the river of that name to Candelaria, the most remote of his numerous out posts. There they anchor, and an invoice of all articles on board is sent to the Dictator at Assumption, the seat of government. The Doctor is the only merchant, and returns the invoice with such articles as he wishes to purchase (generally the whole cargo) marked and opposite to them the price (in *maté* and *tobacco*) he will give for each, so much *maté* for this, so much *tobacco* for that, if the owner of the cargo is satisfied with the price offered (and he offers but one and never bargains,) he has but to discharge his cargo; take in the payment which is sent down at once, and be off. If he does not like the appraisal, he must be off directly.

A number of anecdotes are told of Doctor Francia, from which I select one or two, without vouching for their correctness. Every time he leaves his residence in the Fort, a gun is fired; on hearing which all persons must retire to their houses, and remain with doors and windows closed, until a second gun proclaims his return to the Fort. Should any unfortunate wight be unable to get out of his way, he is obliged to turn his face to the wall, and remain in that position until the Dictator has passed. Whilst riding through the streets of Assumption one day, he came suddenly upon a funeral procession; the panic was general, *saute qui peut* was the word; down dropped the corpse in the road, and priests and mourners went off as if the devil was after them. On another occasion Francia's horse took flight at an empty barrel, standing before a house, the owner was immediately sent for, fined and imprisoned.

The centinel before his door had orders to fire on any one that should stop in front of the house, and a poor fellow from the country, who stopped for an instant to look upon the dwelling place of his governor, was shot dead, without any other notice to quit.

Dr. Francia is now eighty-three years of age, (1837) and it cannot be supposed he will live much longer; what will become of Paraguay on his death cannot be imagined, as no one in his dominions is qualified to succeed him, as he is almost the only man in the country who possesses any education. It will, most probably, be the scene of revolutions, which it has hitherto escaped in that point at least, more happy than the neighboring provinces, the inhabitants of which must occasionally have a revolution merely *pour passer le temps*.

Monsieur Bonpland, the distinguished naturalist, was detained by Francia for many years, and I

have understood that he has prepared for publication, a work upon the scene of his imprisonment; he is eminently qualified by nature and opportunities for such a task, and should he give to the world his ideas upon the subject of the extraordinary man, who has so long exerted a more despotic power over his subjects than even the autocrat of Russia, we may reasonably expect a work replete with interest and information.

Since writing the above, a report has been circulated through the medium of the press, that Doctor Francia was dead, as it has never been confirmed, there is possibly no truth in it.

FERR.

Fort McClure, Florida, March 4th, 1839.

ON THE REGULATION OF OUR TIME.

It is generally allowed, that order is necessary in all things. Regularity is as "oil to the wheels of time." When we pay attention to our various duties, and endeavor to do all things in their own season, our time will naturally roll on with a smoothness to which the votaries of chance are entire strangers. While they suffer themselves to be carried away by every gust of incidental desire, depending for amusement or employment on the uncertain occurrences of the passing hours, and folding up their hands in idle expectation; let us wisely husband our time as our most precious treasure, and apply our talents to such useful occupations as may engage our faculties for the present, and lay the foundation for future satisfaction. Let us not hang loosely as to the concerns inevitably connected with our respective conditions, because these concerns are not gilded with the fanciful charms of novelty. Let us rather attend to them with increasing complacency for that very reason. Certainly it is the objects from which we cannot conveniently or properly separate ourselves, that we should direct our best affections, our most strenuous exertions. To apply our energies, however vigorous or weak they really are, to objects and concerns with which we have no immediate connexion, and with which we have not a prospect of being permanently united, either for a time or during our journey of life, betrays an extravagant deficiency of judgment—a shallowness of apprehension—a levity of thought. The most evident mark of prudence is exhibited by those who, whilst they look forward with hope to the future, and review the past with impartiality, give heed to their present conduct so as to improve from their experience, and to cherish their fondest wishes of rising to higher degrees of honor and happiness. To them, the *past* is valuable, in so far as it tends to enliven and inform their understanding. They hold the *present* as of greater importance, because it gives opportunity of proving their progress in substantial knowledge, and of adding to their wisdom. The *future* wears to them an inviting appearance, amidst all the pains and disasters of a changing world; because it promises time for still farther improvement of the mind, by which every rational gratification must be augmented, every unavoidable cause of sorrow diminished. Every succeeding day adds strength to their desire for regularity. Every season of the year gives a peculiar relish to their engagements. The several periods of each day they allot to certain purposes, however closely connected, yet distinct, like so many independent parts of one complete whole. From the dawn of the morning until the lengthening shades announce the close of the day, the hours are divided between the calls of religion, and the honorable necessities of life, the refreshment of the body, and the recreation of the mind. Nor are the darksome watches of the night unapplied to suitable purposes. The setting sun warns them to reflect on the events of the day, and to prepare for the repose requisite to renew their strength for the pursuits and toils of another day. To such repose, an adequate portion of time is allotted; and both the body and mind are preserved in healthful harmony, until, by the unsearchable decree of the Almighty, some unforeseen disease assail the seat of life; to answer ends wrapt up in the veiled records of heaven—to which the utmost flight of human intellect cannot aspire. Thus day rolls on after day, and year after year, down the smooth and silent but rapid stream of time, whilst every hour is applied to some honorable purpose of business or rational amusement, necessary recreation, or repose: not according to the whims of chance, but according to some fixed plan, directed by experience, and approved by reason. And thus their happiness is as complete and permanent as the uncertainty and changeable nature of all things visible can admit.

S. F.

A MARRIAGE PARTY AT DIJON.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

The strait
I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear!
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue!
Be warn'd! Beware how you abandon me
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, reckless! Devise some means
To cheat the altar of its victim! Do it!
Nor leave the task to me!

J. S. Knowles.

DIJON, the ancient capital of the Duchy of Burgundy, is more pleasantly situated than any other city in the eastern departments of ancient Gaul. It is placed at the confluence of the Ouche and Suzon, at the head of a luxuriant valley; vine-clad hills approach within a stone's throw of the city gates, and the picturesque tops of the mountains of Côte d'Or give effect to the distant view.

As there are no "Guide Books," nor "Tourist's Companions" to the beauties of Dijon, I may be allowed to exemplify a few of the peculiarities of this *ci-devant* metropolis of the haughty potentates of Burgundy. The city, termed *Divio* by the Romans, was originally a camp station, fortified by Julius Cæsar. Marcus Aurelius surrounded the place with walls, and beautified the streets. Louis XI. erected an immense castle, the ruins of which still remain. Fifteen public squares afford a choice of promenades; and the ramparts are fashioned into public walks, shaded by handsome trees.

The front of the ancient palace of the Dukes of Burgundy adorns the Royal, or principal square; the tower on the palace top is still in use as an observatory. From forty to fifty thousand volumes fill the shelves of the library; and a visit to the collection of paintings, statues, and antiquities, is well worth the trouble of a voyage.

Dijon boasts of many distinguished names amongst her sons. The celebrated dramatist, Crébillon, (the terrible,) was borne there, and educated at the college of the Jesuits. The worthy bishop of Meaux, Bossuet, (the benign,) and the polemical Salmatius, (Claude de Salmaise,) were his fellow townsmen, and went to the same academy. The illustrious wit, Piron, and Rameau, the musician, were Dijonnoise, with many others, whose names remain not in my memory.

The hotels, like the generality of French inns, were execrable. One landlord drove me from his house, where I had determined to pass the few days I could afford to spare, by repeating at least twice an hour, that the steeple of the church of St. Benigne was three hundred and sixty feet in height. I could have endured the universality of garlic in the edible department—the sanded floors—the paper-patched windows—and doors, guiltless of fastenings—but the eternal repetition of the astonishing altitude of his favorite building disturbed my equanimity; I crossed the spacious street to an opposition establishment, equally dirty and disagreeable, but conducted by a little, busy, chattering Alsatian, who had a variety in his loquaciousness that was perfectly delightful.

One afternoon, over a flask of superlative Clos-Vougeot, he related the particulars of the following tale. I do not vouch for the truth of his statement:

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me;

but I confess that when he pointed out the various rooms that had been occupied by the dramatic persons, and fixed the locality of each little incident, as he acted the events over to me, I religiously believed every syllable of the tale, and made notes of the circumstances upon the spot.

A young Irishman, whom I shall beg leave to denominate Fergus O'Donnell, was staying at Dijon with his sister, a delicate fair haired girl of seventeen. The hectic flush of consumption had fixed its deadly spot upon her thin pale cheek; a father's anxious gaze had seen the fatal sign. He knew the dread necessity of instant removal to a milder clime, but the ties of business were too intricate to be unloosed, and he entrusted his darling to the care of her affectionate brother, with directions to stroll gently through the southern departments of *belle France*. The excitement of easy travel and change of air have frequently stayed the progress of pulmonal symptoms; and Minna O'Donnell, after a few weeks absence, found herself so much improved in health and spirits, that her brother determined to postpone his intention of descending the Rhine, and risk a visit to the metropolis—

after a few days sojourn at the old town of Dijon, to still further strengthen his sister, before he submitted her to the fatigue of a Parisian trip.

The other occupants of the hotel were an old French Count, and a young lady of considerable beauty, with a couple of confidential servants. Fergus had settled in his own mind that the young lady was the Count's daughter, but the signs of hate were so openly exhibited between them that he soon relinquished the idea of relationship. The lady was a perfect French beauty; bright black eyes, a round plump face, with a delicious smile that severed her pulpy lips, and exposed her white and regular teeth. She soon cultivated an acquaintance with the delicate Minna, and great was the astonishment of Fergus, when his sister informed him that the interesting stranger was on the point of marriage with the old French Count.

Monsieur de Miquelon, the father of Emilie, died during her infancy. While travelling in the north of Europe, he was taken sick at a small border town at the foot of the Dofrafield ridge; and, fearing that the hand of death was on him, besought the honest Swedes, if they knew of any Frenchman in the neighborhood, that they would request him to attend. A Monsieur de L——, a respectably dressed middle aged man, answered the summons. The dying Miquelon informed his countryman that the revolution's sanguinary path had deprived him of all kith and kin, excepting his child Emilie; and he wished his little orphan to experience the attentions of a father from monsieur—proposing, if he would assume the trust, to bequeath him a handsome annuity, and give a written conditional authority over the maiden and her estates, till she had attained the age of twenty-one. M. de L—— could not refuse the legacy or the guardianship of the property: the deed was given, and the father died—thankful for even this questionable protection for his child.

Monsieur de L—— started immediately for France. He found in Mademoiselle Emilie a lovely but headstrong girl; he placed her in a convent at Auxerre, for the purpose of instruction and protection. The estates, which were of considerable extent, were farmed to the highest bidder; much to the emolument of monsieur, who suddenly altered the style of his affairs—he assumed a title, and lived, gamed, and dressed more like a nobleman of independent fortune than a needy blackleg who had hitherto been compelled to gamble for his daily bread.

M. le Comte de L—— (titles are cheap and plentiful on the continent of Europe,) never told the ill-fated Emilie the absolute nature of the authority invested in him by her dying parent. When she had attained the age of eighteen, he removed her from the care of the mother abbess, and proposed a summer's trip; the high spirited girl was rejoiced to leave the dreary walls of the convent for a ramble in the great world, but she would have preferred any other partner, as her guardian had become so old and ugly that she hated to look at him; he frequently behaved tyrannically to mademoiselle, and scarcely assumed an appearance of respect.

On the second day of the journey, poor Emilie found herself more dull and solitary than in the retirement of the convent. The Count seldom condescended to speak, and the servants, who sat on the rumble of the caleche, were a sneering Italian girl who treated her mistress as a child, and a low browed gloomy Savoyard valet, who was close in the confidence of the Count.

Emilie was thunderstruck at her guardian's announcement, that he intended to stay a short time at Dijon, for the purpose of celebrating their marriage. The exquisite loveliness of his charge had excited no desire in the bosom of the hoary spendthrift, but he had squandered too much of her fortune to suffer any other person to claim her hand, lest he should be called to a severe and unanswerable account.

The heart-broken orphan flew to the gentle Minna, and revealed her history. A fit of hysterics and a flood of tears relieved her spirits; and before she closed her eyes in sleep, the quick witted maiden had resolved upon her course.

Fergus was not insensible to the charms of Mademoiselle Emilie, and when made acquainted with her history, felt strongly excited in her behalf. The next morning he accompanied the two ladies in a stroll round the fortifications of the ancient town, and, although Emilie's brow was somewhat contracted, and her pouting lips a little compressed, her young spirits soon re-assumed their elasticity, and all was life and joy, and love. The old Count was too secure to be jealous; he refused to accompany his intended bride in her mornings' walks, but the Italian girl closely followed her young mistress, and listened to every word of the conversation.

A few more walks and talks, and Fergus fell deeply in love. His sympathy had been aroused by the peculiarity of Emilie's situation, and warmly assisted the progress of his passion. More than once did he resolve to declare his love and propose elopement, but his sister was unable to bear the fatigue of a long flight, and in her delicate state of health it would be brutal to leave her alone. Besides, Emilie's first expression of repugnance to the match with her guardian might have been a little overstrained; she had, since that, tacitly consented to the arrangement, and cautiously avoided reverting to the subject. He therefore checked the tenderness of his attentions, although the dark eyed girl never looked at him but she caught him gazing fondly on her face.

The appointed day came at last. Emilie had solicited her friend Minna to officiate as bride's maid, and the Count had personally requested Fergus to honor the ceremony with his presence.

The old Count looked on the lovely Emilie, in her bridal attire, with a cold and rheumy eye. He presented her with a necklace of brilliants, purchased with her own money. He fastened it round

her swan like neck, muttering something about his "little wife," as he pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her cold pale brow. A look of deep disgust mantled on the face of the haughty beauty, as she turned from the constrained embrace; and, meeting O'Donnell's impassioned glance, she blushed deeply, and retired to the opposite side of the room.

The notary was announced. The ancient bridegroom hastened to meet him. Minna was reclining on the sofa in pensive meditation, and Fergus, in the deep recess of a large bay window, stood watching the actions of the bridal victim. Emilie listened, for a few seconds, to the retiring steps of the Count, when she tripped lightly across the room to Fergus, and thus addressed him:

"Fergus O'Donnell, would the ancestors of your race, whose noble deeds you have proudly rehearsed to me, have passively witnessed the immolation of an orphan maid, in the green isle of your native home!"

"Emilie!"

"Do not oppress me with that burning gaze! speak, would they have stood thus tamely by, nor venture help nor hope?"

"What can be done to rid you of this unnatural connection?"

"Dare you, Fergus O'Donnell, dare you encounter the anger of that vile old man, to save me from the pollution of his alliance?"

"Dare! Emilie, you know not the power of my love—"

"Ah, it is now too late to talk of love! I shall leave this room a branded and dishonored outcast, but disgrace is preferable to despair. I never will be wife to the Count de L——! but death is a bitter alternative; life is sweet, and it is in your power to aid me in my misery."

"Emilie! command my soul! what can I do to serve you?"

"Simply this: pledge me your honor that you will not contradict whatever I may this day assert, however strange may be my speech."

"I swear it—here, on this dear hand—"

"Restrain yourself, Monsieur O'Donnell; the Count returns."

The room began to fill with company. The notary and his clerk—the landlord and his dame, who were to be the witnesses to the contract—and two of the principal magistrates of the place, who had been invited by the wily Count. M. le Maire and his deputy had thought it worth while to accept the invitation, not only on account of the marriage cheer, but for the sake of rendering the titled visitor a cheap token of their respect. The aged bridegroom hobbled about, and received the congratulations of his guests with a supercilious air. The down looking valet handed about refreshments; while Fergus, lost in deep abstraction, viewed the day's events as the chimera of a dream; and the beautiful Emilie waited her doom with a flashing eye and palpitating heart.

The notary had prepared the marriage documents, and Mademoiselle de Miquelon was required to sign. The Count offered his hand to lead her to the table, but with a dignified gesture, she waved him back, and thus addressed him:

"Count de L——, when my father was on his death bed, a stranger in a foreign land, he constituted you my guardian—at least, so you have condescended to inform me. But you cannot make me believe that he had any intention of compelling the child of his affections to wed where she cannot be induced to love."

"Love, young lady," said the Count, "is not in my vocabulary. I have your parent's authority for my guide. I am the sole arbiter of your fate, and if you choose to abnegate my power, I am entitled to retain possession of the whole of your estates."

"Let me see the document empowering you with such authority. Let me have proof of its validity, before I link myself to everlasting misery."

"When you are of age to demand the settlement of my guardianship, young lady," said the Count, "the paper will be forthcoming. I merely exercise the power recognised by the law. Sign the contract, or I shall compel you, by the authority of the holy church, to take the veil, and bury yourself for life in the gloomy cloisters of Saint Gabrielle."

"Count de L——, I cannot express the absolute loathing with which I regard you. I hate—despise you; and will endure any thing, rather than espouse so heartless, so depraved a man."

"M. le Maire," said the Count, "I entreat your authority to enforce the obedience of this headstrong child to the behests of her lawful guardian."

The obsequious magistrate advanced, and murmured something about unpleasant consequences, and polite regrets, but the indignant Emilie frowned him into silence, and again addressed the Count.

"I will not pass my days in the living sepulchre; I will not suffer the machinations of a villain to deprive me of my patrimony; nor voluntarily resign the fair lands of my ancestors. A few short years will place the now defenceless orphan in possession of her rights—but I am now within my enemy's control, and must submit. I will sign the contract, but I declare before this assembled company, that the Count de L——, for the sake of filthy lucre, weds himself to infamy and dishonor. Will he dare to claim me as his bride, or wish to grace me with his noble name, when I avow that *j'ai passé la nuit dernière dans la chambre à coucher de ce Monsieur?*"

As she concluded, she extended her hand towards Fergus, and uttering one loud convulsive sob of agony, she covered her burning cheeks with the white drapery of her bridal veil, and fell headlong on the floor.

Words cannot paint the scene of dire confusion that ensued. The Count foamed and swore, and flew at the throat of Fergus with the impotence of unfurled rage. Fergus could scarcely trust the evidence of his senses—could scarcely believe that he had really heard so extraordinary a charge. He remembered the promise he had given to Emilie, and refrained from denying the foul imputation. The pale-faced valet, in obedience to his master's orders, dragged in his fellow servant, the Italian, and she confirmed her mistress's assertion! Mademoiselle Miquelon had sacrificed her *bijou-trie* to purchase the chambermaid's veracity.

The magistrates departed with the notary and his clerk. The landlady, assisted by the sorrowing Minna, carried Emilie, still senseless, to the seclusion of her own apartment. The poor girl had nerved herself to the execution of her task—it was over, and the excitement gone. It was a bold repulsive scheme; but Emilie had not been trained in the school of delicacy. She was an orphan, without a single friend or acquaintance in the world, except the lady abbess of the convent at Auxerre—whom she loved as all prisoners love their jailers. No one but a Frenchwoman could have conceived such a strange alternative, and no one but a Frenchwoman could have carried such a plot into execution.

The landlord pretended to busy himself at the sideboard, while the Count walked hastily up and down the room. The whole of his plans were cancelled—he could not marry Emilie after this public exposure, nor had he reasonable ground for the farther retention of her wealth. Fergus moved towards the door; the Count intercepted him; and with suppressed rage, muttered between his teeth—"We must fight."

Fergus bowed.

"Now—directly," said the Count. "In half an hour, I shall be in the meadow beyond the Ouche bridge. We shall not require seconds; let us place our pistols to each other's breasts."

"I have no weapons here," said Fergus.

"I have. In half an hour, I shall expect you."

Fergus left the room, and turned towards the garden of the hotel. He felt that he could not refuse the meeting required by the Count, without betraying Emilie's secret, and he had pledged his honor that he would not contradict her assertion—although he certainly did not expect that the delicate high-minded Emilie could have trained her thoughts to such a damning scheme. If he should fall in his contest with the Count, and it was scarcely possible that he could escape, what would become of the unprotected Minna?

His cogitations were interrupted by the Savoyard valet, who rather ostentatiously paraded a handsome double case of pistols, and stated that his master had proceeded to the rendezvous. Fergus told the servant to follow the Count, and he would join them immediately. He pencilled two or three lines, on the back of his card, to his dear sister, and with his pocket book and watch, entrusted them to the care of the landlord. He had proceeded some few yards from the house, when the landlady called to him from one of the chamber windows, and requested him, for the love of God, to favor her with a few minutes speech. Fergus returned to the hotel, and the woman, with much trepidation, informed him that while she was rummaging for some reviving cordial, for the ladies' use, in a large closet communicating with the room in which the *exposé* had taken place, she had overheard the shrill voice of the valet propose to the Count that he should load one pair of the pistols with powder only, but put a brace of slugs into each pistol of the other pair. The Count agreed to the proposition, and shortly afterwards left the house; when Fergus attempted to follow, she knew that a hostile meeting was at hand, and thought it her duty to tell him all that she had heard.

Fergus thanked her warmly for her kindness, and not doubting but that some foul play was intended, requested the innkeeper to accompany him to the field. Mine host consented, and in a few minutes they were on the spot.

The Count bowed to Fergus. "We had better proceed to business immediately, for fear of interruption. Let us fire over a handkerchief; or, at most, at five paces distance. You have no pistols—my servant has loaded mine; you can take your choice—and when in place, let the landlord give the word."

Fergus accepted the pistol from the valet, but watched all parties with an attentive eye. As the servant was carrying the other pistol to the Count, he pretended that his foot had slipped, and, in falling, he discharged the pistol. The Count blamed his carelessness, and desired him to open the other case, and bring up one of the other pair.

Fergus perfectly understood the manoeuvre, and said—

"Count de L—, your pistol is much larger than mine, I believe."

"The same size and pattern—judge for yourself."

Fergus took the doubly-balled pistol into his hand, and bowing to the Count, proffered him the one that was loaded with powder only.

"I will use your weapon, Count de L—. It cannot matter, as the pistols are alike in size and pattern."

The master and valet exchanged glances. The Count bit his lip, and said to the servant; "Give me the fellow to that pistol from the case."

"If you touch that case again, you murderous ruffian, I'll blow your brains out," said O'Donnell.

"Landlord, bring me that pistol. Count de L——, I know your infamous trick. Recent circumstances prevent me from using my advantage as you deserve, but never more demand the satisfaction of a gentleman."

The Count de L—— quitted Dijon that evening. He hastened to the Miquelon estates; converted many of the family valuables into cash; and obtained the rents in advance from several of the tenants. The aged *chevalier d'industrie* speedily crossed the Alps into the regions of cloudless skies, and was lost in the vortex of dissipation which is for ever raging in the precincts of the eternal city.

The lieges of Dijon were slow to believe that Emilie's startling assertion, on the morning appointed for the bridal, was merely a bit of expediency; many little attendant circumstances had imparted an air of truth to the affair. Mademoiselle de Miquelon, the self-condemned, concealed her mortification and her shame in the boarder's parlor of a neighboring convent, and refused to acquiesce in the repeated solicitations of Fergus O'Donnell for an interview.

Minna's health, violently affected by the excitement attending these events, rapidly gave way, and her brother found it impossible to remove her from the vicinity of Dijon. The ensuing winter nipped the floweret's life.

Fergus O'Donnell, while standing by the grave of his beloved sister, was surprised at the appearance of Emilie, who, uninvited, had quitted her retirement to attend the funeral of her friend. Time had blunted the recollection of her indiscretion, but it had not dimmed the brilliancy of her eyes. The acquaintance, renewed under such touching circumstances, prospered exceedingly; and, in a few months, Fergus O'Donnell introduced his parents to their new daughter, and respectfully hinted that she was qualified to supply the place of the gentle Minna, who was sleeping the long sleep in the grave yard of the chapel attached to the university of Dijon.

N I A G A R A .

BY MISS HELEN MATTHEWS, OF NEW YORK.

[The writer of these lines has but just attained her Twelfth year of age. We request our readers to peruse her effusion with attention—it is but seldom that an equally wonderful and worthy specimen of precocious genius is submitted to public notice.]

GREAT nature's prodigy! ere I had seen
 Thy dizzy heights, in the still midnight dream,
 Thy almost awful form has risen on high,
 In dazzling splendor, to the wondering eye,—
 As tho' the heavens had looked upon the world
 In all its sin, and in its anger hurled
 The roaring waves from out its ocean bed,
 And formed Niagara for that world to dread!
 Roll on, thou mighty monarch of the wave,
 As tho' the boundless ocean were thy slave!
 The Alpine glaciers, terrible and drear,
 On which the traveller treads with awe and fear;
 Terrific mountains, o'er whose frightful sides
 The helpless victim oft thro' terror glides!
 What is the horrid precipice to thee,
 Thou thundering spirit of the foaming sea?
 The eye can scarcely bear to look on thee,
 And the great vortex boiling wild and free;
 The mighty flood, that like the thunder roars,
 An everlasting rustling torrent pours;
 Thy name has spread its wonders far and wide,
 Poets have sung thee, in their native pride:
 But all that was by poets ere combined,
 And all the words conveyed to human mind,
 Can ne'er describe what seems to sight unreal
 Or thy mysterious magnitude reveal!

A CHAPTER
ON
FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.
BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DOG
IN ALL HIS VARIETIES.



THE MASTIFF.

THE *Canis familiaris Anglicus*, of Linnaeus, is a large and powerful animal, much stronger than the bull dog; his ears are longer and more pendulous; his lips are full and loose, the upper one hanging considerably over the lower at the two extremities; his aspect is grave and somewhat sullen; and his bark loud, deep-toned, and terrific, particularly during the night.

The mastiff differs in form from the bull dog in being much longer in the legs, and not so deep in the chest; and while his head is large in proportion, he wants the projecting under jaw of the latter.

Buffon was of opinion that the mastiff is not an original race, but a mongrel generated betwixt the Irish greyhound and the bull dog. This, however, must be mere conjecture; for the mastiff, in his pure and uncontaminated state, has a much more dignified aspect than either of these dogs; and we are rather inclined to believe him to be an original breed peculiar to Britain. We are borne out in this opinion, as we find it on record that so early as the time of the Roman emperors, this country was celebrated on account of its dogs of this kind. At the period Great Britain was under the Roman yoke, an officer was appointed to live there, whose sole business it was to breed, select, and send to Rome such as promised, by their size and strength, to become fit for the combats of the amphitheatre. Dr. Caius, in his Treatise on British Dogs, tells us that three mastiffs were reckoned a mach for a bear, and four for a lion.

This dog, from his large size, and commanding aspect, is naturally calculated to intimidate strangers, and he is admirably suited for and principally used in protecting large and extensive premises, containing property of value, which he watches with most scrupulous care and assiduity. He is so instinctively impressed with the importance of his charge, that he will only quit it with the loss of his life, which he will rather forfeit than betray the confidence reposed in him. With his naturally commanding and imposing appearance, calculated to keep at a distance the ill-intentioned, he is nevertheless possessed of the greatest mildness of manners, and is as solicitous to gain attention and as faithfully grateful for favors bestowed, as the most diminutive of the canine tribe. The mastiff displays one peculiarity which seems inherent—his ferocity is always increased by the degree of restraint in which he is kept. If constantly on the chain he is much more dangerous to approach than when in a state of liberty; from whence it evidently appears that what may be considered as a friendly kindness on one side, is always productive of confidence on the other.

The mastiff usually shows a remarkable and peculiar warmth in his attachments, and, on the other hand, he is equally distinguished for inveteracy in his dislike. If he is once severely corrected or insulted, it is almost impossible to eradicate the feeling from his memory, and it is no less difficult to obtain a reconciliation with him. He seems conscious of his own strength, power, and authority, and will seldom condescend to lower his dignity by servile fawning, while he appears to consider his services as only befitting a trust of the highest importance. This dog is naturally possessed of strong instinctive sensibility, speedily obtains a knowledge of all the duties required of him, and discharges them too with the most punctual assiduity. In the protection of gardens, houses, wood-yards, and widely extended manufactories, his vigilance is very striking; he makes regular rounds of the whole premises like a watchman, examines every part of them with a careful eye; his penetration reaches even the remotest corner, and not a spot is passed by until he is satisfied that all is in a state of perfect security. During the night he gives a signal of his presence by repeated and vociferous barkings, which are increased upon the least cause of alarm; and, contrary to the spirit of the bull dog, whose invariable practice is to bite before he barks, the mastiff always warns before he attacks. This breed is very difficult to be obtained in purity, from the various admixtures and experimental crosses which have taken place. The genuine old English mastiff is now rarely to be seen, although we have dogs of various sizes and colors which go under that name.



THE BULL-DOG.

The bull-dog is low in stature, deep-chested, and strongly made about the shoulders and thighs, the muscles of both of which are extremely developed. His head is broad, his nose is short, and the under jaw projects beyond the upper, which gives him a fierce and disagreeable aspect. His eyes are distant and prominent, and have a peculiar suspicious-like leer, which, with the distension of his nostrils, gives him also a contemptuous look; and from his teeth being always seen, he has the constant appearance of grinning, while he is perfectly placid. He is the most ferocious and unrelenting of the canine tribe, and may be considered courageous beyond every other creature in the world, for he will attack any animal, whatever be his magnitude.

The internal changes which determine the external characters of this dog, consist in a great development of the frontal sinuses, a development which elevates the bones of the forehead above the nose, and draws the cerebral cavity in the same direction.

But the most important quality, and that, perhaps, which causes all the others, although we can-

not perceive the connexion, is the diminution of the brain. The cerebral capacity of the bull-dog is sensibly smaller than in any other race; and it is doubtless to the decrease of the encephalon that we must attribute its inferiority to all others in every thing relating to intelligence. The bull-dog is scarcely capable of any education, and is fitted for nothing but combat and ferocity.

This animal takes his name from his having been employed, in former times, in assaulting the bull, and he is used for the same purpose at the present day, in those districts where this brutal amusement is still practised.

Nothing can exceed the fury with which the bull-dog falls upon all other animals, and the invincible obstinacy with which he maintains his hold. In attacking the bull, he always assails him in front, and generally fastens upon his lip, tongue, or eye, where he holds and hangs on, in spite of the most desperate efforts of the other to free himself from his antagonist, which affords ample proof of the amazing strength and power of this animal.

Whenever a bull-dog attacks any of the extremities of the body, it is invariably considered a mark of his degeneracy from the original purity of blood. Puppies will assail a bull, and thereby give a decided proof of their breed, when only six months old; and, if permitted, will rather suffer themselves to be destroyed than relinquish the contest.

Although this trial is sometimes made with the whelps of a particular litter, to demonstrate the purity of their descent, and to prove that there has been no improper cross by which the future fame of their posterity may be affected, yet they are seldom entered in a regular ring until from fifteen to eighteen months old. But their ligaments cannot be considered as at their full strength until they are at least two years old. Indeed, amateurs say, that they are not at their prime until they have attained four or five years of age.

The bull-dog is admitted by naturalists to be one of the original and peculiar races of Britain, and may be ranked, in point of originality, with the shepherd's dog and Irish greyhound. In various districts of England this breed is still preserved in its native purity, by that class of people who delight in bull-bating and fighting of dogs; both of which amusements, alike inhuman, are now happily on the decline.

The Scotch Terrier. (*Canis terrarius, variety, a.*)—It is now impossible to trace the origin of the terrier, but from the many characteristics peculiar to itself, we would almost be induced to consider it a primitive race. Certain it is, that this dog has been for many ages assiduously cultivated and trained to the particular sports to which nature seems to have so well adapted him. To the fox, hare, rabbit, badger, polecat, weasel, rat, mouse, and all other kinds of vermin, he is a most implacable enemy; he has also a strong natural antipathy to the domestic cat.

The name terrier seems to be derived from the avidity with which he takes the earth in pursuit of all those animals which burrow.

There are two kinds of terriers—the rough haired Scotch and the smooth English.

The Scotch terrier is certainly the purest in point of breed, and the English seems to have been produced by a cross from him.



THE SCOTCH TERRIER

Is generally low in stature, seldom more than twelve or fourteen inches in height, with a strong muscular body, and short and stout legs; his ears small and half pricked; his head is rather large

in proportion to the size of his body, and the muzzle considerably pointed; his scent is extremely acute; so that he can trace the footsteps of all other animals with certainty; he is generally of a sand color or black; dogs of these colors are certainly the most hardy, and more to be depended upon; when white or pied, it is a sure mark of the impurity of the breed. The hair of the terrier is long, matted, and hard, over almost every part of his body. His bite is extremely keen.

There are three distinct varieties of the Scotch terrier, viz: the one above described; another about the same size as the former, but with the hair much longer and somewhat flowing, which gives his legs the appearance of being very short. This is the prevailing breed of the western islands of Scotland. The third variety is much larger than the former two, being generally from fifteen to eighteen inches in height, with the hair very hard and wiry, and much shorter than that of the others. It is from this breed that the best bull-terriers have been produced.

The terrier, amongst the higher order of sportsmen, is preserved in its greatest purity, and with the most assiduous attention; and it seems of the utmost importance not to increase its size, which would render him unsuitable for the purpose in which he is employed, that of entering the earth to drive out other animals from their burrows, for which his make, strength, and invincible ardor peculiarly fit him. On this account he is the universal attendant upon a pack of fox hounds, and though last in the pursuit he is not the least in value. Indeed a brace of these dogs is considered indispensable in a complete fox-hunting establishment, and they are generally of different sizes, so that the smallest may enter an earth which will not admit the other. As soon as the hounds are thrown into covert, the terrier becomes the busiest in the field when endeavoring to find the fox; whenever the game is started, and the hounds running breast high, and at their utmost speed, this active little animal is seldom far behind, and is sure to be up at the first check. It is when the fox is supposed to have earthed, that the services of the terrier are most essentially required; he enters with the utmost eagerness, and soon informs the ear of the sportsman whether or not he is in, and at what distance from the mouth, when he is speedily dug out.

The principal objection to the reddish colored terrier in a pack is, that by juvenile sportsmen, in the clamor of the chase, they are frequently halloed off for a fox.

The English Terrier. (*Canis terrarius, variety b.*)—This is a handsome sprightly dog, and generally black on the back, sides, and upper part of the head, neck, and tail; the belly and the throat are of a very bright reddish brown, with a spot of the same color over each eye. The hair is short and somewhat glossy; the tail is rather truncated, and carried slightly upwards; the ears are small, somewhat erect, and reflected at the tips; the head is little in proportion to the size of the body, and the snout is moderately elongated. This dog, though but small, is very resolute, and is a determined enemy to all kinds of game and vermin, in the pursuit and destruction of which he evinces an extraordinary and untaught alacrity. Some of the larger English terriers will even draw a badger from his hole. He varies considerably in size and strength, and is to be met with from ten to eighteen inches in height.

This dog, or the wire-haired Scotch terrier, is indispensably necessary to a pack of fox-hounds, for the purpose of unearthing the game. From the greater length of leg, from his general lightness, and the elegant construction of his body, he is more adapted for running, and of course better enabled to keep up with the pack than the Scotch terrier.

Mr. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, mentions a match against time with a terrier, which took place in 1794, in which a small dog ran six miles; the first mile in two minutes, the second in four, the third in six, the fourth in eight, and the fifth and six in eighteen minutes—an immense falling off, considering his wonderful speed, and the known stoutness of the terrier. We doubt there has been some unsteadiness either in the watch or watch-holder. He afterwards ran six miles in thirty-two minutes.

THE BULL-TERRIER.

(*Canis Pugilis, L.*)—This variety, which has now assumed a fixed character, as its name implies, was produced by a cross between the bull-dog and terrier, and proves to be a handsomer dog than either of its progenitors. It is a sprightly and showy animal, and even better adapted for mischievous sport than either of the above dogs. He is airy and pleasant tempered, but possesses great fierceness when his energies are called into action.

The full-sized bull terrier is larger than either of his original parents, from which we are inclined to think he has a dash of the mastiff in him. He has rather a large square head, short neck, deep chest, and very strong legs. He is all colors, and often white, with large black or brown patches on different parts of his body. His hair is short and stiff.

This variety is common in America, more so than either the thorough bred bull-dog or the legitimate terrier.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Early Exercises in Composition; designed for the Use of Beginners. By John Frost, A. M., Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. Marshall and Co., Philadelphia.

This ingenious work is founded on the idea of making a course of exercises on pictures and real objects the starting point for beginners, thereby inculcating a natural and correct, as well as an easy and graceful style of composition. Professor Frost is himself a high authority in matters connected with education; and when he tells us that he has severely felt the want of an elementary book of instruction in composition, in the Belles Lettres department of the institution with which he is connected, we feel satisfied that he has created the very work destined to supply the want. Professor Wines, another name distinguished in the same cause, has expressed his approbation of the plan of the work, and the extreme rapidity of its sale testifies the public opinion of its merits. We have been informed that the publishers are scarcely able to supply the demand.

The second and third parts of this novel treatise we recommend, not only to the notice of all persons engaged in tuition, but to various would-be writers and upstart fabricators of "articles," who display a plentiful ignorance of the rudiments of composition in the common-place nonsense which they inflict upon an ill-used public.

Elvira, the Nabob's Wife. By Mrs. Monkland, author of "Village Reminiscences." Two volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This novel, written by a lady, and detailing the incidents in the life of a nabob's wife, exhibits the career of a woman of respectability with feminine tact and delicacy. It is essentially a lady's book; and, without any violent pretensions to originality, presents an array of pleasant incidents, and an agreeable variety of character. The general reader will be pleased; and the critic, if not delighted, be unable to make any material grumbling.

Public and Private Economy. Illustrated by Observations made in England in the year 1836. By Theodore Sedgwick. Part Third. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This is a very singular work. Mr. Sedgwick undertakes to illustrate the Public and Private Economy of England by letting his readers know that he counted four broken panes of glass in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, although he owns that such an affair "was probably accidental, for the preservation of things in England is admirable." Then he grumbles, economically, that "the countrymen of Washington, the citizens of a country whose industry keeps England from being a beggarly land, should be disgusted by being asked to pay three-pence to see the curiosities in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. Again he grumbles at the want of economy in a Cardiff parson, who wastes his breath in praying for the preservation of all the Royal Family. Mr. Sedgwick wisely observes that to pray for the preservation of such creatures as *Charles the Second*! George the Fourth, and his queen Caroline, etc. is a mockery. Why, so we think; and if the Cardiff parson did pray for the preservation of Charles the Second, a century and a half after his death, he displayed a plentiful economy of brains.

The name of this work has no connexion with its contents; which, if Mr. Sedgwick's name had not been given, we should have supposed were from the pen of the arch-grumbler, Cooper. The whole affair is in his usual strain of trivial enumerations in wholesale deprecation of all things in all lands. And yet a kind of natural goodness breaks out occasionally, in a sort of contradictory negation, that reminds us of the editor of the Little Pedlington Journal, who never committed himself by saying any thing of a positive nature, without offering a drawback of equal potency.

The authorities quoted by the writer are not of the most dependable nature. Grant's "Great Metropolis" is an established humbug; "Leigh's Picture of London" is an old-fashioned piece of twaddle; and Bulwer's "England and the English" was a bookseller's speculation and a failure.

The Cabinet Minister. A Novel. By the authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," "Heir of Selwood," etc. Harper and Brothers, New York.

The only fault we have to find with this work is the plentiful similitude it bears to D'Israeli's first series of "Vivian Grey." The resemblance, we believe, is not an imitation, for Mrs. Gore's well known abilities forbid us to imagine that she would thus disgrace herself.

"The Cabinet Minister" is an amusing production, plentifully seasoned with character and characteristic dialogues. A lively vein pervades each chapter, and the judicious admixture of politics and pleasantries relieves the usual dullness of a plot's career. The ladies are sketched by a master hand; Bessy Grenfell and Julia Loveden are such girls as men must love.

The scene is laid in England, during the serious illness of George the Third, just prior to the regency of the prince, afterwards George the Fourth. Sheridan figures amongst the characters introduced.

The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare. With Select and Original Notes, and Scriptural References; the whole making a Text Book for the Philosopher, Moralist, Statesman, Poet, and Painter. By the Rev. Thomas Price, Chaplain in Her Majesty's Convict Establishment at Woolwich. One Volume. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

When Dr. Dodd presented Sheridan with a copy of his "Beauties of Shakspeare," in three volumes, he expatiated upon the difficulties of his work, and the time and labor bestowed upon its completion. The clergyman expected an encouraging reply from the man of letters and of wit. "The Beauties of Shakspeare, in three volumes!" said Sheridan; "where are the other nine?"—Dodd's edition, the standard of the day, embraced twelve volumes. "Where are the other nine?" said Sheridan, as he placed the three tomes of extracts upon the table. Another divine, unmoved by this deserved reproof, has laid his irreverend hands upon the works of the bard of Avon, and, with unblushing impudence, announces "The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare," in one small volume, which he presumes to have rendered into "a text book for the Philosopher, the Moralist, the Statesman, the Poet, and the Painter." We scarcely believed it possible that any clergyman of the Church of England, a station which implies an Oxford or a Cambridge education, could, in the nineteenth century, have been so vainly ignorant. Why, Shakspeare has been the universal text book for all classes from the first appearance of his undying works to the present day; and such he must remain, while our little world endures, without the aid of annotators, emasculators, or exemplifiers. It is an insult upon common sense, to string the bits of sayings apportioned by the bard to the various characters enumerated in his plays—each saying imbued with the peculiarities of such character—and denominate this collection of apothegms and aphorisms, "The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare." Seven hundred of these sayings are pagged off like the proverbs in an old almanac. If Voltaire had seen this painful collection of truisms and tritenesses, paraded in numerical order, and given to the world as specimens of the intellect which has been the glory of the English language for upwards of two centuries, it would have been sufficient authority for the wholesale depreciation of Shakspeare's merit in which the vain glorious Frenchman indulged. Many of these selected "aphorisms" are the common-places uttered by characters who, like Gratiano, speak "an infinite deal of nothing." We open the volume at random, say page 348, and find the following sentences:

"Bairns (children) are blessings."

"My stars shine darkly over me."

"Haste is needful in a desperate case."

"Young bloods look for a time of rest."

"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."

"Thoughts are winged."

"There is no darkness but ignorance."

"Hasty marriage seldom proveth well."

"How pomp is followed."

"Travellers must be content."

What are we to think of the reverend Thomas Price when he puts forth these villainous inanities as recorded specimens of the "Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare?" The other portions of the work are but a reprint of Dodd's selections, and the whole arrangement is infinitely inferior to that appended to Ayscough's edition, which undoubtedly forms the most complete and satisfactory concordance to Shakspeare's Plays.

It is unnecessary to insult our readers by stating wherein "The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare" exists, but it cannot be illustrated by assorting a string of sentences, or vocabulary of words and phrases. Thirty quotations of two or three lines each, are cited by our book maker, as evidences of Shakspeare's "Wisdom and Genius," as developed in the conception of his Female Characters! Alas, for Ophelia, Miranda, the Merry Wives and the gossiping Dame Quickly, the gorgeous Cleopatra, Viola, Helena, Rosalind, Portia, Juliet and her Nurse, the gentle Cordelia and her Sisters, the shrew Catharine, Desdemona, Emilia, Imogene, the Roman Matrons, Lady Macbeth, the

faithless Cressid, the inspired Cassandra, the widowed Constance, with others of worth and note, whose names reside not in our memory. Yet this long catalogue of unequalled specimens of woman's excellence are despatched by the reverend Price in one short chapter appropriated to a few selections illustrating Shakspeare's Delineation of Female Character.

The volume is exceedingly well printed, and creditable to the publishers.

Colman's Dramatic Library. New York.

No. 1. *Athenia of Damascus.* By Rufus Dawes.

No. 2. *Bianca Visconti, or The Heart Overtaken.* By N. P. Willis.

Mr. Colman is one of the most enterprising publishers, and produces his publications in a superior style, thereby advancing a strong claim to that success which we earnestly bespeak for his endeavors. If these early numbers of the American Dramatic Library experience the deserved success, the series will be continued; and we record our belief in the bookseller's advertisement, that "much native genius, now in obscurity, would be introduced to the public, if this enterprise is successful."

"*Athenia of Damascus*" will shortly receive due notice in an article, which we have in type, on Mr. Dawes' poetry. "*Bianca Visconti*" is the name of a tragedy which has been acted with moderate success at various of the principal theatres in America. It was the chosen and successful play for the prize of one thousand dollars, advertised by Miss Clifton, who performed the character of the heroine with much dignity and force. The tragedy reads better than it acts; but we honestly believe that such a result is the effect of the inattention which American plays receive at the hands of all theatrical potentates, and from the weakness and inefficiency of the *stock* company in every theatre in the United States—the consequence of the insulting and degrading system of allowing a series of self-made "Stars" to domineer over the interests of the drama and its followers.

Mr. Colman, we trust, will receive a due share of encouragement in this national undertaking. Mr. Willis has completed another very successful play, "*Tortosa, or the Usurer Matched*," which has been profitably acted at the National Theatre, New York. We hope to see it incorporated in the "*Dramatic Library*." Epes Sargeant's poetical tragedy of "*Velasco*," will also form a fitting subject for one of the numbers. And if Mr. Colman wishes for a strong contrast to the above excellencies, let him exert himself to procure the MS. of "*Gaspardo*," as translated from the French by John Butler, Esq., of the city of Philadelphia. He will find occasionally a page-like coincidence, and many similarities of sentences between this illustrious production and the melo-drama *done* for the London Minor Theatres, and published at sixpence a copy—but "great wits will jump." If Alexandre Dumas could have seen the Philadelphia version of his beautiful drama, he would have torn his hair in very rage—but we do not believe that he would have recognised his own forcible and elegant language in the common-place sentences afforded by his translator.

Pericles and Aspasia. By Walter Savage Landor. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

Walter Savage Landor is favorably known to American readers as the author of a very agreeable book called "*Imaginary Conversations*." He needs no other fame than the production of the work before us: it bears the impress of high originality and poetic feeling, and carries us back to the classic associations of our college days. Pericles, the companion of Socrates, the rival of Cimon and Thucydides, the contemporary of Xenophon, the relative of Alcibiades, the visiter of Eschylus, the friend of Sophocles and Aristophanes, the disciple of Anaxagoras and Zeno, and fellow student with Archelaus and Euripides—the patron of Phidias—the builder of the Parthenon and the Odeon—the author of the Peloponnesian war—the statesman, the philosopher, the warrior, the orator—whose eloquence obtained him the name of the Olympian, because he thundered and lightened in his speeches—and the lover of the wise and beautiful Aspasia, (his Juno,) who inspired the rugged breast of Socrates with the tenderest emotions: these are the subjects of Mr. Landor's novel romance, wherein, in a series of letters, he revels in classic imagery, philosophical speculations, and poetical delights.

The orations of Pericles, as given by Mr. Landor, are master-pieces of eloquence and reasoning. The interspersed poetry renders this work "a Book of Gems."

A few pedantries disfigure the composition, scarcely avoidable from the nature of the subject, but we see no reason why Mr. Landor should spell the active participle *read* according to its sound, *redd*; or why many of the preterits are altered in their terminations thus unseemly, *addrest*, *fixt*, *helpd*, *sept*, etc.

Messrs. Carey and Hart deserve the encouragement of the reading public, in the production of

this superior emanation of a master mind. The mechanical execution of the work may vie with the best specimens of book making from the London press.

Pascal Bruno, a Sicilian Tale. To which is added, The Atonement. By Theodore Hook. One Volume. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

"Pascal Bruno" is one of the very best fact-romances of the day. The adventures of this Calabrian brigand have often been dwelt on by the inferior story-tellers of this scribbling age, but it has been reserved for Alexandre Dumas, the celebrated French novel writer and vaudevillist, to give the reading world an authentic account of the life of this "bold bad man," who blended the wonderful and the wilful in his short but exciting career. Theodore Hook has rendered the tale into very pleasing English; it is not by any means a strict and literal translation, and the merits of the excellent original are even increased by the humor and life-like additions of the translator. This tale would make an excellent drama. We recommend it to such of our adapters who are content to labor for glory's sake—the hope of profit, during the absence of an international copyright law, is a ridiculous vanity which fell experience has taught us to abjure.

London in 1838. By an American. One Volume, 208 pp. S. Colman, New York.

A very pretty little affair, written in an agreeable spirit, and illustrated with many well-executed cuts. This unpretending volume gives a better idea of the peculiarities of London than the much vaunted series denominated "The Great Metropolis." The article on "Newspapers" is so much to the point that we present it to our readers, and should rejoice if the proposition therein made should become a practice of the newspaper proprietors here.

"The Press in London is entitled to high consideration on account of the influence that it has with the community. This is owing to the admirable system upon which it is conducted, altogether so different to ours that I must mention it particularly.

A London paper, daily or weekly, supplies no individual subscriber, and does not know who its subscribers are. The whole business of supplying the town with the Journals is performed by persons called Newsmen, who act somewhat upon the principle of the carriers to the cash newspapers in the city of New York. The difference being, that the newspaper proprietor has nothing to do with the particular route that each newsman may take, but serves each with as many papers as they may pay for, who again serve them wherever their customers may be. The business of a newsman is usually combined with that of a Bookseller and Stationer. When so, "Newspaper Office" is printed upon the outside of his shop and on his cards. These Stationers employ again other carriers to serve their customers, sending in their bills usually once in three months. Themselves have to pay at the publication offices, cash as they get the papers.

At an early hour in the morning, before daylight, at the publication office of each of the morning papers, which are situated principally in the Strand and its vicinity, the newsmen and newsboys assemble to get their papers, all anxious to be the first to supply their customers. They get them, and start off; and thus the metropolis is served in a very short space of time by each newsman in his own vicinity.

In respect to advertisements, few persons take them to the newspaper offices themselves. The general plan is to give them to the newsmen to take down, who generally charge their customers sixpence commission for their trouble.

The great advantage of this plan is, first, that a paper is freed from the trouble and annoyance to which papers are here subjected; and, secondly, they are more independent.

They do not look to subscribers for their pay; they know nothing of their subscribers. Consequently they have no losses, and are never under the necessity of publishing a card, stating that if their subscribers do not cash up, they shall be obliged to stop; nor are they ever under the disagreeable necessity of stopping, as has been done here too often, in consequence of their subscribers' remissness. They are all paid cash in advance, or rather upon the delivery of their papers; and so know exactly upon what footing they stand.

In regard to advertisements, it is the same; all insertions are paid for before they appear, and every insertion, even of the same advertisement, pays the same price. One great advantage in this ready money system is, that there are no interminable accounts to keep, no bad debts to be put to profit and loss account in striking a balance.

Nor is this all; the publisher of a paper is not merely richer, he is more independent. He sees no subscriber or advertiser, he knows none. He is therefore never insulted by being told that unless he pursues a certain policy, he will lose the custom of a class of readers who have patronized

his paper. Thus untrammelled, by the opinions of others forced upon him through his pocket, where it is most sensitively felt, he pours forth his thoughts freely and unrestrained; and he eschews half measures, and brings forward no abortive schemes, rendered so by the officious folly of his customers.

If the proprietors of the various Newspapers were to hold a convention, and resolve to sell their journals only for cash, and to charge cash for all their advertisements, they would very speedily find the benefit of it. We must have newspapers. We are a reading community. We should then give cash where we take credit. Our merchants must advertise their goods and consignments, they would then pay cash. No bad debts would then be incurred; no hundreds and thousands, and in the course of time, tens and hundreds of thousands of unavailable indebtedness would stare an unfortunate proprietor in the face; nor would he be, as many have been, ruined with a fortune upon his books."

In conclusion, we would inform Mr. Colman, or the artist who designed the wood engravings, that the orchestra in Vauxhall Gardens, London, is some dozen times larger than the representation in the book before us—it has occasionally held one hundred performers in its area, instead of the four which he has placed at each side of the diminutive toy in his picture. Where the artist obtained his conception of the London Carol Singers, we pretend not to guess; such dresses were never worn in merry England. He must have robbed Hans Holbein of a corner bit from one of his pictures; the battlemented dwelling house, with its watch tower and barbican, the sentinel in his short cloak and steel scull-cap, with long-handled battle axe, the wooden shoes of the peasant, and the strange guise of the minstrel, tell plainly of Brabant ways, in "times long past." There are, now-a-days, no English carol singers.

Willett's New and Improved School Geography, accompanied by a New and Correct Atlas. Potter and Wilson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The very best induction to the study of Geography that we have met with—plain, concise, and effective, presenting the fullest information to the student, and impressing the various statements upon his mind with singular force from the peculiar arrangement of the lessons. The maps are engraved on steel, and deserve our praise. There is a frontispiece to the book exhibiting the comparative height of all the principal mountains in the world, and pointing out the highest flight of a balloon, the highest spots visited and inhabited by man—the region of perpetual snow—highest place of the growth of the pine and the oak, with other curious information.

The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots, with other Sketches of the Times. By George P. Morris. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

General Morris is the Phoenix of story tellers. His "Little Frenchman" had long since bought him "golden opinions of all sorts of men;" and several of the other stories in this collection, especially that of the creditor, who wanted his money only when it was not to be had, have acquired a reputation quite classical. We are glad to see them rescued from the comparative obscurity of a newspaper file, and awarded the distinction of an elegant volume, with paper and print of the choicest kind, and humorous illustrations from the inimitable pencil of Johnson.

In the dialogues which the General has introduced in these tales, he discovers no small share of the dramatic faculty, and if he could find leisure in the midst of his numerous avocations, we doubt not, he might produce that great rarity, an excellent comedy. This, however, is, we presume, a consummation rather to be wished than hoped for, considering the multifarious duties which claim the General's attention. At any rate, we may hope, after the flattering success of the present volume, that the General will favor us with another specimen in the line of fiction. We hope that he may be induced to pass a summer vacation in the mountains, and concoct for us one volume more of stories, by way of a Christmas treat.

We give a specimen of the "Sketches," and by favor of the publishers, we are also enabled to furnish a specimen of the illustrations. The extract is the closing portion of that capital story of "The Monopoly, and the People's Line," and it begins at the point where the driver of the People's Line is patronized by a cunning Yankee, who intends to exact the performance of that liberal promise of the proprietors, to pay the passengers twenty-five cents at the end of the gratuitous ride.

"The down-easter was a talkative, prying, speculative, jimerack of a fellow, who propounded more questions in a single minute than one could answer in a whole hour; and, in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, he was at the bottom of all the difficulty, and in possession of every par-

ticular respecting the rival lines. He was "free of speech and merry;" joked with the proprietor; ridiculed the flying Dutchman, called him a cockalorum, and finally denounced him as an inflated, overgrown, purse-proud capitalist, who advocated a system of exclusive privileges contrary to the spirit of our glorious institutions, and dangerous to the liberties of the country!—and he even went so far as to recommend that a town meeting should be immediately called to put the old blockhead down, and banish him from the sunshine of the public favor for ever!

"I will put him down!" said the driver.

"And he shall stay *put*, when he is down!" replied Jonathan, with an approving nod of the head.

At the various stopping-places, Jonathan—who was not a member of any of the temperance societies, for those institutions were not founded at the time of which we are writing—to show his good fellowship, but with no other motive, did not scruple to drink sundry villanous bar-room compounds, at the expense of his new acquaintance, who, that day, was so overjoyed to find that the stage of the "Monopoly" was compelled to go the whole route entirely empty, that his hilarity and flow of boisterous humor knew no bounds, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the expense—not he!



"Here's to the People's Line!" drank Jonathan,

"The People's Line for ever!" shouted the driver.

"And confusion to the Monopoly!" rejoined the down-easter.

"With all my heart!" echoed the friend of the people.

"The Flying Dutchman is deficient in public spirit!" said the landlord, a warlike little fellow, who was a major in the militia.

"Behind the age we live in!" remarked a justice of the peace.

"And he deserves to run the gauntlet from Brooklyn to Jamaica for violating the constitution!" responded all the patriotic inmates of the bar-room.

"I say, mister! you're a fine specimen of a liberal fellow," said Jonathan, as his companion paid the reckoning, resumed the ribands, and touched up the leaders gayly. "You deserve encouragement, and you shall have it. I promise it to you, my lad," continued he, as he slapped the "People's Line" on the shoulder like an old and familiar friend, "and that's enough. The Flying Dutchman, forsooth! why, he's a hundred years at least behind the grand march of improvement, and, as he will never be able to overtake it, I shall henceforward look upon him as a mere abstract circumstance, unworthy of the least regard or notice."

Jonathan weighed every word of the last sentence before he pronounced it, for he was, upon the whole, rather a cute chap, and had no notion of letting his friendship for the one party involve him in a law-suit for a libel on the other.

The overjoyed proprietor thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and for the expression of his contempt for the old "Monopoly," and the lumbering vehicle thundered on towards Jamaica.

Arrived, at last, at the termination of the journey, the driver unharnessed the horses, watered them, and put them up for the night. When he turned to take his own departure, however, he observed that Jonathan, who, after all said and done, candor compels us to acknowledge, had rather a hang-dog sort of look, seemed fidgetty and discontented; that he lingered about the stable, and followed him like a shadow wherever he bent his steps.

"Do you stop in this town, or do you go farther?" asked the driver.

"I shall go farther, when you settle the trifle you owe me," replied Jonathan, with a peculiar, knowing, but serious expression.

"That I owe you?"

"Yes—is there not *something* between us?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why, mister, what a short memory you've got—you should study mnemonicks, to put you in mind of your engagements."

"What do you mean? There must be some mistake!"

"Oh! but there's no mistake at all," said Jonathan, as he pulled a handbill from his pocket, unfolded it with care, and smoothed it out upon the table. It was the identical mammoth handbill with the ponderous capitals.



"That's what I mean. Look there, Mr. People's Line. There I have you, large as life—and no mistake whatever. That's your note of hand—it's a fair business transaction—and I will trouble you for the twenty-five cents, in less than no time; so shell it out, you 'tarnal crittur."

"My christian friend, allow me to explain, if you please. I confess that it's in the bill; but, bless your simple soul, nobody ever thinks of asking me for it."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Now, that's what I call cutting it a leetle too fat! but it's nothing to me. I attend to nobody's affairs but my own; and if other people are such ninny-hammers as to forgive you the debt, that's no reason why I should follow their bad example. Here are your conditions, and I want the mopuses. A pretty piece of business, truly, to endeavor to do your customers out of their just and legal demands in this manner. But I can't afford to lose the amount, and I won't! What! haven't I freely given you my patronage—liberally bestowed upon you the pleasure of my company, and, consequently, afforded you a triumph over that narrow-contracted 'Monopoly!' and now you refuse to comply with your terms of travel, and pay me my money, you ungrateful varmint, you! Come, mister, it's no use putting words together in this way. I'll expose you to 'old Monopoly' and every body else, if you don't book-up like an honest fellow; and I won't leave the town until I am satisfied."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Are you serious?"

"Guess you'll find I am."

"And you *will* have the money?"

"As sure as you stand there."

"What, the twenty-five cents?"

"Every fraction of it."

"And you won't go away without it?"

"Not if I stay here till doomsday: and you know the consequence of detaining me against my will."

"What is it?"

"I'll swinge you, you *pyson serpent*, you!"

"You'll what?"

"I'll sue you for damages."

"You will?"

"Yes; I'll law you to death, sooner than be defrauded out of my property in this manner; so, down with the dust, and no more grumbling about it."

The bewildered and crest-fallen proprietor, perceiving from Jonathan's tone and manner, that all remonstrance would be vain, and that he was irrevocably fixed in his determination to exact twenty-five cents from his already exhausted coffers, at length slowly and reluctantly put into his hand the bit of silver coin representing that amount of the circulating medium.

Jonathan, we blush to say, took the money, and what is more, he put it into his pocket; and what is moreover, he positively buttoned it up, as if to "make assurance double sure," and to guard it against the possibility of escape.

"Mister," said he, after he had gone coolly through the ceremony, looking all the while as innocently as a man who has just performed a virtuous action; "mister, I say, you must not think that I set any more value on the insignificant trifle you have paid me, than any other gentleman: a twenty-five cent piece, after all, is hardly worth disputing about—it's only a quarter of a dollar—which any industrious person may earn in half an hour, if he chooses—the merest trifle in the world—a poor little scoundrel of a coin, that I would not, under other circumstances, touch with a pair of tongs—and which I would scorn to take even now—if it were not for the principle of the thing! To show you, however, that I entertain a high respect for the "People's Line," that I wish old cockalorum to the devil, and that I do not harbor the slightest ill-will toward you for so unjustifiably withholding my legal demands, the next time I come this way again, I will unquestionably give your stage the preference—unless the "Flying Dutchman" holds out greater inducements than you do, in which case, I rather calculate, I shall feel myself in duty bound to encourage him!"

Since the veritable circumstances here related, the Jamaica rail-road has entirely superseded the necessity of both the "Monopoly" and the "People's Line" of stages, and their public-spirited proprietors, after making a prodigious noise in the world, have retired under the shade of their laurels, deep into the recesses of private life. There we shall leave them, to enjoy whatever satisfaction may be gathered from the proud consolation of having expended every farthing they were worth in the world, for the gratification of a public that has long ago forgotten they ever existed!"

The American Joe Miller. Edited by Yankee Doodle, Esq. With Humorous Illustrations. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

This volume is the American Wit's "Declaration of Independence." We have now an established fun book of our own, and are no longer compelled to own our indebtedness to John Bull for the means of a hearty laugh. What a capital companion is here presented to us, for the steamboat, rail car, or lumbering stage coach, during the present season of business transit and summer flitting! Several hundred side-splitting jests of undoubted nationality are selected, not alone from the journals of the day, but from the rarest sources of published intellect. We mistake much if several editions of this "cabinet of comicalities" are not demanded before the expiration of the year.

Samuel F. Glenn, of Washington city, whose foolish pamphlet on "The Use and Abuse of Criticism," was noticed in last month's Review with well-deserved severity, has addressed a contemptible piece of impertinence to us, in the shape of a letter, with half a dozen postscripts, encircling a printed copy of a note from an apothecary at Washington, wherein the said pamphlet, or essay, is lauded in terms similar to those employed in all quack advertisements. S. F. Glenn evidently writhes under our lash, although "the satirical rogue," with a dash of melancholy fun that is absolutely withering, offers us a bottle of champagne whenever we will favor him with a call! It is not surprising that S. F. Glenn, proud of the opinion of the only man hardy enough to commend the tissue of ignorance, should print the inestimable certificate—but it is a curious illustration of the Abuse of Criticism, that the ΔΥΤΩΝ (God help us!) of the Essay deprecating the influence of humbug and gaggery, should himself practice the most outrageous instance that has ever been made public—that of sending round a printed circular containing one man's opinion of a work under Review. But Sammy F. Glenn, in his eagerness to disseminate the solitary commendation, forgot to notice the date prefixed to the apothecary's letter—April the First! His only friend has made him an April fool, and he has been circulating the fact at his own expense.

Several Literary Notices are crowded out of this number. Among others, articles on Dr. Mitchell's excellent Poems, Mr. Hill's pleasant volume, and an answer to a pamphlet entitled "The Reviewer Reviewed." Next month, we shall positively balance our critical account.





The Rhinoceros in its native Wilds.

BURTON'S

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1839.

CURIOUS FACTS IN THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE RHINOCEROS.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SPLENDID ENGRAVING ON STEEL.

THIS animal was well known to the ancients. Several of the sacred writers make frequent allusions to the *Reem*, or unicorn, as an animal familiarly known to the people to whom their writings were directly addressed. They have not, indeed, condescended to a minute description; but the terms in which they have mentioned it sufficiently indicate the species. Pliny mentions the rhinoceros as an animal that appeared in the Roman circus, in games exhibited by Pompey. He was opposed to the elephant, and showed himself no unequal antagonist. In addition to this information, the Roman natural historian fables, that the elephant and the rhinoceros are natural enemies, and that the latter carefully whets his horn upon stones, to tear up the belly of the former. Though not described by Aristotle, the rhinoceros is mentioned by the historians of Alexander, as one of the strange animals discovered by his army in their progress into India. But from the time when they ceased to be exhibited on the Roman amphitheatres, till within the sixteenth century, no animals of this species appeared in Europe. It was forgotten that any had ever appeared. Those who were acquainted with what the ancients relate concerning the rhinoceros, concluded, or at least suspected, either that no such species of animals had ever existed, or, that although they might once have existed, they were now extinct. In the sixteenth century, the existence of the species was fully ascertained. A number of individuals have since been, at different times, introduced into Europe, and the enterprise of our indefatigable countrymen, Macomber, Welch and Co., have at length rendered its appearance and its habits in captivity, as familiar to us as those of any other denizen of the forest.

To look at it in the menagerie, one would suppose it to be stupid and unwieldy, and nearly as manageable as the domestic hog. But there is as much difference between the rhinoceros in the menagerie and the rhinoceros in its native wilds, as there is between the well-fed porker and the wild boar. But, in captivity, the rhinoceros cannot exhibit any of the peculiarities which render it so remarkable in its natural state. It is true, we can test the delicacy of its only distinct organ of touch, the upper lip, which is flexible, advancing over the lower, and capable of great extension. We can also observe its favorite articles of food, and make out that it is naturally sluggish, and not ferocious, though very untractable, and liable to paroxysms of rage. We can also demonstrate the absurdity of the fables propagated by Buffon and other naturalists, respecting the utter insensibility and impenetrability of all parts of its skin. We infer, from the shortness of its legs, the depression in its back, and the pendulous position of its belly, that it must be slow in its motions, and by no means formidable to the other beasts when roused to anger.

A view of the rhinoceros in its native wilds would lead us to very different conclusions. Here

we should find it active, keen of scent, and alive to the slightest sound, perceiving the approach of an enemy at a great distance, and when apprized of the vicinity of man by his approach in a windward direction, instantly anticipating his attack, and rushing towards him with a force which nothing can resist. We should learn that the tiger, who will readily attack an elephant and seize it by the trunk, dares not face a rhinoceros, for fear of having its bowels torn out with that formidable horn, which is solid, and sometimes measures three feet in length and eighteen inches in circumference at the base. The same mode of attack and defence renders the rhinoceros a not less formidable antagonist to the elephant, who cannot prevent it from running directly under, piercing its body with the horn. The discharge of blood and other fluids from the wound in this case, however, is said to give considerable annoyance to the rhinoceros by blinding it, for the moment, the animal's eyes being placed very unfortunately for such an encounter. Its vision, at the best, is but imperfect; a circumstance which is compensated by extraordinary acuteness of hearing and smell. Its food in its native countries, India, Abyssinia, Æthiopia, and various districts of India, is wholly vegetable. It is particularly fond of the *stæbe rhinocerosia*, the fetid stapelia, rice, the sugar cane, and a great many rough and spinous plants. The consumption and havoc which it occasions in cultivated fields are prodigious, and at the same time unredeemed by its services or the value of its carcass, which is very trifling.

In looking over Lieutenant White's Voyage to the China Sea, we find a notice of the rhinoceros, among the other animals of Cochinchina, in which there are some curious particulars, with which we shall conclude the present article.

He is speaking of the elephant, the tiger, and the rhinoceros, and proceeds as follows:

"These animals are all hunted by the natives: the elephant for his teeth; the tiger for his skin; and the rhinoceros for his horn. Ivory and rhinoceros' horns are a regal monopoly. Some of these articles were offered us privately, which, to prevent trouble, we refused. The horn of the rhinoceros is formed much like a limpet shell, but more pointed; at its base it is generally about six inches long, by four inches wide, and protrudes about six or eight inches. There is a shallow concavity occupying the whole base, resembling the limpet also in that respect. To judge of the goodness of a rhinoceros' horn, this concave part is held to the ear, and the greater the noise—resembling that of the waves on the sea beach—the better the horn. This criterion certainly appears fallacious, if not ridiculous; but the Chinese, who are accustomed to purchase these articles, are always determined by this test. The Onamese speak with great energy of the irresistible strength and amazing velocity of the rhinoceros. They say he moves so rapidly that it is difficult for the eye to keep pace with him; that no object in his way is any impediment to his rapid career; that he beats down rocks, walls, and large trees with great ease, and his track can be easily traced by the ruins in his rear. Speaking of this animal one day to the viceroy, he observed, 'You now see him here, before you, in Saigon,' and, snapping his fingers, 'now he is in Canjeo.' However hyperbolic these accounts appear to be, we may yet infer from them that the rhinoceros is an animal of astonishing strength and spirit."

THE DELUGE.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING MARTIN'S CELEBRATED PICTURE ON THAT SUBJECT.

BY MISS HELEN MATTHEWS, ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

THE torrent in its mighty rush
Swept groves and vales away;
Clouds seared the morning's dimpled blush,
Scarce opened into day.
The wretched mortals vainly fled
To towering rocks on high;
And parents saw their children dead,
And heaved not e'en a sigh!
The husband, with his dying breath,
Did the great God blaspheme!
His wife, in agonies of death,
Cried, "hush that dreadful theme."
In vain—the forked lightnings fly,
Strike the blasphemer down;
An awful voice, heard from on high,
Cries, 'tis th' Almighty's frown!

One tear of penitence to heaven
Is dear as a pure gem;
But few, alas! to God are given,
They form his diadem!
Nor none that dreadful day had flowed,
To wash away their crime;
No, no! their hearts with anger glowed,
They thought but of *that* time.
All perished in one boundless sea;
The small bird fled to seek
A resting place, where land might be,
And heard but one wild shriek!
An ocean 'twas of floating souls,
In one dark dreadful tomb,
Borne from their friends, who watch'd its rolls,
And shared their frightful doom!

New York, 1838.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BOB STUBBS.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

(Concluded from page 271.)

CHAPTER V.

I WAS a free man when I went out of the Court; but I was a beggar—I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North-Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed, or a dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a rough voice which I knew well.

"Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my bromise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin."

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast up my eyes towards the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

"Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you, and noting vood do for you but a vife vid monny—ha, ha—but you vere de pigeon, and she vas de grow. She has plock-ed you, too, pretty vell—eh! ha! ha!"

"O, Mr. Stiffelkind," said I, "don't laugh at my misery; she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve, I do believe I shall starve." And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

"Starf! stoff and nonsense—you vil never die of starfing—you vil die of *hanging*, I tink, ho! ho! and it is moch easier vay too." I didn't say a word, but cried on. till every body in the street turned round and stared.

"Come, come," said Stiffelkind: "do not gry, Gaptain Stobbs—it is not goot for a Gaptain to gry, ha! ha! Dere—come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too—vich shall gost you noting, until you can bay vid your earnings."

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate towards me in my ill-luck: and took me home with him as he promised. "I saw your name among de Insolvents—and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere, now, it is done and forgotten, look you. Here Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife and fork; Lort Cornwallis is come to dine vid me."

I lived with this strange old man for six weeks. I kept his books, and did what little I could to make myself useful: carrying about boots and shoes, as if I had never borne His Majesty's commission. He gave me no money, but he fed and lodged me comfortably. The men and boys used to laugh, and call me General, and Lord Cornwallis, and all sorts of nick-names—and old Stiffelkind made a thousand new ones for me.

One day, I can recollect—one miserable day, as I was polishing on the trees a pair of boots of Mr. Stiffelkind's manufacture—the old gentleman came into the shop, with a lady on his arm.

"Vere is Gaptain Stobbs," says he, "vere is dat ornament to His Majesty's service?"

I came in from the back shop, where I was polishing the boots, with one of them in my hand.

"Look, my dear," says he, "here is an old friend of yours. His Excellency Lort Cornwallis! Who would have thought such a nobleman vood turn shoe-black? Gaptain Stobbs, here is your former flame, my dear niece Miss Grotty—how could you, Magdalen, ever leaf soch a lof of a man! Shake hands vid her, Gaptain;—dere never mind de blacking:" but Miss drew back.

"I never shake hands with a *shoe-black*," says she, mighty contemptuous.

"Bah! my lof, his fingers von't soil you, don't you know he has just been *vitevashed*?"

"I wish, uncle," says she, "you would not leave me with such low people."

"Low, because he cleans boots! de Gaptain prefers *pumps* to boots I tink, ha! ha!"

"Captain, indeed! a nice Captain," says Miss Crutty, snapping her fingers in my face, and walking away; "a Captain, who has had his nose pulled! ha! ha!"—And how could I help it? it wasn't by my own choice that that ruffian Waters took such liberties with me; didn't I show how averse I was to all quarrels by refusing altogether his challenge?—but such is the world: and thus the people at Stiffelkind's used to tease me until they drove me almost mad.

At last, he came home one day more merry and abusive than ever. "Captain," says he: "I have got news for you—a goot place. Your lortship vil not be able to geeep your garridge, but you vil be comfortable, and serve His Majesty."

"Serve His Majesty," says I: "dearest Mr. Stiffelkind, have you got me a place under government?"

"Yes, and somting better still—not only a place, but a uniform—yes, Gabbain Stobbs, a *red goat*."

"A red coat! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army. I am a gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind—I can never—no, I never."

"No, I know you will never—you are too great a goward, ha! ha!—though dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too, ha! ha!—do you gomprehend!—and you shall be a general, instead of a gabbain—ha! ha!"

"A general in a red coat! Mr. Stiffelkind?"

"Yes, a General Bostman! ha! ha! I have been vid your old friend, Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post-office, and he has got you de place—eighteen shillings a week, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any of de letters, you know."

And so it was—I, Robert Stubbs, Esquire, became the vile thing he named—a general postman!

I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever; that when I got my place in the Post-office, I never went near the fellow again—for though he had done me a favor in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and showed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North-Bungay Fencibles, was —

I wonder nobody recognised me. I lived in daily fear the first year; but, afterwards, grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter-carrier.

You see, that when I left Sloffem, and set out in the gay world, my mamma had written to me a dozen times at least, but I never answered her, for I knew she wanted money, and I detest writing. Well, she stopped her letters, finding she could get none from me:—but when I was in prison, as I told you, I wrote repeatedly to my dear mamma, and was not a little nettled at her refusing to notice me in my distress, which is the very time one most wants notice.

Stubbs is not an uncommon name; and though I saw Mrs. STRANS on a little bright brass plate, in Duke street, and delivered so many letters to the lodgers in her house, I never thought of asking who she was, or whether she was my relation, or not.

One day the young woman who took in the letters had not got change, and she called her mistress:—an old lady in a poke bonnet, came out of the parlor, and put on her spectacles, and looked at the letter, and fumbled in her pocket for eight-pence, and apologised to the postman for keeping him waiting; and when I said, "Never mind, ma'am, it's no trouble," the old lady gave a start, and then she pulled off her spectacles, and staggered back; and then she began muttering, as if about to choke; and then she gave a great screech, and flung herself into my arms, and roared out, "my son, my son!"

"Law, mamma," said I, "is that you?" and I sat down on the hall bench with her, and let her kiss me as much as ever she liked. Hearing the whining and crying, down comes another lady from up stairs,—it was my sister Eliza; and down come the lodgers. And the maid gets water and what not, and I was the regular hero of the group. I could not stay long then, having my letters to deliver. But, in the evening, after mail-time, I went back to my mamma and sister; and, over a bottle of prime old port, and a precious good leg of boiled mutton and turnips, made myself pretty comfortable, I can tell you.

Mamma had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years. I recollected some of the chairs and tables, from dear old Squiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum-punch, the evening she went away, which she and my sisters left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Mary's luck! That chap, Waters, fell in love with her, and married her; and she now keeps her carriage, and lives in state near Squiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me. He had the impudence, too, to say, that he took in all letters for mamma at Squiggle; and that as mine were all begging letters, he burned them, and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma fifty pounds a-year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much; but the old lady was high and mighty, forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this fifty pounds she was going to refuse; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the fifty pounds for *my* share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the Captain, between them, gave mamma a hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure—much more than ever fell to me, I know,) and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a week, on an average; and the front parlor and

attic made forty pounds more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic; but I took that, and they slept in the servants' bed room. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a week that way; so that we had got nearly two hundred a year over the rent to keep house with,—and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing; my women didn't care for meat for days together sometimes,—so that it was only necessary to dress a good steak or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post-office. She said her dear John, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, and all that, should remain at home, and be a gentleman—which I was, certainly, though I didn't find fifty pounds a year very much to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon; to be sure, mother found me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the fifty pounds. She kicked a little at paying the washing too; but she gave in at last, for I was her dear John, you know; and I'm blest if I could not make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy! once she cut up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters sent her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was so *very* soft, the old lady!

I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself content with my fifty pounds a-year (*perhaps* I'd saved a little out of it; but that's neither here nor there.) From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in summer, when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not—never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs.

I never went to the public house before meals; for, with my beggarly fifty pounds, I could not afford to dine away from home; but there I had my regular seat, and used to get *pretty glorious*, I can tell you. Then, bed till eleven; then, breakfast and the newspaper; then, a stroll in Hyde Park or Saint James's; then, home at half-past three to dinner, when I jollied, as I call it, for the rest of the day. I was my mother's delight; and thus, with a clear conscience, I managed to live on.

How fond she was of me, to be sure! Being sociable myself, and loving to have my friends about me, we often used to assemble a company of as hearty fellows as you would wish to set down with, and keep the nights up royally. "Never mind, my boys," I used to say, "send the bottle round: mammy pays for all," as she did, sure enough; and sure enough we punished her cellar, too. The good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the world she had been my servant, instead of a lady and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her "dear Bob" in bed, and leading her a sad anxious life.) She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice: and then with sister Lizzy, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear such envious spite on my sister's part. "Her Bob," was always right, she said. At last Lizzy fairly retreated, and went to the Waters'. I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night.

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging house at last—for, some how, things went wrong after my sister's departure—the nasty uncharitable people said, on account of *me*; because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking, and kicking up noises in the house; and because ma gave me so much of her money:—so she did, but if she *would* give it, you know, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

No such luck. The business I thought was to last for ever; but at the end of two years a smash came—shut up shop—sell off every thing. Mamma went to the Waterses: and, will you believe it! the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was so disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman! For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold cigars and pocket-handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been Director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, a supernumerary, I mean.) I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire some very valuable information, (about licensed victuallers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names;) I've been very nearly an officer again—that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff: it was my last place.

On the last day of the year 1837, even *that* game was up. It's a thing that has very seldom happened to a gentleman, to be kicked out of a spunging-house; but such was my case. Young Nabbs (who succeeded his father) drove me ignominiously from his door, because I had charged a gentleman in the coffee-room seven-and-sixpence for a glass of ale and bread and cheese, the charge of the house being only six shillings. He had the meanness to deduct the eighteen-pence from my wages, and, because I blustered a bit, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out—me, a gentleman, and, what is more, a poor orphan!

How I did rage and swear at him when I got out in the street! There stood he, the hideous Jew monster, at the double door, writhing under the effect of my language. I had my revenge! Heads were thrust out of every bar of his windows, laughing at him. A crowd gathered round me, as I stood pounding him with my satire, and they evidently enjoyed his discomfiture. I think the mob

would have pelted the ruffian to death, (one or two of their missiles hit *me*, I can tell you,) when a policeman came up, and, in reply to a gentleman, who was asking what was the disturbance, said, "Bless you, sir, it's Lord Cornwallis." "Move on, *Boots*," said the fellow to me, for, the fact is, my misfortunes and early life are pretty well known—and so the crowd dispersed.

"What could have made that policeman call you Lord Cornwallis and *Boots*?" said the gentleman, who seemed mightily amused, and had followed me. "Sir," says I, "I am an unfortunate officer of the North Bungay Fencibles, and I'll tell you willingly for a pint of beer." He told me to follow him to his chambers at the Temple, which I did, (a five pair back,) and there, sure enough, I had the beer; and told him this very story you've been reading. You see he is what is called a literary man—and sold my adventures for me to the booksellers: he's a strange chap; and says they're *moral*.

I'm blest if I can see any thing moral in them. I'm sure I ought to have been more lucky through life, being so very wide awake. And yet here I am, without a place, or even a friend, starving upon a beggarly twenty pounds a year—not a single sixpence more, upon my *honor*.

H O M E .

BY JOSEPH SILL, PHILA.

Nor into unknown regions soars the muse,
Nor fabled visions sings in strains diffuse—
No lofty theme, aspiringly, she treats,
But finds at Home the object which she greets!
Home, where the gladd'ning sun's primeval beams
Catch the faint eye in swiftly flitting gleams—
Home, round whose hearth, the beacon light of love,
Throb hearts as pure, as angels' are, above—
Home, the great centre, where the christian shines,
The light and life of all his sphere confines—
How pure, how lovely, is the faith he holds!
No glare, no ornament, no cumbrous folds
Obscure the simple altar where he bends;
But purest incense from the heart ascends.

That holy Book, whose pages meet the eye,
Blest be the present time! 'neath every sky;
Whose words breathe calmness to the troubled
breast,

And give to joy a happier, holier, zest,
Proclaims the path by heaven alone design'd
To guide through various ills the human mind—
Bids man from vice and false religion roam,
And first "to show true piety at Home."

There is no spot, whence happiness can flow
So free from taint, so pure, so sweet, below—
Here our young minds are taught fair truth to prize,
To read the Book of Wisdom, and be wise—
Here we imbibe those virtues which endear,
And meet our comfort, and approval, here—
Home is the refuge of the friendless man,
Whose deeds have met the world's contemptuous
scan;

Here does he find support the world denied,
Eyes that will beam for him, and hearts long tied.

Is there a man, in all this world's wide bound
Who loves not Home? It is an empty sound!
True there are those who claim no kindred ties,
Who know no place where their affection lies,
But still the thought that once they knew a Home
Lives with them still, and cheers them while they
roam.

Home! there's a magic in the name, whose spell
No heart so harden'd, or perverse, can quell—
The soldier's ardor, at the thought, retires,
And scenes of bliss at that old man, his sire's,
Rush o'er his soul—his heart is touch'd, and then
He burns for freedom—for his home again!
E'en fashion's slave, who lives amid the throng,
And spurns the lowly, fireside joys among,
Yields his dull praise, attracted from his sphere,
When hymns of home are borne upon his ear.
The thought of all its humble joys can save
That young man, trembling on perdition's wave;
"Will sorrow fall on that dear circle, where
My infant lips were first attun'd to prayer?
Shall my deep crimes a deeper sting impart,
And call down misery on a father's heart?
Away, away; no more I'll drain the bowl,
Nor e'er again heap horror on my soul."

Home is the place of woman—here she lives!
Oh! how superior is the joy she gives
When thron'd at Home, dispersing her mild light
Wide round the circle all the live long night,
Than when attracted by the blazing hall
And fashion's minions 'mid the crowded ball!
'Tis here a mother dwells! a holy spell
Breathes o'er the spot, and our rapt bosoms swell
With grateful recollections!—here, 'tis here
Her gentle accents charm the listening ear!

Here from her lips we hear with fervent awe
The holy precepts of the gospel law,
Which, while she reads, she blends with pious care
With Christ's example, and the cross he bare—
Who can portray, or adequately prove
The constant fervor of a mother's love!

Alas! that home should ever witness grief,
Nor know no balm, nor ever meet relief;
But when the fount, and head, of this dear place
Is sunk in sin, and goodness lends no grace
How most unhappy is the child who here
Imbibes dread passions, and is nurs'd in fear;
Compell'd to worship vice's hideous mien,
The world condemns, whate'er the cause has been,
Nor thinks, if other counsel had been given
A child had lived whose deeds were worthy
heaven.

The infant mind, as form'd with wisest care
Demands our aid to plant fair virtue there;
And at each step, progressive, to instil
Belief in God—dependance on his will,
Oh! did we think what little actions tend
To strike their minds, e'er yet they know their end,
How zealous would each parent be to show
The best example, heaven permits, below;
That home should greet them as a happy spot,
Blessing and bless'd—contented with their lot.

Religion's voice—that voice which mercy gave
To warn the trembling sinner, and to save,
Bids us from all corrupting passions roam,
And first "to show true piety at Home."*

J. S.

SING NOT OF HOME.

BY A. T. LEE, U. S. ARMY.

NE'er sing to me of Home. I've stood
Once more within my native dell;
Where falls the light on waving wood,
And cliff, and stream, remembered well;—
Beneath the verdant ivy bower,
I've watch'd the bee upon the flower,
And heard from out the locust tree,
The sky-larks morning melody,
As sweet upon my ear as when,
To joys I ne'er can know again,
It woke me from my childhood sleep
To ramble forth through grove and bower,
And gather by the mountain steep,
The berry red, and dewy flower.

Sing not of Home!—but yesterday
I could have listen'd to thy lay,
For I had cherish'd in my brain
A wild delusion, false as sweet.
I thought, when I beheld again
My native mountain, stream and plain,
Despair and I, would no more meet.

An exile, with an ocean wide
Between me and my native land!
For long, long years my spirit sigh'd
For that sweet hour, when I should stand
Again where sweeps the mountain breeze,
Among my own bright forest trees;—
Alas! alas, I little thought
That hour would be with sorrow fraught;

That in one glance the hope would perish,
My soul so long had learn'd to cherish.

My sister's cheek was bright and air,
My brother's heart was warm and brave;
The willow sweeps the hillock where
They sleep together in one grave;
And many a morning dew hath wet
The grass above my father's head;
And where no blade hath sprang up yet,
My mother sleeps;—God rest the dead!

And she, the flow'r and pride of all
Who mingled in the moonlight dance;
My first love, in a stranger's hall,
I met her cold, and careless glance,—
But thanks to heaven for that one joy,—
She knew me not;—no eye could trace
A feature of the laughing boy,
Upon my dark and altered face.

Thus to my childhood's home I came,
A stranger—knowing, but unknown,
Heard many a well remember'd name,
Breath'd only to the dead my own;
No kindred now with man I claim,
But in the wide world, stand alone.

My boat is on the beach below,
My bark is on the white sea foam,
One song from thee before I go,
But not of Home,—oh, not of Home!

Northern Frontier.

* Timothy—5 Chap—4.

AN ACCOUNT OF ALL THE VOLCANOES

NOW BURNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANNUAIRE.

At the desire of some friends, who wished to have an account of the volcanoes actually in combustion, I undertook to draw one up, without thinking of the difficulties which I afterwards experienced in performing my task. The particulars given by most travellers of these phenomena are incomplete and undefined. According to one, every spot of land, out of which a little smoke issues, or on which some sparks are seen, is a volcano; another gives this denomination to those mountains only which perpetually pour forth lava and throw up ashes. The first admits into the list the inconsiderable flames of Pietra-Mala, of Barigazza, of Velleia, of Persia, and of Caramania: the second even places the island of Santorino in the class of Solfa-terras. To this first difficulty, is added the greater one, to determine how great the distance between two craters must be, for them to be considered as belonging to two different volcanoes. In the year 1706, an eruption took place at Teneriffe, through an opening two leagues distant from the Pico; the eruption which destroyed Garachico came from a point on the opposite side, a league and a half from the Pico. Thus there was an interval of three leagues and a half between the two openings, but nobody thought of considering them as belonging to two different volcanoes.

Shall we consider the isle of Palma, where an eruption of lava took place in 1699, as containing a volcano distinct from Teneriffe? Shall the destruction of the third part of the island of Lancerotte, in the year 1730, be considered as the effects of a lateral eruption of the Pico, or as the indication of a separate volcano? Similar questions arise at every step, which it is quite impossible to answer. Nor would I have printed this list in a journal, which excludes every thing that is not distinguished by a certain character of precision, if I had not had the good fortune of being able to consult the two men, who are the best acquainted with the physical history of our earth; I mean, Baron Von Humboldt, and Mr. Leopold Von Buch.

VOLCANOES OF EUROPE AND THE NEIGHBORING ISLANDS.

Vesuvius,	- - - - -	Kingdom of Naples.
Etna,	- - - - -	Sicily.
Stromboli,	- - - - -	Eolian Islands.
Hecla,	- - - - -	Iceland.
Krabla,	- - - - -	Iceland, north-east on the island.
Kattlagiaa-Jokul,	- - - - -	Iceland.
Eyafialla,	- - - - -	Iceland, south-east of Hecla.
Eyrefa-Jokul,	- - - - -	ditto.
Skaptaa-Jokul,	- - - - -	ditto.
Skaptaa-Sysael,	- - - - -	ditto.
Wester-Jokul,	- - - - -	ditto.
Eak,	- - - - -	John Mayen's island.

Vesuvius, the only volcano now burning on the continent of Europe, was extinguished several times and kindled anew. Before the reign of Titus, this mountain, which was frequently visited, was only spoken of on account of its extraordinary fertility. Vitruvius and Diodorus Siculus, who lived in the time of Augustus, say, indeed, that according to historical accounts, *Vesuvius* had in ancient times emitted fire like *Etna*. But they spoke of such remote ages, that the memory of them was nearly lost.

In the year A. D. 79, on the 24th of August, *Vesuvius* again burst forth. This eruption buried the cities of *Herculaneum*, *Pompeii*, and *Stabia*. It is well known that *Pliny*, the naturalist, lost his life on this occasion, having been led by his curiosity to expose himself to view this sublime phenomenon.

After this eruption, the volcano continued burning for about one thousand years. In the sequel,

it seemed to be entirely extinguished, so that, in 1611, it was inhabited nearly to the summit; and within the crater there was a grove, and small lakes.

Etna.—Pindar, who lived B. C. 449, speaks of Etna as a burning mountain. Thucydides has left us some account of the eruption which took place B. C. 476. Homer does not even mention the mountain, though, in his *Odyssey*, he makes Ulysses land in Sicily. This silence of a poet, who has been always admired for the extent and universality of his knowledge, gives some probability to the conjecture that the volcano must have been extinguished long before the time of Homer. The Roman historians, and those of the middle ages, and modern times, have mentioned so many eruptions of Etna, that it might, perhaps, be proved, that for two thousand years this volcano has never ceased to burn for a century together.

Seneca affirms, that volcanoes gave the fire no nourishment, but merely served to afford it vent. Father Kircher seemed to intend to comment on this expression of the Roman philosopher, when, in the fourth book of his *Mundus Subterraneus*, he affirmed that the mass of matter thrown out by Mount Etna formed a body twenty times as large as the original size of the mountain. The work of Father Kircher was written in 1660. Nine years later a single eruption of the volcano covered a space of six leagues in length, and two in breadth, with lava to an average depth of at least one hundred feet. The eruption of 1755 produced, according to Dolomieu, a stream of lava, which was four leagues long, and a half league broad, and of the mean depth of two hundred feet. If we think of the immense hollows which must be occasioned in the mountain, and under its base, by such large eruptions, have we not every reason to be astonished, that eruptions like that of 1787 can take place at the summit of the mountain, which is more than sixteen hundred and five toises above the level of the sea?

Stromboli.—Baron Von Humboldt has remarked, that the activity of volcanoes seems to be in the inverse ratio of their size. Stromboli is a remarkable confirmation of this opinion; it constantly emits flames, but with this singular peculiarity, that for two thousand years there has not been an eruption, properly so called, though it is evident, from the appearance of the surrounding country, that it was formerly subject to them. The *Epomeo*, in the island of Ischia, cannot be considered as a volcano; but it would, probably, become one, if Stromboli should be extinguished.

The island of Santorino had a great eruption in 1707; but as this phenomenon has not since been repeated, and the island has no proper crater, I have not admitted it into the list of volcanoes.

VOLCANOES OF ICELAND.

The last eruption of *Hecla* took place in 1766. The eruptions of this volcano, according to Sir George Mackenzie, have not, in general, the extent ascribed to them.

The last eruption of *Krabla* took place in 1724.

In the year 1756 there were five eruptions of the *Katllagiaa*, between the months of January and September; since that period, this volcano has been inactive. However, on the 26th of July, 1823, it had three eruptions, accompanied by violent earthquakes.

The *Eyafialla Jokul* seemed to be extinct for above a century; but, on the 20th December, 1821, it threw up flames from its summit. Eye-witnesses say, that the column of fire was still seen on the 1st of February, 1822, and that the volcano threw out stones, from fifty to eighty pounds in weight, to a distance of two leagues. On the 26th of June, 1822, it opened at its foot, and poured out a great quantity of lava.

Eyrefa Jokul.—The last eruption was in 1720.

Skaptaa Jokul, and *Skaptaa Sysse*.—the eruption of these two volcanoes, which occurred in 1783, are in the first rank among phenomena of this description. They laid waste an immense tract of country, and, in consequence of these eruptions, the atmosphere of Iceland was impregnated for a whole year with clouds of dust, through which the rays of the sun could scarcely penetrate.

Wester Jokul.—Rain of stones and ashes in the year 1823.

Esk.—This volcano was discovered and visited by Mr. Scoresby in 1817. It broke out and showed an eruption in April, 1818; clouds of smoke arose, every three or four minutes, to a height of from twelve to fourteen hundred yards.

ISLANDS IN THE VICINITY OF THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA.

No volcano, properly so called, is with certainty, known to exist in Africa; but the islands which geographers consider as belonging to this continent, contain several.

El Pico, - - - - -	Island del Pico, Azores.
The Pico of Teyde or Teneriffa, - - - - -	Island of Teneriffe.
Fuego, - - - - -	Island of Fuego, Archipelago of Cape de Verd.
The three Salazza, - - - - -	Isle de Bourbon.
The Gebel Teir, - - - - -	Island of the same name, in the Red Sea.
Ascension Island, - - - - -	In 8° south latitude.

El Pico.—This volcano is the only one, in the Azores, which has a conical form, and the only one which consists entirely of trap; and, lastly, it is the only one which has a mouth constantly open. Geologists agree in considering the large streams of lava poured on the island of St. George, in 1812, to be results of a lateral eruption from the volcano Del Pico. They account, in general, in the same manner, for the rapid formation of a small island in the vicinity of St. Michael, in the year 1811. This little island, of which the captain of the Sabrina, who witnessed the event, took possession, in the name of the king of England, afterwards entirely disappeared. The sea, on the spot where the island rose from the waves, has now a depth of eighty fathoms.

The *Peak of Teyde*, or *Teneriffe*.—This volcano seems to have been more active, by means of its lateral openings, than by its summit. The crater, properly so called, is scarcely forty-five toises in diameter, and its depth eighteen toises. Since time immemorial, neither lava, flames, nor smoke, visible at a distance, have issued from it. The last eruption, in 1798, took place laterally, from Mount Chahorra; it lasted above three months. Several fragments of rocks, of large dimensions, which the volcano threw up from time to time, were, according to the observations of Mr. Cologuan, from twelve to fifteen seconds in falling down. Teneriffe had not been visited by an eruption for ninety-two years, when that of the 9th of June, 1792, suddenly occurred.

Immense streams of lava spread themselves on the island of Palma, to a distance of twenty-five leagues from the peak, in consequence of several new volcanic openings which were made in the year 1558, 1646 and 1677. The island of Lancerotte was likewise quite devastated by an eruption in 1730.

Fuego.—We do not possess any particular information respecting the volcano on the island of Fuego. One might be inclined to adopt the opinion prevalent even in the most ancient times, that there are no active volcanoes in the whole archipelago of the Cape de Verd isles.

Volcano of Bourbon.—There are but few volcanoes in such activity as that of Bourbon. Its last eruption took place on the 27th of February, 1821. It emitted three streams of lava, which flowed from the summit of the mountain, rather below the real crater. One of these streams did not reach the sea till the 9th of March. Some time after the eruption, a shower of blackish ashes, mixed with long pliable glass threads, resembling golden hair, fell in various parts of the island. The latter phenomenon, which was remarked particularly in the year 1766, has been considered as peculiar to the island of Bourbon; but Sir William Hamilton affirms, that he found similar glass threads, mixed with ashes, in the atmosphere of Naples, during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1779.

Persons who have not paid particular attention to these phenomena, may perhaps be surprised, that, in the year 1821, the burning lava of the volcano of Bourbon took ten days to descend, on a declivity, through the small space between the crater and the sea. But it must be observed, on the one hand, that the lava is not a perfect fluid, and on the other, that its progress becomes slower in proportion as it grows cold. In the year 1805, Mr. Von Buch saw a stream of lava issue from Vesuvius, and reach in three hours the sea coast, which was seven thousand yards distant; but the history of volcanoes offers but few instances of such velocity. In general the motion of the lava is but slow. The lava of Etna, for instance, takes, in many places, whole days to advance a few yards. Sometimes the surface is already solid and still, while the burning and fluid mass beneath continues to flow.

The *Gebel Teir*, according to Bruce, lies in 15 10-2 of north latitude. The summit has four openings, from which issue thick pillars of smoke.

We have but few particulars respecting the volcano on Ascension island. That of Madagascar, from which an immense column of aqueous vapor, visible at the distance of ten leagues, is said to issue, is still too much enveloped in doubt to be decidedly admitted into this list.

VOLCANOES OF AMERICA.

North-West Coast.—The mountain of St. Elie; the mountain del Buck Tiempo, the volcano de las Virgenes (?).

Mexico.—Orizaba, or Citlaltepetl; Popocatepetl, or volcano of la Puebla; Tuxtla; Colima.

Guatemala and Niguaragua.—Volcano of Soconusco; Sacatepeque; Hamilpas; Atitlan; Fuegos de Guatemala; Acatinango; Sunil; Toliman; Isalco; Sacatecoluca, near Rio del Empa; San Vincente; Traapa; Besotlen; Cocivina, near the gulf of Conchagua; Viego, near the harbor of Rialexo; Momotombo; Talica, near St. Leon de Nicaragua; Granada; Bombacho; Papagallo; Barua, to the south of the gulf of Nicoya.

Volcano of Sotaro and Purace, a group of Popayan; Pasto; Rio Fragua.

Volcano of Cumbal, Chiles and Azufral, group of the province of los Pastos.

Group of Quito.—Volcano of Antisana; Rucupichincha; Cotopaxi; Tunguragua; Sangay.

Volcano of Arequipa (Peru).

Group of Chili.—Volcano of Copiapo; Coquimbo; Choapa, or Lisnari; Aconcagua; Santiago; Peteroa; Chillan; Tucapel; Callaqui; Chinal; Villa Rica; Votuco; Huaunaucua; Ojorno, opposite to the island of Chiloe; Huaiteca; San Clemente.

Antilles.—Volcano of San Vincent; St. Lucie; Guadaloupe.

It is not known whether there have latterly been any eruption of the volcanoes on the north-west coast.

The Orizaba is two thousand six hundred and fifty toises. The streams of lava, which are to be seen on the sides of the mountain, leave no doubt of its volcanic nature. We are not, however, acquainted with any eruptions in modern times.

The Popocatepetl emitted smoke even at the time of the conquest of Mexico. Cortes, in fact, relates, that he commissioned ten of his most courageous companions to ascend the summit of the mountain, to discover the secret of the smoke, which he wished to communicate to Charles V. This volcano still burns, but has ceased to emit lava from time immemorial. Its height, as estimated by Mr. Von Humboldt, is two thousand seven hundred toises. A toise is equal to a fathom, or six feet.

The volcano of Tuxtla lies to the south-east of Vera Cruz. Its last eruption, which was very considerable, took place in 1793. Showers of ashes were carried as far as Perote, which is fifty-seven leagues distant in a straight line.

Jorullo (or Xorullo).—The catastrophe to which this volcano of Jorullo owes its origin, says Mr. Von Humboldt, is one of the most remarkable in the physical history of our globe. Notwithstanding the constant communications between the two continents, this event has remained almost entirely unknown to the geologists of Europe. In the night of the 28th of September, 1759, on a spot thirty-six leagues from the coast, forty-two leagues from any volcano actually in combustion, there arose a tract, three or four square miles in extent, in the form of a bladder. In the centre of one thousand burning cones, six mountains rose rapidly to the height of two hundred to two hundred and fifty toises above the original level of the neighboring plains. The most elevated of them is two hundred and fifty-nine toises high; this is the volcano of Jorullo. Its eruptions continued, without interruption, till February, 1760. The subterraneous fire is now, however, much more active.

The volcano of Colima, the most westerly in new Spain, now emits only ashes and smoke. Its height is about fifteen hundred toises.

Mr. Von Humboldt has made the striking observations, that the peak of Orizaba, the Popocatepetl, the Colima, and other extinct volcanoes, are ranged on one line, as if they had arisen from one enormous rent, which is at right angles to the great chain that traverses Mexico, from north-west to south-west.

Among the volcanoes of Guatemala, of which the eruptions are the most recent, are: Los Fuegos of Guatemala, the Isalco, Momotombo, Talica, and Bombaco. These volcanoes, and the sixteen others mentioned above, are situated between 10° and 15° of north latitude, and placed in the general direction of the Cordilleras.

The connection of the volcano of Pasto with those of Quito was proved, in a very striking manner, in 1797. Since November, 1796, a thick column of smoke had issued from the volcano of Pasto; but to the astonishment of the inhabitants of the town of the same name, it suddenly vanished, on the 4th of February, 1797. It was precisely at this moment that the town of Riobamba, near Tunguragua, situated sixty-five leagues farther south, was destroyed by a dreadful earthquake.

The Antisana is two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five toises high. We are not acquainted with any later eruption of this volcano than that of 1590.

The latest eruption of the Rucupichincha occurred in the year 1660.

The Cotopaxi had an eruption in 1742, while the French academicians were engaged, in the vicinity, in measuring the degree of the meridian. The pillar of flames and combustibles rose five hundred toises above the summit of the mountain. The snow, which, in the course of the two centuries, had accumulated on the sides of the mountain to five hundred toises below the summit, melted in large masses, rushed impetuously into the plain, and formed waves from sixty to one hundred feet high. Mr. Bouguer estimated the rapidity of the waters at forty or fifty feet in a second, at the distance of three or four leagues from the volcano. Six hundred houses were swept away, and seven or eight hundred persons perished in the waters.

The eruptions of 1743 and 1744 have been still more destructive.

Bouguer and Condamine, on examining the still evident traces of the great eruption of 1553, the remembrance of which has been handed down among the inhabitants from generation to generation, found that the volcano, on that occasion, had thrown stones to the distance of more than three leagues, the cubic contents of which were from twelve to sixteen toises, and consequently, as Mr. Condamine expresses it, much larger than an Indian hut. There could be no doubt of the origin of these stones; they formed lines on all sides, the direction of which was towards the volcano. It does not appear that Vesuvius ever threw up stones higher than six hundred toises.

The Tanguragua had an eruption in 1641.

The Sangay has continued in a state of combustion ever since the year 1728.

The Chimborazo is not placed on the list, because we have no account of its eruptions, though nobody doubts its volcanic nature. The same is the case with Carguirazo. The inundation of mud which, in 1698, covered a tract of eighteen square miles in extent, was not properly the effect of a volcanic eruption. On the falling in of the Carguirazo, the waters concealed within it rushed impetuously into the plain, and caused the inundations mentioned by the American historians.

On certain maps of Chili, more volcanoes are laid down than I have enumerated in this list. I

have confined myself to those, the existence of which is the most certain; and I have to observe, that of the sixteen before mentioned volcanoes of this country, some are now perhaps extinct. The Peteroa had an eruption in 1762, the Villa Rica in 1640.

It excites surprise, on looking at the map of America, that no volcano is to be found, either between the 2° and 16° of south latitude, and the 17° and 27° of north latitude. If it were not for the volcano of Arequipa, the series of Guatemala and Nicaragua, the groups of Popayan and Los Pastos would be separated from the long series of Chili, by a space of 25° of latitude, without any volcano. Though there is only one volcano in Peru, there are few countries in the world where earthquakes are more frequent and more destructive. They often cause immense clefts, over which it is necessary to throw bridges, in order to restore communication between the different provinces. One of these clefts, caused by the earthquake which destroyed Lima in 1746, was one league in length, and one toise broad.

The volcano of the island of St. Vincent threw up lava in 1718 and 1812. The ashes of the last eruption were carried, by the superior current of the air, in a contrary direction to the Monsoon, as far as the island of Barbadoes, which is thirty leagues farther eastward.

At Saint Lucia sulphur continues to be formed by the condensation of the vapors which arise from the crater of the Oualibou, which is from two to three hundred toises high. Streams of hot water likewise issue from it.

The last eruption of the volcano of Guadaloupe, which has an elevation of about eight hundred toises, was in the year 1797. It then threw up pumice stones, ashes, and clouds, impregnated with sulphureous vapors.

I shall here conclude the account of the volcanoes of America, with the observation, that no volcanoes are met with either at Buenos Ayres, Brazil, in Guyana, on the coast of Venezuela, or, lastly, in the United States; that is, on no point of the eastern coast of this extensive continent. Even to the coast of the Andes, there are only three small volcanoes, lying near the sources of the Caqueta, the Napo, and the Marona, and which, probably, according to Mr. Von Humboldt, are only the lateral effects of the volcanoes of Popayan and Pasto.

VOLCANOES OF ASIA.

The Elbruz, - - - - - Persia.

The Tourfan, - - - - - Central region of Asia; $43^{\circ} 30'$ of lat., $87^{\circ} 11'$ of long.

The Bisch Balich, - - - - - Ditto, $46^{\circ} 0'$ lat., $76^{\circ} 11'$ long.

The Avatscha, - - - - - Kamtschatka.

Tolbatschik, - - - - - Ditto.

Three other volcanoes, more considerable than the preceding, in the same country.

Kurile Islands.—Nine volcanoes in combustion, near Kracheninnikov.

Aleutian Islands.—Four volcanoes, at Ouminga, Oonolashka, Omnak, Ourimak. The latter had a violent eruption in 1820.

Japanese Islands.—Ten volcanoes. There are three on the island of Nippon, which is the largest. According to Kamper, several of the Japanese volcanoes are subject to dreadful eruptions.

Loohoo Islands.—The sulphur island threw up a thick sulphureous vapor, as the Lyra, commanded by Captain Basil Hall, passed near it, on the 13th of September, 1816.

The Elbruz is mentioned by many travellers as a volcano still in a state of combustion; but this is rather doubtful, and, at all events, we have no authentic testimony of any eruption.

The mountains of Tourfan and of Bisch Balikh are represented as constantly emitting fire and smoke; this is affirmed in an article of the Japanese edition of the Chinese Encyclopedia, which Mr. Remusat has translated. It is said, that the Calmucks here gather the sal ammoniac, which they send to various countries in Asia.

The Avatscha had an eruption in 1779, during the time that Captain Clerke was in the harbor of St. Peter and St. Paul. In 1787, La Peyrouse and his companions saw flames and smoke uninterruptedly issuing from the summit of this mountain.

The Tolbatschik had an eruption in 1739.

A column of smoke constantly ascended from the summit of a third volcano, more considerable than the others, but the name of which Captain Clerke does not mention. Since the time of that navigator, two new volcanoes have broken out in Kamtschatka.

Several travellers have reckoned Adam's peak, in Ceylon, among the number of volcanoes; Dr. John Davy, however, who visited it in 1817, found no trace whatever of an ancient or recent eruption.

THE SOUTH SEAS.

The Philippine Islands.—Five volcanoes, in a state of combustion. Travellers have, hitherto, given but very uncertain accounts respecting the volcanoes of the Philippine islands. The one on

the island of Lucon is called Albay; the Taal lies to the south of Manila; the Fuego to the south of Lucon. There is also a volcano in Mindanao.

Borneo.—Geographers agree that there are volcanoes in Borneo, but they do not accurately determine either their situation or number.

Barren Island.—Barren Island has a volcano about six hundred toises high, which very frequently sends out an immense pillar of smoke, and red-hot stones, of the weight of three or four tons. It lies in latitude $12^{\circ} 15'$ and is fifteen leagues distant from the most easterly of the Andaman islands. The whole island is not above six leagues in circumference.

Sumatra.—Marsden lays down four volcanoes on his map of Sumatra; but as the interior of this island is but imperfectly known, there are, perhaps, some others.

Java.—The island of Java has a great many volcanoes which are ranged in rows, or straight lines. The following are their names, with the dates of their last eruption.

Salak, - - - - -	1761, eruption.
Tankuban, - - - - -	1804, sulphureous vapor.
Guntur, - - - - -	1807, eruption.
Gagak, - - - - -	—, partial combustion.
Chermai, - - - - -	1805, eruption.
Lawn, - - - - -	1806, sulphureous vapor.
Arjuna, - - - - -	—, constant column of smoke.
Dasar, - - - - -	1804, eruption.
Lamongan, - - - - -	1806, eruption.
Tashem, - - - - -	1796, eruption.
Klut, - - - - -	1785, eruption.

The Arjuna has an elevation of ten thousand six hundred and fourteen feet English; this mountain is, however, not the highest in the island.

The mountain of Papandayang was one of the chief volcanoes of the island, but it no longer exists; this mountain entirely vanished between the 11th and 12th of August, 1772, after the appearance of a great luminous cloud, and sunk into the earth. It has been calculated, that the tract of land, swallowed up in this manner, was fifteen miles long and six broad.

Sumbava.—The Tomboro of Sumbava had a violent eruption in the year 1815. The detonations were heard at Sumatra, very sensibly, in points which were three hundred leagues distant in a straight line.

Flores.—The volcano of this island was seen by Bligh.

Daumer.—Daumer has one volcano. On a small island, between Timor and Ceram, in the sixth degree of latitude, there is a volcano in a constant state of combustion. Dampierre saw it in 1699.

The Island of Banda.—The Goonoung Api of Banda had a dreadful eruption on the 11th of June, 1820, when it threw out red-hot masses of stones, as large as the habitations of the natives. Many of these stones were cast up to double the height of the mountain.

Molucca Islands.—On the island of Ternale there is a burning volcano. Tidore is the name of one of the Moluccas, and of its volcano.

Célèbes, according to geographers, contains several active volcanoes; they do not, however, particularize their position.

Sanguir.—Between Mindanao and Célèbes, there is one of the largest volcanoes in the world.

New Guinea.—In the year 1700, when Dampierre visited the coast of New Guinea, two volcanoes were burning on the island.

New Britain.—There are three volcanoes in the archipelago of New Britain. On the 29th of June, 1793, Entrecasteaux witnessed the eruption of one of them, which lies in $5^{\circ} 32'$ latitude, and in $145^{\circ} 44'$ east longitude. A stream of lava rushed towards the sea, and formed several cascades. Lemaire and Schouten had already previously seen the same volcano during an eruption.

Archipelago of Espiritu Santo.—The island of Amhrym, in this archipelago, called by Bougainville the Great Cyclades, and by Cook the New Hebrides, contains an active volcano.

The island of Tanna is likewise volcanic. In August, 1774, Cook was witness to an eruption which occurred there. The volcano threw up flames, ashes, and stones, of the size of the ship's long-boat. In April, 1793, Entrecasteaux and his companions saw a thick pillar of smoke on the summit of the mountain in this island.

Archipelago of the Marianas.—They reckon ten volcanoes in this archipelago, but I do not know whether they are all in the class of those still burning.

Sandwich Islands.—The Mouna Roa, in Owhyhee, seems to be a volcano; but it is doubtful whether this is the case with the Mountain Mowee, which Vancouver calls Mount Volcano.

Island of Amsterdam.—This island appeared all on fire, when it was seen by Entrecasteaux, in March, 1792. Some regarded this phenomenon merely as the effects of a fire; others concluded from it that the island contained a volcano.

Islands of the Marquis of Traversé.—These islands, which have been lately discovered by Russian

navigators, and lie between New Georgia and Sandwich Land, contain a burning volcano. There is also a volcano in a state of combustion on Sandwich Land.

GENERAL VIEW.

	NUMBER OF BURNING VOLCANOES		
	On Continents.	On Islands.	Total.
Europe, - - - - -	1	11	12
Africa, - - - - -	—	6	6
America - - - - -	58	3	61
Asia, - - - - -	8	24	32
South Seas, - - - - -	—	52	52
Total, - - - - -	67	96	163

In concluding this account, I will add the remark, that, with the exception of the two volcanoes in central Asia, the existence of which is, however, rather problematical, there is perhaps not one on the preceding list situated above fifty leagues from the sea. We might almost be tempted to conclude, from this singular fact, that the water acts an important part in volcanic eruptions.

Another phenomenon, equally deserving the attention of the observer, is the great distance at which the noise, that precedes or accompanies eruptions, may be heard. We have mentioned above, that the detonations of the Tomboro in Sumbava were heard at Sumatra, three hundred leagues distant, in a straight line. Mr. Von Humboldt, in his excellent work, relates a fact almost as surprising.

"The explosion which announced, on the 27th of April, 1812, the first eruption of the ashes of the volcano of Saint Vincent, did not appear to the inhabitants louder than the report of strong artillery. This explosion was, however, plainly heard on the Rio Apure, at the confluence of the Rio Nula, two hundred and ten leagues from the volcano, equal to the distance of Vesuvius from Paris. The report was so distinct that it was taken for the firing of artillery, and military preparations were made in many parts of the American continent."

THE MARINER PREACHER'S WISH.

BY C. M. F. DEEMS, CARLISLE, PA.

When I die, I wish you to take me to my own pure salt sea, and bury me; where I have bespoken the sea-weed for my winding-sheet, the coral for my coffin, and the sea-shell for my tomb-stone.—*Rev. E. T. Taylor.*

Bury me not where I shall be
A feast for the reptile's gluttony,
And the greedy worms in their revelry
My flesh consume;
For when the gem shall be taken away
To enrich the crown of a brighter day,
I do not wish the casket to lay
In the cold tomb.

When my eyes their vigils shall cease to keep,
And my heart is hushed in its last, long sleep,
Oh! carry me to the unfathomed deep
Of my loved sea;

Let my body lie in its hidden caves,
Beneath the dark pall of its briny waves,—
Where many a gentle mermaid laves,
Oh! bury me.

The sea-weed shall be my winding-sheet,
And the coral shall be a coffin in meet;
The beautiful shells shall my form secrete,
And the swelling surge
As it dashes proudly toward the shore,
With the solemn music of its roar,
On the wings of the whistling winds shall pour
My wild, sad dirge.

THE DEATH OF DA VINCI.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE morning sun was breaking brightly over the woods of Fontainebleau; the dew-drops were glittering on the pendant branches, as if each trembling bough were jewelled like the tiara of a monarch; and the matin-song of the little birds was sounding merrily in the greenwood; but brighter far, shone the eyes of the fair maidens of France, and sweeter sang the minstrels who were assembled in the glades of the forest. Francis, the "King of Gentlemen," was holding high festival at Fontainebleau, with the noblest and brightest of his court.

Certes, it was a noble and a stirring sight to view the gallant array of warriors and princes, of spearmen and arbalisters, with their banners and their pennons, waving and flashing their many-colored hues to the full blaze of the morning. All, of every degree, from the proud noble in his furred gown and golden chain, to the shouting peasant with his thrum cap and leathern jerkin, were thronging round their sovereign. Here rode the portly citizen on his sober-pacing steed;—there ambled the court maiden on her playful jennet, jingling the Milan bells of her hooded merlin in the ear of the citizen's horse, to the no small discomfiture of his rider. Here stood the veteran cavalier, stiff and straight as the old elm against which he leant, casting a wrathful eye upon the wayward caracolings of the lady's palfrey,—and there the bashful country damsel, half smiling, half pouting, at the plumed gallant, who, bending from his pawing Arabian, is whispering the newest romaunt of the troubadours in her ear. The beautiful, the brave, were gathering round their king.

Beneath a splendid canopy, erected in the court of the palace, stood Francis, his bright joyous eye glancing with pleasure on the gay scene around him,—not so much distinguished by the richness of his habit, as by the beauty of his person and graceful deportment, which so justly gained him the title of "*Le Roi des Gentil-hommes*." He was surrounded by those whose names rank high in the annals of chivalry,—Bonnivet, Fleurs, Bolange; and there stood Bayard the good knight "*Sans peur et sans reproche*."

But there is a sudden silence amongst the multitude,—the shouts of the peasants and the clangor of the trumpets are hushed,—the laughing maiden has stilled the bells of her falcon, and the gallant has turned his palfrey from the side of his blushing companion. And for what? To gaze on an aged man, whose feeble form is hardly supported in his saddle by the men-at-arms, who are leading his sure-paced mule through the throng. He descends, and his trembling steps are guided to where the youthful monarch is standing, encircled by chivalry and beauty. He bends his knee and bows his gray hairs before the throne; it is but for an instant; the hand of Francis has raised him from his suppliant posture, and he stands on the right hand of the king. There is no coronet upon his brow, the silver locks which wave around his temples are its only covering; there are neither chains nor jewels on his breast,—the flowing beard, white as the driven snow, which descends over his dark robe, is its only ornament;—yet every eye is turned upon him, peer and peasant are pressing forward to look upon that aged form,—the name of Da Vinci is whispered among the courtiers,—it is carried from mouth to mouth; the cry rises louder and louder, and the shout of "Live Francis! the patron of learning," is joined with "Honor to Da Vinci, *le sage chevalier*! Honor to the noble Italian! may his stay be long at the court he has at length visited!" It was indeed Da Vinci, the venerable Leonardo, who had left his ungrateful country, to visit the court of one who never failed to respect wisdom and virtue,—Da Vinci, the man who united the most wonderful talents with a pure and guileless heart,—the accomplished gentleman, the skilful knight, the mathematician, the poet, the artificer, the musician, and the *painter*. Such was the man who stood, like one of the patriarchs of old, stern and simple in his attire, amid the gay and glittering throng.

The scene is changed; it is no longer the busy splendid assemblage of warriors and courtiers without the walls of Fontainebleau,—it is the solemn stillness of the chamber of death! The dark fretted roof of one of the chambers of the palace spreads its carved work above, in lieu of the clear and cloudless canopy of heaven; and the faint glimmer of a single lamp falls on two figures, the sole inmates of the apartment. The one is Da Vinci; he is dying, but still glorious even in death, like the last bright flash of an expiring flame before it sinks in the socket. Leonardo has raised himself in his bed,—his face is pale, but his eye is still bright, his countenance still calm and serene! There is a slight quiver on his lips, as if he would have spoken,—it passes away, and his head drooping gently on his bosom, he sinks back in the arms of the person who kneels beside the couch. It is the monarch of France who supports the dying man, on whose bosom Da Vinci has breathed his last sigh.

Thus died the learned, the good Da Vinci, the wonder of his age,—of whom it might be justly said—"take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

G.

THE MAN WHO CARRIES CHICKENS HOME FROM MARKET.

NEVER trust a man who carries chickens home from market, provided he is a man of pretensions, living in a large house, and so on—a fashionable gentleman. It is very certain that he is an enemy to the march of intellect; for, observe, that he always carries the chickens by the legs with their heads down, keep them shaking their heads constantly, as if they were as wise as the Solomons of the present day generally, who are indebted to that external motion for their characters, rather than to any thing operating within. If a spark of life should by any accident be left in the chickens, they have no chance of expressing their sentiments upon matters and things in general, or of giving their opinion of the value of grain, which latter involves as much effort of mind as most of the conversation of other bipeds, who may not be carried home from the markets by their legs. The gentleman who carries chickens home from market, is generally in all other matters, very ostentatious, and fond of crowing over his neighbors: he likes very much to get upon a little fence, or any elevation, and chuckle to himself as he looks at his grain bags all filled; he is apt to be of dung-hill origin, and wants the real game blood.

It is a very different thing to carry one chicken—there is genius in that: still better is he who carries only the head of a chicken, which is intellectual or phrenological. The man who carries only one chicken is always modest, and lives in a small house; though he has the eccentricity of genius, is seldom a politician, or if he happens to be, never wishes to hold two offices at the same time. He carries that one chicken in his right hand, having nothing in his left, being for one side of a political question, and no other. The regular politician carries his pair of chickens in his right hand, and a piece of the animal called hog in his left, intimating that if the majority changes, he can save his bacon. There is a difficulty with regard to the person who carries home but one chicken, he is generally a melancholy Benedict, and that one is in all probability a hen, which would seem singular, if philosophers had not remarked that often one hen is more for a man at dinner than two chickens. There is poetry in carrying one chicken, even epic; the unity is preserved, the true spirit of poetry, a kind of self-communion.

It should be remarked here that it is by no means certain that a dead chicken does not think; there is generally upon its countenance a placidity of expression mingled with something of a smile, as if pleasant fancies dwelt in its thoughts; and it always has the wisdom to keep its mouth shut, which must be the result of some mental operation, unknown even to members of Congress. It must be admitted that chickens dead or alive cannot be religious beings, because they never have any law suits growing out of church quarrels; as we were saying, it is by no means certain, that a dead chicken does not think—living chickens frequently scratch their heads and wear an expression of doubt—doubt is wisdom and learning too. Observe that all distinguished men doubt; ask an eminent barrister, one who is always careful to carry his green bag through the streets, if black is not white? you will soon perceive by his doubt, together with the scratching of his head, that to doubt is to be great. This part of our subject we will dismiss for the present.

You may sometimes see a gentleman living in a house with a marble front, running up his steps with a pair of chickens in one hand, and a butter-kettle in the other, when he looks more like the boy sent with the articles than the gentleman of the house. There is virtue in consistency. We once saw a distinguished clergyman carrying his chickens and butter-kettle home. On the following Sunday, we saw him in the pulpit, and if our salvation had depended upon our close attention to what he was preaching about, we certainly should have been lost. Visions of chickens and butter-kettles would ever come in to disturb the effect of his most eloquent passages. Several times, when nearly the whole congregation were overwhelmed with grief at being despatched without mercy into the lowest depth of the infernal regions, we held fast to the chickens and butter-kettle, and were saved. We do not mean to be irreverent, but we certainly did doubt the sincerity of that clergyman; we certainly made an effort to believe that when carrying his chickens, he may have been contemplating the sublime truths of christianity. Observe the man carrying his chickens home, and you will perceive that he seems to be thinking of nothing but his chickens; he lifts them up occasionally, and eyes them with a wonderful expression of sagacity, looking as if he thought he had made a great bargain; the fowls are very fat, how nice they will be for dinner; he seems to be comparing his

condition with that of his neighbors around him, who do not happen to have any chickens. Now this world is ruled by appearances, and we must lose our respect for a man whose thoughts appear to us of such a character when they are contrasted with associations legitimate to his position in life. If a man can afford to live splendidly, he can afford to pay somebody for carrying his things home from market, and if he don't, he is a mean fellow. "Them's my sentiments." In our opinion, a man who lives in a large house, in a fashionable street, and carries chickens home from market, is radically wrong in his composition, some how. He at least wants equilibrium of character. His mind must be narrow—he must possess vanity in an inordinate degree. He lives in a large and fashionable house to gratify his vanity, envy, or jealousy of his neighbors, and mark, he always thinks that no one sees him carrying those chickens home. You are very apt to catch him in an alley, or if he walks with them bravely at noon, he wants taste. The picture of himself, which he desires to present to the world, is that of one living handsomely, fashionably, beautiful mirrors, chandeliers, house in ——— Street, and fills up the grouping with ——— a man carrying a pair of chickens, or a butter-kettle!

POLONIUS.

Philadelphia, 1839.

STANZAS.

'Tis wearisome to linger here, and find no kindred one
Life's pauseless pilgrimage to cheer, or mourn when we are gone;
That we must bow, like doomed things, to an unchosen lot—
To wake—toil—suffer,—dream and die—UNLOVED and be forgot!

And 'tis a dark, unwelcome thought, that, when we low are laid,—
When griefs' few "decent tears" are dried—earth's formal rites are said;
That still the world will move as gay and heedlessly along
As we in life were with them yet—a masquer 'mid the throng?

Oh, I have thought, were life but o'er,—Death's calm peace-angel came
To bear me heavenward, star by star, or to a dreamless tomb,—
Oh, I have thought I'd *gladly* go, could but the voice of FAME
Whisper to those I leave behind, *in after hours*, my name!

Yet why such dreams! for me, alas, they idle are and vain!
And "Hope's young star" will never smile to light my path again;
And I must bear, unshrinkingly, my destiny accurst—
And bind, as with an iron nerve, my heart to brave the worst.

There *was* a time—alas, how soon and dreamily that pass'd!—
When I had deemed there yet was ONE whose love unchanged would last;
Whose every word or kindly look is pictured on my brain,
As 'twere with sunlight penciled there,—a rainbow 'mid life's pain!

And when DESPAIR, with sullen storms, had shadowed o'er my path;
And SLANDER, with her venom'd breath, had stricken me in wrath;
Oh, I had hoped that thou would'st not that chill miasma heed,
Nor coldly turn from me away, in that my "hour of need!"

And even now I cannot feel that thou art all estranged,
For oft the heart is warm and true when most the brow is changed;
And when on thy calm face I gaze, with throbbing pulse and heart,
I think but of the friend thou wast, and heed not what thou art.

J. I. P.

Phila.

HENRY PULTENEY:
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A WANDERER.

[Concluded from page 290.]

BY WILLIAM LANDOR, PHILA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!

BIDDING adieu to Pontarvis, as the morning sun was mounting above the eastern waters, I set out for the town of Chephali in a small boat rowed by one of his attendants, and in the course of an hour reached the wharf of the village. I found that the ship in which I had secured my passage a day or two before, was preparing to weigh her anchor for the island of Rhodes, as a south-easterly breeze, which had risen with the day, was momentarily freshening into greater strength. I embarked on board of her, and the wind continuing favorable, reached the city of Chigi, on the southern part of the island, on the third day after. As we entered the fine harbor of that small but ancient port, we passed the island of St. Catherine to the north, and as we came into the quay, the distant outline of its hilly shore was just visible above the waves. This was the spot which had been originally mentioned to me as the residence of pirates, and which I had conjectured to be the retreat of Harford when I had supposed that he had sailed with my boy from the shores of Cyprus. That supposition had proved erroneous, but a variety of considerations taken together rendered it probable that when he embarked in the ship which I had seen him enter before the castle of prince Menitzen, the destination of his voyage had been to that small island. My inquiries among the crew of the vessel confirmed what I had heard of the occupancy of that place, and it was there that I was anxious to make my first investigations.

When we were yet some distance from the wharf of Chigi, I had observed a small boat put off from the island of St. Catherine, for the same point apparently which we were making. As we wore gradually up to the land, I noted its progress with no other curiosity than that which is always felt in tracing the conclusions of that which we have seen begun. When it came near enough to permit my distinguishing who were within it, I perceived that it contained but a single old man, whose dress and aspect denoted poverty and meanness of condition, but the vigorous strokes of whose oar indicated that his arm had lost little of its strength by that weight of years which was marked by the whiteness of his hair. He rowed his bark to a retired part of the shore, and fastening it there, walked up into one of the narrow lanes of the city. I had no doubt that he belonged to the free-booting party that infested that island.

When the vessel was brought to, I stepped upon the shore, and directed my steps towards the site of a lodging-house which had been recommended to me. The streets, as usual in the south and east of Europe, were extremely narrow, being little more than unpaved lanes running between low and small houses. As I was passing along one of them, my attention was arrested by an open window in a house which stood at the corner of an intersecting street, and struck by the scene displayed within, I involuntarily stayed my steps to observe its results. The old man whom I had just seen descend from the little boat which he rowed from the opposite island, was standing in the room, apparently deeply agitated by some feeling which he strove to master. Before him, stood a youthful girl, of singular fairness and sweetness of countenance, whose hand was folded within his own, and whom he regarded with an expression of infinite interest.

"Farewell, my daughter," said he, with a troubled voice, and I saw a tear standing in his eye as he spoke; "be happy—be good. I have given you gold enough to last till I return. I will come back soon, and bring you more."

"Why must you leave me, father?" said the girl. "We have enough money for our wants; if more be needed, I will work for it; only let me be with you. I was happier once, though we were poorer, than now; for you were always beside me."

"My child, poverty to the old is but a trifling evil, for to suffering and enjoyment they are alike nearly indifferent, and in the happiest condition the dregs of life are very bitter. But for the young and the beautiful to be poor, is the greatest calamity that can visit them, for their moral ruin is as certain as their physical suffering is keen. If I were to die before I have provided for your support, it were better that you were to die with me. But I hope ere long to acquire enough for this purpose, and to be enabled to return and live always with you."

"And till then, might I not accompany you, and share your toils?" asked the girl. "I could not hinder you, and I might give you some assistance."

"You little know what scenes you ask to view," said the old man, as he turned from her, and rapidly paced the little apartment. "Nay, nay; if I go, I must go alone; and it is well if I can encounter what awaits me even when I go unattended, and leave all kindness behind. But it matters little; what I have assumed, I will perform. Farewell! I may not linger. When we meet again, I hope that we shall dread no parting."

He pressed his daughter to his bosom as he spoke, and impressing a hurried kiss upon her cheek, turned from her, and left the house. He directed his steps towards the sea, and I followed him at a little distance. The conversation just noticed, revealed to me in a moment the character and situation of the boatman, and I saw that we might be naturally beneficial to one another. I overtook him as he was getting into his little boat.

"Are you going," said I, "to join the pirates on the island of St. Catherine?"

His keen eye glanced around at me as quick as light. "Who are you that questions an old man of his intentions and his movements?"

"One that would save him from a life that he must abhor, while he secures him a richer reward than ever that life even gains him. I have business with you, which you may not regret to have brought before you; but before I unfold it, I have one question to put to you. I do not ask from any wrongful motive, nor can the answer endanger your safety. Are you not a comrade of the pirates of St. Catherine?"

"I am."

"And if an honest conduct could bring you greater profit, would you not abandon those you now are leagued with?"

"Most gladly. Stranger! the compulsion of a necessity that knows no questioning has driven me to this employment; and may you never feel, as I have done, the want that conquers will. It is not *my* need that thus masters conscience, for I might die. But the penury of one dearer to me than life, makes the power that prostrates choice."

I then informed him of the purpose which had brought me to the island, and narrated briefly the circumstances which had led to it. I offered him a sum that would be sufficient to render him independent during life, if he would render me what assistance I should require in the search which I was then about to make for Harford in the island of St. Catherine's, and in any future difficulties in which I might be obliged to undergo. He accepted the proposal with ardor, and told me that a vessel had arrived from Cyprus the day before, at a port on the other side of St. Catherine's, and suggested the probability of its being the one of which I had made mention. I pointed out to him the necessity of my being disguised before venturing in a place where I might at any moment meet the eye of my malignant foe.

"There is a small island opposite St. Catherine's," said he, "on which I have a cabin; and there every arrangement of that kind can be made. Are you now ready to set out?"

"Wait one moment," said I. "I have told you what sum of money I should give you in requital of the service you are to afford me. It is possible neither of us may return from this enterprise, to give or to receive. Accept half that sum at once, and place it in the hands of your daughter before we leave the shore."

The glow of gratification which suffused his countenance, and the warmth with which he pressed my hand in silence, as I placed the money at his disposal, assured me that he was thenceforth knit to my service with cords of perdurable toughness.

He carried it immediately to his house, and when he returned, poured out the warmest expressions of gratitude and promises of fidelity. We then entered the boat, and he rowed off.

It was nearly dark when we reached the small island opposite to St. Catherine's, where the necessary changes in my apparel were to be made. As it was my intention to visit the dwellings of the pirates to see if Harford was among them, it was necessary that every precaution should be taken to insure preservation from detection. My guide led me into a small cabin on the beach, which was entirely deserted, and produced from a chest within it, a suit of clothes similar to those worn by himself, and several articles which showed that the practice of disguise was familiar to his own profession. When I had accoutred myself in these rough habiliments, and drawn on a huge wig which he brought out, and a still larger hat which of itself was capable of quite concealing my features, I surveyed myself in a broken bit of looking-glass which graced the apartment, and felt satisfied that not the most accustomed or most vigilant eye could detect the reality beneath so complete a disguise. Having finished these managements, I instructed my companion at large in the course which I wished him to pursue, and the plans which I proposed to accomplish. We then waited till the darkness had set in, before pushing off from our retreat.

The point at which the vessel in which I conjectured that Harford had arrived had anchored was about three or four miles to the south of where we were, on the island of St. Catherine; and there the largest assemblage of the men was to be looked for. The sturdy arm of my guide had brought me through more than half the distance, when a heavy mist gathered suddenly over the waters, and hid the view so entirely as to render it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution. After rowing for some time longer in silence, he rested on his oar, and my ear caught the sound of voices apparently on the shore not far before us.

"We are near the spot," said he, in a whisper; "be on your guard, and ready, for we shall land in a moment."

I soon distinguished a fire lighted upon the ground, which illuminated the dense mist for some distance around it; and I caught a glimpse of two or three figures standing and moving before it. The boat shot up through the banks of a narrow inlet or canal, and a voice from the shore hailed us with a call of "Who goes there?"

"An old comrade, Pietro, which is a good thing," said the boatman, who appeared to recognize the speaker; "and a new one to boot, which is a better thing. I have a recruit on board who I swear is worth a merchant's ransom."

At this moment, the boat touched the bank, and the guide motioned to me to get out and follow him.

"Where is the captain?" said the old man, whose name I had learned was Caspar.

"He is busy in the cabin," said the other, "and cannot see you at present. But bring your recruit here, and I'll swear him in."

"O! I have done that already," replied Caspar; "you might be sure that I would bring no man to this island till I had forever settled the substance of his acts by exhausting his conscience through a form of words. The lad is my own nephew, and is as good a rascal as the best of us. What is the captain about?"

"He is in the general room, and all the company are with him," said the other. "They are consulting with a stranger that arrived yesterday, and has something which he wishes the captain to undertake."

Caspar drew me aside, and whispered, "It is probably the man you are looking for. We will go in; but preserve a strict silence, and do not get separated from me."

He walked towards a rude cabin built of logs, but of large dimensions, and opening the door, motioned to me to keep behind him. The room which was disclosed to us, and which we entered, contained a long table, surrounded by a number of men, and covered with cutlasses and other deadly weapons. At the centre of the board, sat a tall and powerful man, of formidable stature and savage aspect, whom I supposed to be the chief of the party. In the front of him, on the table, lay an expanded chart, and directly opposite sat the man for whom I sought. With his eye fixed intently upon the person on the other side of the table, and tracing with his fingers a course upon the chart, he was speaking in his usual calm, cold, and emphatic manner. The rest of the company were leaning along the table and listening in silence to his remarks. Our entrance attracted the attention of but a single person; while none other seemed to be aware of the intrusion, the keen glance of Harford was shot towards the door, and he surveyed for a moment the figures that presented themselves. He seemed, however, to detect or to suspect nothing, for he returned undisturbed to the business before him, and pursued the statements he had been engaged in displaying. The only light which the apartment contained, proceeded from a tall lamp in the middle of the table, the top of which was surrounded by a metallic shade which threw down a brilliant lustre directly beneath it, but left the remote parts of the room almost in darkness.

I seated myself at the table among a group who were leaning forward and giving their attention to the speaker, and who afforded me an entire concealment from the observation of those above. Caspar walked to the upper end of the board and took a seat there. I listened for a few moments to the voice of Harford, who appeared to be pointing out something in relation to the coast of Greece which I did not understand; but I soon heard what concerned me more intimately. He had hitherto been speaking personally to the captain; he now addressed the company at large.

"Comrades!" said he, "I have your captain's permission to lay before you this offer. There sailed in the ship which to-day arrived at Chigi from Cyprus, or there will sail in the next ship that leaves that island for that city, an Englishman who is my inveterate enemy. His name is Pulteney. He is now either at Chephali, Chigi, or on the ocean between them. Whoever will seize him, but not kill him, and deliver him uninjured to lord Angstein on the coast of Cyprus, or to me, shall receive a thousand ducats."

Several of the pirates started to their feet at this announcement, and brandishing their cutlasses, swore the money should be quickly had. My eye was fastened upon the old man, in whose keeping my liberty and life were placed. He rose from his seat and approached Harford. "God!" thought I, "it is all over; he will betray me as surely as fate."

He came opposite to Harford, and looked keenly at him.

"And where will you be found by one who could claim this reward?" said he.

"At a month from this time in Paris; in a year after that in London."

"Inform me more particularly of your movements, and I will engage to bring that man to you," said the old man.

"Follow me, then," said Harford, "and I will give you my instructions."

So saying, he rose from the table, and walking towards the opposite part of the room, opened a door, through which Caspar and himself passed. I waited with some anxiety, for though strongly inclined to confide in the integrity of the man whom I had bound to myself both by past bounties and existing promises, and partially re-assured in my trust, by his language to Harford, yet I did not feel wholly certain that he might not be inclined to win by an easier method than I held before him a greater sum than I proposed to him. My doubt was not, however, suffered long to remain, for in a few minutes Caspar opened the door by which we had entered, which was opposite to the one by which he had gone out, and beckoned to me to come to him. We walked towards a retired part of the beach, and told me of the course by which Harford had explained to him that he was about to traverse Europe on his way to Paris.

"And when does he leave this island?" was my inquiry.

"To-morrow or next day, was his statement to me," replied Caspar; "but from some other remarks that fell from him, and from some preparations which I have seen for a voyage of more than ordinary length in a small boat that lies on the beach near the cottage which he occupies, I am inclined to think that he intends to leave here in the course of the night—probably not later than the dawn of to-morrow."

"Does Harford live alone in the cottage of which you speak?"

"Yes."

"At what hour will these men have all retired, and the place be quiet?"

"At one o'clock at the latest. Most of them will be asleep far earlier; some may be carousing till then, but not longer."

"Very well; at one o'clock come for me to the room where I was before; there I can easily escape detection. We will then visit Harford's room, and come armed. You understand me?"

"I do; and I will second your wishes. Your son, by the by, is with him, and was sleeping in the apartment in which we were."

I left him and returned to the room which I had left. It was now about ten o'clock, and several of the company had left the apartment, and others were preparing to retire for the night. Unconsidered and unobserved, I seated myself on a bench in a corner, and yielding to the reflections which the interest and importance of my position pressed upon me, waited for the hour at which I was to act. He for whom I had so anxiously sought, seemed now wholly within my power, and unless some entirely unexpected incident reversed the advantages which were in my hands, I should ere long deliver myself from a foe who had blighted my life for years, and recover the only object on earth to which my feelings were attached. I revolved in my mind the various scenes at which his presence and his power had displayed themselves to work my utter ruin; and as the events which, since our first meeting, had again and again recalled to me by fatal trial, how tremendously close our destinies were linked, rose before my recollections, I resolved more deeply and more earnestly that nothing should stay my hand or suspend my blow in the coming hour when the sword of vengeance should be placed within my grasp. The interest inspired by reflections like these left me scarcely conscious of the lapse of time; and upon consulting my watch, after the last occupants of the room had departed, though it did not seem to me that not more than an hour had elapsed, I found that it wanted but a few minutes to the time appointed for our undertaking.

Caspar was punctual to his engagement, and entered as my repeater sounded one. Cautiously and noiselessly, we bent our steps towards that part of the beach where the cottage occupied by Harford was situated. The mist which had previously lain upon the waters was wholly vanished, and the broad expanse of the ocean was glittering under the effulgence of the moon. The scene was profoundly quiet, and no sound or appearance of waking person could be discerned throughout the whole extent of the view. When we had traversed the shore for a short distance, we came to a bend in its direction, occasioned by a small bay of the sea which marked out a hollow space in the outline of the island. When we had passed this projecting point, and reached a spot where the circle of the coast beyond was fully visible, the guide suddenly stopped, and turning to me, exclaimed, "He is gone! the boat in which he was to sail for the city of Rhodes is no longer here."

"Are you sure that he has gone?" said I; "the boat may have been taken by some one else."

"After you left me," replied Caspar, "I visited him again, and he informed me that he was going to embark in a small craft which was fastened at this spot; and upon approaching it afterwards, unseen, I found that every necessary preparation for the voyage was made. He assured me, however, that he should not sail before nine o'clock in the morning; but it seems he intended to deceive even one whom he had trusted as much as he did me."

"Let us at least ascertain," said I, "that he is not within the cottage."

We approached the cabin or hut which Caspar stated to have been the residence of Harford; but it was entirely deserted and empty. To search any farther through the island, after the assurance thus obtained, seemed useless. As we were issuing from the cottage, a man, who had not before been visible, approached us.

Are you searching," said he, "for the Englishman who was occupying this building?"

"I am; where is he to be found?"

"Come hither," replied the other, "and I will show him to you."

With these words he led the way towards the beach which lay a little in advance of the spot where we stood. He raised his hand and pointed towards a small object that was visible in the offing of the sea, just darkening the horizon through the minutest distance. It was a little speck that would not have been seen at all, but for the broad, bright light thrown by the moon over the waters.

"Do you see yonder dusky point on the verge of the ocean?" said he.

"I do."

"It is the boat which contains the Englishman and his boy; by to-morrow's dawn they will enter the harbor of Rhodes."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Thou ominous and fearful man of crime,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth!
And no way can'st thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee face to face!
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquered spirit.
This is the latest glory of thy strength,
For ere the glass that now begins to run,
Finish the progress of his sandy hour,
Thou shalt be overthrown in dreadful death.
Shakespeare.

IN communicating to my attendant, information of the former places at which he should be found, during the ensuing weeks, so that knowledge of my capture might be conveyed to him, Harford had given a written statement of the cities through which he should pass on his way to Paris, and of the days and hours at which he should be at each. For once I had obtained the advantage of my opponent; for once our places were changed, and he was the unsuspecting journeyman and I the all-knowing follower. Throughout any period between that day and the termination of the year, I had it in my power to place myself beside him; and it only remained for me to select the moment at which vengeance should be consummated, in order to gain the result. As I looked forward into the future, and saw what ability was placed within my exercise, and pondered what arguments of revenge were mine, I felt nerved and determined for that conclusion of this long and anxious conflict which I was conscious was drawing near. I was resolved that since the power of ending this protracted difference was mine, there should be placed a speedy termination upon it, of one kind or a different. I resolved never to abandon the clue which was in my hands, till I reached that point at which effective action could be had.

On the following morning, the earliest rays of the sun were gilding the eastern waters when I stepped on the little bark in which we had come from Chigi, to be rowed by Caspar towards Rhodes. I had started at once in pursuit of Harford, had it not been that all the boats and vessels upon the island that it would otherwise have been possible for us to obtain, were absent at that time on various destinations. I took the first that arrived, and although the delay had been so great in the pursuit, I thought it not impossible that we might still reach the city in time to find the object of our search not yet departed from it. The ocean was profoundly calm, and when the powerful arm of my oarsman had brought our bark out of the islands that were closely clustered around that principal one on which we had been, the view which presented itself was singularly beautiful and grand. Before us lay the sea in all the unbroken vastness of its mighty breadth; on one hand was the city of Chigi built sloping along the side of a mountain that rose beyond and above it to a towering height, and just beginning to show, in the motion of a few objects about the quays, the return of that suspended life which the day was summoning into action; on the other side were a few points of land in the distance rising above the waters and reflecting from rock and tree the light which was rolling fuller and stronger every moment over the scene. Behind us, the path of the sun-rays was glittering like a floor of gold; or, where the wake of the boat troubled the stillness of the glassy plain, it might seem that the royal archer of the skies discharged a thousand gilded arrows that glanced and rebounded from the mirror of the waves. The unbreathing silence with which the mightiest changes were wrought by celestial influence, through every instant, in the frame of the heavens and the fashion of the sea, contrasted with the tumult attending every movement and act of man, to give something of sublimity to a spectacle otherwise familiar and frequent. A dream-like atmosphere of the thinnest mist hung over the ocean and the land, and the procession of the day seemed doubly stately and august through an air informed with so much of interest and impression. But the excellence of nature thus displayed had no attraction for my eye; and, earnestly bent upon a single object, I scarcely noticed the scene which was around me. Having lived for years in the uneasy safety of avoided danger, and overshadowed by the darkness of a peril which I might shun, but could

not pluck out, I was now determined to invoke the deep and entire energy of my being, and grapple with the power that so long had disturbed my days. Struggling with all the powers of my nature, to throw off the tyranny that had so much overmastered me, every thought and feeling of my heart and mind was earnestly absorbed in that single pursuit. I was resolved never to desist nor to relax my efforts, till either I had prevailed in the contest I had entered into, or was overwhelmed by the strength of my adversary. Wholly occupied by the interest of the enterprize which I had undertaken with so desperate a resolution, I passed over the water almost unconscious of the position in which I was, and indifferent to the incidents of the voyage. The unpausing arm of the old oarsman, who had plied his task in unbroken silence, brought us within view of the city of Rhodes, about the hour of noon. I directed him to land the boat on the edge or out-skirts of the city, to prevent the possibility of our encountering Harford before preparation was made. Gaining the shore, at a retired part, I took a room in a small inn that stood near the beach, intending to conceal myself there till the night; and in the meantime sent Caspar out to search for Harford in the city, and ascertain if he was still there, or had already departed. In the course of an hour, he returned with the intelligence that the object of our inquiry had embarked for Taranto, in the kingdom of Naples, on board a ship which had sailed for that port not long before our arrival. Enraged at the fate that had again permitted my foe to elude me so narrowly, and determined to follow up, with a devotion and pertinacity which should not be escaped, this man on whom all I could feel of fate was concentrated, I instantly despatched my attendant to engage, at any price, the fleetest vessel in the harbor, and have her prepared for the sea without a moment's unnecessary delay. By sailing in pursuit, without loss of time, I might reasonably expect to reach the coast of Italy as soon as the other ship, if not before it. A vessel was found suited to the purpose, and that very afternoon we put to sea.

A passage, brief in fact, but inexpressibly tedious to an anxiety and earnestness like mine, brought us to Taranto. On landing I learned, with some surprise and great disappointment, that the vessel which had preceded us had arrived the day before. After some inquiry, I succeeded in discovering the place where he had lodged, and was informed that he had set out on the road to Naples about three hours after. Without resting a moment, I immediately started in pursuit.

It was noon when we reached the foot of the Appenines; and at that point I learned that a person answering the description of Harford, had gone up the mountain about an hour before. The day had been extremely hot, and a dark cloud that was beginning to gather along the southern horizon, portended a severe storm. I turned to the old man who had followed me from Chigi, and whose capacity and devotion had been to me of rare advantage.

"I shall no longer," said I, "have occasion for your services. I feel persuaded that I shall meet my opponent upon this mountain this day, and when we meet we must meet alone."

I gave him the reward I had promised him, and dismissed him; and I then began the ascent. The road after a short distance divided into two passages, one of which passed by a steep elevation, directly over the back of the hill, and the other wound along the side by a more gradual though a longer inclination. The latter of these paths appeared to be the more frequented, and the more eligible, and I turned into it. Absorbed by a single consuming interest, I journeyed on inattentively, and had nearly reached the top of the ridge, when I was startled by a tremendous peal of thunder which made the very mountain tremble beneath my feet. Gazing upward from the abstraction into which my excited feelings and the consciousness how near I was to my deadly enemy, had plunged me, I beheld the heavens as dark almost as the midnight, and a cloud of menacing blackness hanging over the broad valley beneath. The roar of thunder, which I remembered had for some time been muttering, unnoticed by me, was rolling along the vale with unceasing echoes, and the lightning was leaping from point to point, with passionate fury. The rapid dartings of the red flame, as it shot and twisted towards a thousand quarters, resembled the maddened writhings of an arch-fiend grasped in the hand of the omnipotent, and struggling, with the wildest energy of hell, to spring from the bond that held him. A few large drops began to fall, and the prospect of a violent storm of rain which was held out, suggested the necessity of seeking some shelter from its vehemence. Just in advance of the spot where I was standing, a deep ravine, narrow but of a prodigious and dizzying depth, ran across the road. A bridge was thrown over it, and as I espied a kind of cavern accidentally formed beyond it, at the side of the road, by an accumulation of three or four rocks piled irregularly together, I ran over it and took shelter in that retreat. It was sufficiently covered to protect me wholly from wet.

After some time the rain ceased, and the thunder gradually died away along the remote parts of the vale, and I came out of my covert to pursue my way. My attention was arrested by the discovery of another narrow path which ran along a higher ridge of the mountain in the same direction with the road which I was pursuing. It crossed the ravine by a stone arch not broad enough to admit the passage of two persons abreast, and so slight and thin, apparently, as to furnish but a very insecure dependance. While I was looking up at this work with some curiosity, I suddenly beheld the figure of Harford emerging from among the bushes into the path at the opposite termination of the little bridge. He held in his arms the boy for whom I sought. The blood thrilled through my veins, and a spirit of the most desperate resolution entered my being. I swore that I would not leave that mountain until the vengeance and the restitution for which I was prepared to die was consummated.

Harford placed the boy upon the ground, and making some sign, or giving a direction which the distance prevented my hearing, the child stepped forward to cross the bridge. The ravine was bounded on both sides with a line of perpendicular rock, and at the bottom flowed a full and foaming stream of water. Agitated beyond the limits of control, at the imminent danger to which the boy would be exposed in passing alone over that chasm, I involuntarily raised my arm with an energetic gesture, and called out to Harford at the top of my voice.

"Villain!" cried I, "the child will inevitably fall! For God's sake, stop him!"

The boy proceeded, and my eye followed him with inexpressible anxiety as he tottered to the middle of the bridge and down the opposite part, till a projecting rock which shielded that part of the bridge from my sight, prevented my following him farther. Harford looked at me in silence for a moment, and then advanced to cross the chasm upon the same support. I raised the rifle which I carried with me, but ere I could range it with his person, he had reached that point at which the prominence of the rock, which I have spoken of, prevented my seeing him any longer. Quick as the lightning I had just been watching, I levelled my piece at the keystone of the arch upon which Harford still was. The bullet shattered it to fragments, and the separated stones of the bridge sank to the bottom of the chasm.

I sprang forward to get beyond the intervening rocks, and see the result of this event. Rapidly ascending the hill, and making my way through the shrubbery, I came near to the spot where the bridge had been. The spectacle which presented itself to my sight when the view was opened before me, was Harford hanging over the chasm, above which he supported himself by clinging with his hand to a large projecting root of a tree upon which he had caught apparently when he had fallen with the arch; and on the ground, a short distance off, the child, of whose escape I had been so doubtful. It was plain that Harford could not possibly long save himself from the roaring flood above which he was suspended. He called to the boy, who was not far from him, to approach him. Perceiving the fiendish purpose that he had, I cried to the child to stand off, and to run away from the precipice, and I stood motionless in an agony of solicitude as to the result. The child, more familiar or more afraid in respect to Harford than myself, stepped up towards the brink of the ravine, and looked over. I sank to the ground as one that had been felled by a blow from heaven, and uttered a cry of inarticulate anguish. Harford sprang upwards from the root to which he had clung, and grasped at the person of the boy who was leaning over the rock above him, and gazing down. Alarmed either by the depth of the descent, or the spring that was made towards him, the child drew back at that moment involuntarily, and the hand of Harford just grazed and missed him. The impetus with which the wretch had sprung up, threw him out to the centre of the chasm, and he sank down into the midst of the flood, and was overwhelmed for ever. I felt as if a mountain were rolled off from my heart.

I took the child in my arms, and ascending a little ridge of ground which displayed the whole western declivity of the mountain, I seated myself upon the earth. The cloud which had covered the sky was rising from the western horizon, and at that moment the sun passed below it, and shot his broad illuminating rays over the wide, glistening scene which was spread around and beneath me. The storm within my bosom, and along the hills, alike, were ended and over. An impression of safety and freeness was stamped upon the scene before me, and a feeling of peace and deliverance, long strange to the emotions of my heart, rose within me. I pressed my boy to my breast, and burst into tears. They were tears of thankfulness and joy.

L I N E S .

I see thee once again, my vale, 'neath evening's mellow light,
 With wild flowers on thy em'rald mead, and streamlets dancing bright,
 As thou wert when I saw thee last, to fancy's eye thou'rt now;
 The setting sunbeam's crimson glow is on thy mountain's brow;
 The floating radiance of the moon upon each glen and glade,
 While grove and knell and wildest rock are marked by spots of shade;
 Thy rolling river's fitful dash, thy torrent's music roar
 Come sweetly o'er my spell-bound ear as erst they did of yore,
 And with them comes the memory of childhood's sunny spring,
 When all was fair and lovely yet as wild swan's snowy wing!

G.

THE POET AND HIS POWER.

BY GEORGE L. CURRY, BOSTON.

And to the Poet is bequeathed a joy
The world can ne'er enbitter nor destroy ;
Which is his life—to which he fondly turns
When hope deferred and disappointment learns
His trusting heart the faithlessness of earth,
The imperfection of all mortal birth,
And banishing the treach'rous scenes below,
He slakes his thirst at that pure fountain's flow
Of thoughts immortal and of visions free,
That soar to what the spirit yet may see.

The brightness of that joy adored by him
Some sublunary cares, perchance, may dim,
And cloud awhile its cherished home the heart ;
But with their darkness, powerless they depart,
Leaving more beauty than they strove to pall,
When the free heart scorns their ignoble thrall.
Like summer storms that darken to defile
The light, the loveliness of nature's smile,
But charmed as 'twere by newer beauty's glow,
Which as they threaten still more glorious grow,
Until submission humbly they display,
In varied grandeur, as they pass away.

When the full, placid moon mid-course has run,
And waning, seems to mourn her goal near won ;
When, proving the power of his mystic charms,
Mortality lies locked in Morpheus' arms ;
When Silence reigns, and to her peaceful will,
Earth pays due reverence from the plain and hill,
And dewy Zephyrus, breathing fragrant sighs,
Woo'd to her bosom in mild slumber dies ;
'Tis then, O then ! the poet truly lives,
Responding to the joy which nature gives.
The wide, hushed world seems subject to his sway,
Emotions, passions waken into play,
His spirit from its clay exulting flies,
And all with nature sweetly harmonize.

Then, with his muse communion free he holds,
And to his mental sight that realm unfolds,
Whose sceptre fancy sways, whilst round her
beams

The dazzling glory of her pregnant dreams.
His soul, rife with the magic of the hour,
Expands in joy, with vivifying power,
Roams those bright regions opened to its flight,
And drinks from quenchless fountains of delight.
Visions of dim futurity he sees,
And, prophet-like, gives forth his high decrees ;
Visions beyond description's feeble scope,
Gilded with sunshine of eternal hope !

Let none condemn this heaven-uniting bond—
"All here is shadow, substance is beyond !"
Those frail creations are to him more dear
Than the most lasting the proud world can rear ;
They are with holiest aspirations fraught,
They rouse to being—they excite to thought ;

They come inspiring, in the loveliest cast,
Giving pure pleasure while their glories last ;
And when they've gone, the lovely, anxious soul
Is fondly longing for their sweet control.

Should not his muse be honored, ay ! adored,
When on his soul such joyful calm is poured ?
Is't strange he flees the world's false, heartless
throne,

And gives his heart's affections to his song—
When, in the gift, he gains more true reward
Than human beauty ever could afford ?
Who marvels that he turns from strife and care
To solitude ? He finds an Eden there.
Imagination there delights to play,
And gives attraction to each lonesome way ;
In what sequestered spot his musings start,
Some soothing spirit whispers to his heart,
Whose power his melancholy nature owns,
As mind and passion answer to the tones.

And to the bard a mighty power's bequeathed,
High inspiration as his strains have breathed :—
The bondman heard, indignant swelled his breast,
And dreams of freedom his awaking blest.
He slept no more, his lethargy was past,
No links could bind his soaring spirit fast ;
In manly pride he rose, and with disdain,
In one determined effort broke his chain.
The wearied pilgrim caught the thrilling strains,
And in his holy cause forgot his pains ;—
They soothed to heavenly rest the mute, sad heart
The world had broken with its guilt and art.
Thus is a privilege given him to control
The varied passions of the human soul.

Then, O what shame ! when genius, grovelling
low,

Leaves its high aim, nor heeds its spirit's woe,
Contented, with matchless ardor, but to win
The satisfaction of unholy sin.
And yet, amid the grievous wreck of worth,
Its former grandeur frequent springs to birth—
At times the heavenly flame gleams purely out,
And casts a dazzling brilliancy about ;
As coruscations on night's balmy breast
Shoot forth their glory and expire to rest.
Some noble mind—rich in perfection's speech—
Type of what human excellence may reach—
The heart its throne, its wide domain the soul—
That thrills with rapture as the accents roll—
Dims by sad error its eternal fame,
Falls from its throne, and glories in its shame.

Oh ! how the heart that bowed beneath its spell,
That beat responsive to its tuneful shell,
Doth exercise its passion of deep woe—
Weep, 'twas but human in its heavenly glow !

THE MIAMI VALLEY.

(Continued from page 189.)

BY A PIONEER OF OHIO.

CHAPTER VII.

THE town to which Thomas Girty was carried a prisoner is not known; but probably was either Chillicothe* or Pechaway, now a flourishing town, the orthography of which, like many other towns in the United States, has been changed, till it is now *Piqua*. The night they arrived at the town proved dark and tempestuous. The wind at times almost blew a hurricane, and the rain splattered against the roof of the cabin, and served to keep awake the two Indians who were stationed there to guard him, and who occasionally struck their prisoner a blow with a stick, in order to prevent him from sleeping; fearing, perhaps, he might become oblivious of his horrible situation for an hour or so; but their prisoner was not inclined to sleep under such circumstances. He watched his guard, and when they averted their eyes, which did not occur often, he eagerly gnawed the buffalo thong which bound his wrists; but he was compelled to give it up, for the skin was as hard as iron.

Girty did not despair, although the rope was lashed around his wrists till it sunk into the flesh; but, by continued exertions, it finally loosened, till he ascertained that his hand could be drawn through. His guards' eyes were wide open during the whole night, and his slightest motion attracted their attention; but his exertions were accomplished so noiselessly that they did not discover his scheme. It was now near morning, the period when Girty expected to be burned; there was no time, therefore, to be lost. He examined the room as well as the dim light of an expiring fire would permit, but could see no weapons which would answer to knock down the guards, or defend himself with. This scrutiny occupied so much time, that the gray light of morning began to render the things of the cabin faintly visible. He already heard the voices of some early risers talking near the door. One of the guards at length began to evince signs of drowsiness, by nodding his head, till it finally sunk on his breast, and he broke out into a deep sonorous snore; but the other—now that the responsibility rested solely on himself—kept his large eyes rolling around the room, and was alive to every little movement of the prisoner; but Girty's plans were formed, and he had left himself but a small time to put them into execution. The plans appeared desperate, which rendered it necessary that they should be commenced instant. No weapon was nigh, and Girty had recourse to his pugilistic powers; he suddenly withdrew his hands from the thongs which bound them, and ere the sentinel could get upon his feet, gave him a violent blow, which felled him to the floor, stunned and speechless. The noise awakened the snorer, who soon collected his scattered senses enough to know what their prisoner was about, but not soon enough to deter Girty from taking his rifle, with which he hurried out of the door. Two Indians stood within fifty yards of the cabin, perhaps conversing of the *feu de joie*, which they soon expected to witness, when the person of the intended victim was presented to their sight; they commenced a hot pursuit, and were not a little astonished at beholding their prisoner turn around, and advance upon them. They stopped and drew their tomahawks—for they were without rifles—but one of them rolled into the dirt with a shot from Girty's gun, who now threw it down as an useless incumbrance, and ran towards the Miami river, which was some miles from the town. The crack of the rifle aroused the rest of the Indians, who eagerly commenced the chase.

With all the tact of a woodsman, Girty tried to elude his pursuers; but, with provoking assiduity and tact equal to his own, they still kept him in sight. Girty reached the Miami river; for miles up and down the bank was lined with towering rocks, which jutted over the water, at least thirty feet above its surface. He ran down the river for half a mile, and at every step the rocks increased in height, while the water, swollen with the rains, rushed along its rocky bed, carrying huge logs upon its bosom, and splashing against the hidden rocks, till the water flew into the air, such was the force

*I have inadvertently written *Sandusky* in the sixth chapter.

of the current. The day was rainy and cold; Girty paused with dread upon the summit of the rocks which projected over the river, and recoiled as he looked down thirty feet upon the furious current below, but upon gazing around him, he beheld dangers which were still more threatening. The Indians were rushing up, and one fellow was already not more than fifty yards from him, and was trying to coax his wet gun to fire, which not accomplishing, and fearing to advance upon his formidable foe, he contented himself with the most vehement gestures imaginable, dancing, whooping, and brandishing his tomahawk. Girty looked up the river, but as far as he could see the same towering rocks lined the shore; he cast his eyes towards the distance from whence he came, but all chance of escape was debarred from that direction, for the Indians were now pressing upon him, and yelling with exultation, as is usual with them when confident of success. Girty saw there was no alternative but risking his life in the angry flood, and he deliberately buttoned up his hunting shirt, and cast himself down the steep. Contrary to his expectations he struck clear of rocks, and sank deep into the water; he silently and rapidly floated down the current. The savages stood upon the top of the rocks, but fortunately their guns being wet, they could not shoot, and none appearing willing to follow Girty's wonderful leap, they ran down the bank, and hurled large stones at him, which he evaded by diving. For miles the shore on either side was lined with these rocks, which rose perpendicularly from the water, and Girty was compelled to keep upon the surface of the water, a continual mark for the aim of the Indians, who followed him down the river, and kept up a constant yelling, which Girty returned with yells still more loud and defying.

After floating at least two miles, Girty at length discovered a fissure in the rocks on the side opposite to the Indians, who saw it at the same time, and the rocks being low on the side which they were on, they ran to the water's edge, and although the day was so disagreeable, still they were so eager for the capture of their prisoner, that many of them waded into the water and swam after him. The current at this place was extremely rapid, and stood directly for the side which the Indians were on; but with the most violent exertions, Girty at length gained the opposite side, and struck out for the fissure, with eight or ten Indians, all excellent swimmers, not more than twelve feet from him. It was now a trial at swimming, and each man exerted himself to the utmost, while the Indians upon the bank kept up a continual cry, stimulating their companions to renewed exertions. Girty—to put the best face upon the matter—yelled incessantly, but did not lose one inch of the race by looking around to ascertain what distance they were behind, as many persons would have done; but he swam directly for the narrow path, which he gained, ten feet ahead of the Indian swimmers. He mounted the rocks with the speed of a deer, and ere the Indians could gain the land, he was thirty feet up the rock. They sprang in hot pursuit, and although the best swimmers, they soon ascertained they were not the fleetest at a race. Girty still possessed a knife, which he had procured at the same time he snatched the Indian's rifle; with this he determined, should he be overtaken, to defend himself to the last. When he gained the top of the rock, he discovered he was on what is now termed the "Brush prairie." This is level, and mostly lowland, upon which the underwood is so thickly tangled as to render it extremely difficult to pass through, and in many places it is utterly impossible to progress without the aid of an axe. He ran for the thickest part, followed by the human blood-hounds in full cry, who now scattered and took different directions, so as to head him, should they prove the most expert of foot. Girty continued his course for the most tangled part of the thicket, followed closely by only two of the Indians. The ground was wet, and in many places pools of water had collected, many of which were knee-deep, and served as a barrier to his speed; in one of these pools Girty slipped, and fell upon his hands and knees—his speed was retarded but one second, yet that second gave the nearest of the Indians an advantage which brought him within a few feet of the fugitive. Elated with success, he set up a long and shrill yell. Girty looked around for the first time, and seeing the fellow was alone, he suddenly threw himself down. The Indian, whose thoughts were solely bent upon success, fell over Girty, who jumped astride his foe, as he was getting up, and struck his knife in his side to the handle. The Indian sunk upon the ground; springing over him, Girty continued his course, followed by the other Indian, whooping and yelling. The race had now been kept up for several hours, during which time Girty had been running at the top of his speed; and now seeing no person near, having distanced his remaining pursuer, he crawled into a dense thicket, and sank upon the earth, almost dead with fatigue. Here he lay an hour, while the rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning flashed over his head continually. After he had become rested, he crawled from the bushes, and took a direct course for our camp.

Girty had been absent two days; when we parted, I had a presentiment that all would not end well, and when my friend did not return the same evening, I could not overcome a gloominess which took hold of me. I had left him in the heart of the Indian hunting ground, and starting for the very spot where he would be certain of meeting a herd of lurking savages, who would inevitably shoot him down as he passed, and I almost blamed myself for being his murderer. I could not sleep that night, but lay upon my back listening to the shrill cry of the wolves, and the rain splashing against the roof of the camp, till about day-light, when I arose, built a fire, cleaned out my gun, and cast some bullets. When the light rendered things visible enough in the woods to travel, I started for the deer lick, taking three persons with me, with a determination to ascertain what had become of our comrade, if I had to penetrate the Indian villages. About noon we descried Girty about one

mile up the river; he was coming towards us as fast as he could run; he leaped the largest logs as if they had been the smallest saplings, and bounded over the tallest bushes with an agility which astonished us; but the celerity with which he cleared the logs and bushes was soon made manifest by our discovering a body of Indians not more than fifty yards behind him, who were evidently in pursuit. We slipped behind trees, and with our fingers upon the triggers of our guns, waited for the advance of the Indians. Girty soon came in sight, and from his manner of running we could not help observing that he was almost run down; he held a knife firmly in his hand, ready for an emergency; the blade glittered in the sun, as he threw up his arms to jump the logs. As soon as he came opposite to where I stood, by repeating our signal cry, he beheld us, but continuing his course, as if nothing of the kind had happened, he only exclaimed, "Shoot them as they pass, and I will join you soon," and continued his course down the river. The Indians soon came up, apparently as much exhausted as Girty. There were eight of the party; three of them were some feet ahead, and close together, and the other five were scattered. We fired at the three who were in advance, and killed one and broke the leg of another; the rest retreated precipitately to the limbs of a fallen tree, where they took up their quarters, and yelled their war song, while we still remained behind our trees and loaded our guns. Girty soon joined us, and one young man, who was a green woodsman, offered him his gun, which he accepted. Girty was just in the humor for fighting; he was stung to the soul with the idea of being chased and beaten, as he said, "by the d—d savages," and swore he would kill every one of them before he left the ground; this threat, extravagant as it was, he almost fulfilled.

We now advanced upon the concealed foe, observing to keep a tree between us and the Indians, till we were within twenty-five yards of the brush in which they were hid, when we began to pour in our fire, although we could not see one Indian; yet the brush occupied so small a space that occasionally a ball might hit. The Indians returned our fire, which did no other damage than tearing away the bark of the trees behind which we were hid. Occasionally an Indian would raise himself above the brush to fire, and it was then that Girty proved his superiority over all the rest; three Indians fell in this way, and one was killed by our random shots in the brush; therefore but two were left, who yelled to the extent of their voices in order to deceive us, and impress us with the idea of greater numbers; we were not to be deceived with this old artifice, but kept up a constant firing, which grew too hot for them, and they, finally, after firing a farewell shot, left their guns and decamped as fast as they came. We all fired as they ran; and one of them, after limping a few hundred feet, fell, while the other was now in his turn chased by Girty, who overtook him after running three miles, and succeeded in taking his scalp, which the poor fellow fought for manfully. Thus not one of the eight who started in pursuit of Girty returned to tell of the fate of their companions, and all but two were slain by the one whom they were pursuing. We took the eight scalps and returned to camp, where we found some of our party rigging out for a fight, and expecting to start in search of us the next morning. The rest of the evening was consumed in listening to Girty's tale of his captivity and escape.

The next morning we packed our traps, and started for Cincinnati, where we arrived in due time, and sold our peltry. Here Girty and I remained some months, but finally time grew heavy on our hands, and we began to talk of the woods. To those who have been raised in a city, and who continually pass their days amid its noise and bustle, the wilderness is gloomy enough; the stillness which reigns around them, interrupted but by the wild cries of its native animals, or by the passing of the storm, soon becomes almost insupportable, and they yearn for the continued noise of a city; but to those who have trod hundreds of miles with no company but one's dog, and the greater part of the time walking with the stealthiness of a wild cat, and when one dare not even enjoy the sound of their own voice, still the wilderness possesses charms, which none but those raised in it can really enjoy. One's ears—as when in a city—are not continually filled with a chaos of sounds, which soon destroy the delicacy of the auditory nerves, and render one unfit for a hunter. I think I have repeatedly noticed the difference in the delicacy of hearing, of one raised in the woods and one raised in a city. The former, by continual exercise of those organs, renders them extremely delicate, while the latter, who seldom or never finds occasion for attentive listening, will be unable to distinguish distant sounds, which would apprise the woodsman of approaching danger soon enough to escape from it, or be prepared for it. This same rule will hold good with all the external senses. But a short time had passed away when Thomas Girty and I ceased to look upon our adventures among the Indians in any other light than that of a humorous tale, which caused considerable merriment when we recounted them to our companions, and despite all the warnings we had had of the dangers of hunting alone, still we determined to brave them all, for the pleasure of roaming the woods. We procured new rifles, each a new tomahawk, and a large knife which has been lately re-invented and termed a "Bowie knife." With these, and plenty of ammunition, we determined to venture again towards the Miami and Mad rivers, and revisit the spots where we had fought, and perhaps where we were to fight again; but lest this chapter should grow tiresome on account of its length, I will close it, hoping the next may prove more interesting.

J. M. S.

FOOLS—AN ESSAY.

BY J. JONES, BALTIMORE

Of all the fools extant, those of *commission* are the worst. A man may be pardoned for being a fool for want of sense; but he who would cram his nutshell of brains into every body's head, and insist that his arguments and deductions are infallible, and anathematize those who will not agree with him, is an inexcusable fool. Of the latter denomination may be classed the abolitionist, and the green, lank-sided, white-livered, practical advocate of total abstinence. Slavery and intemperance are evils undoubtedly—and so are untimely frosts and siroccos. A person can put on fur against the cold, and run his nose in the sand to escape the other: so can he keep his money in his pocket to avoid owning a slave, and close his teeth against brandy. Thus his conscientious duty is performed, and as a free agent, responsible only for his own acts, he might consider his future good *done* for, and be satisfied the rest of his carnal life. But he is not content with this, because he is a fool. He swears all the Americans will be damned, because our forefathers entailed the evil of slavery on us, (how many fanatics would refuse this evil entail?) and that Washington was the greatest sinner of all. He contends that it is the imperious duty of a christian to reform all the evils he finds in the world, and that all are culpable who neglect to exert themselves in its accomplishment. And there are thousands of fools at this day entertaining these pernicious sentiments. It was a similar infatuation that induced a Cameron and a pack of like crazy fellows to march with scythes, and mow down all who differed with them in opinion—and this they called *weeding* the garden of the Lord. Others used pitchforks, and this was denominated *harpooning the devil*. It was this species of fanaticism which crushed the bones of thousands on the rack, and roasted hundreds at the stake; the same hallucination that impelled hundreds of thousands to pour out their blood on the hot sands of the holy land. Had these fools the majority, (which, happily, can never be the case in this advanced stage of civilization,) the minority would have to recant, or they, too, would soon be mowed down, spitted, and roasted.

These champions of sweeping emendation seem not to be aware that *all* mankind are descended from Adam, and that the sin engrafted in our natures under the old apple tree is disseminated over all the world, and that evil exists through all time, universal and indestructible. Let every man steer his *own* course safely into port, and his duty is done. But if he cruises, Don Quixotte-like, hither and thither, sinking this craft because the rigging don't please him, and running under the lee of that when on fire and the magazine exploding, he stands but a poor chance of ever reaching the harbor of felicity himself.

Mortal man cannot set the universe to rights. It was the design of the Great Author that sin should exist: the trials and temptations we encounter daily were intended as ordeals to test the quality of our hearts. Were evil extinct, we would have too easy a time of it—we would be in heaven already, without the penitence and trouble of getting thither. Therefore, all fanatics are fools to think they may evade the dread ordeal and discover a *near cut* to paradise. They may preach, rant, and even die, to convince us, but it all does no good—for the blessed Savior was the only being whose pains and death could save the sinful world.

An abolitionist cannot be made to see any crime but slavery—and no good in his power but that of eradicating it. The destitute, blind, and abandoned, may in vain howl their expiring cries in his ears as he passes to his secret conclave; but the overgrown gambler in the stocks may elicit his smile and courteous recognition. Why does he not clothe the naked Indian on the upper Missouri? Why not war against the Emperor of Russia—liberate the Poles—seize the Grand Turk by the beard, and kick all the hussies out of his harem?

Temperance is a good thing, and so is honey, if you don't take too much of it. The one is conducive to health, if you are not fool enough to abstain to starvation: and the other in moderate quantities is pleasant to the palate, but, taken too freely, will gripe you like fury. Of this, let every man be his own judge.

But most temperance men are fanatics: they live on fish, whey, and cold water! They are blue under the eyes, with pale, fallen chops, and nothing but a gristle on the ribs. Yet they make money, lecture every other night, and think every one but themselves is miserable and in error. They will not hear of the wine the old patriarchs drank, nor the good, physicians say, results from it

They regard a man who sells spirits as a murderer, and cut the acquaintance of every one seen coming out of a bar-room. They will not deal with those not belonging to their society, and expend all their charitable coppers in the missionary cause—for nothing less than the reformation of a globe will content them. They oppose war and transportation of the mail on Sunday. They argue that every vender of liquors is accountable for all the souls lost by his grog, and yet, if they are farmers, their own grain is brought to market and sold at the highest possible price, and finds its way to the distillery. The accountability only rests on the maker and retailer; the grower and drinker are exculpated. Every one who fights in battle is a murderer, and yet these same fools, if they have saltpetre or iron mines, will dig out the very bowels of the earth to make money. But they insist that the crime is exclusively on those who *directly* apply the evil, and not those who produce or swallow it. Fools! It almost subverts one's philosophical temperament to contemplate their fallacious doctrines. They will not see that the world is brim full of sin, and that it is only man's duty to avoid, and not to annihilate it. As well might they hope to empty the sea with a tin cup, as to undo, in their short lives, all the bad things which have been *doing* these six or eight thousand years.

No man is answerable but for himself. If he makes poison and another drinks it, let the fool suffer for his folly. If an artizan fashions a sword and sells it to a disappointed author, who runs it through his own kidney, who commits suicide, the artizan, or the fool? If the artizan and poison distiller refuse the loafer the means of destruction, and he goes out among the hills of Nature and butts his brains out against the first stone he finds, who would have the impudence to blame the Creator?

INTRODUCTION TO A LADY'S ALBUM.

O thou, the Tenth, the modern muse, the muse of Albums, say
 What off'rings on thy shrine will buy thy favor for my lay!
 At my enchantress' high command, to thy controlling fate,
 These leaves, (alas, not Sybilline!) 'tis mine to consecrate!
 And yet a spell more strong than thine my spirit here would breathe,
 As upon unpractised hand I strive Parnassian flow'rs to wreath.

Now to my task!—with charm of pow'r from TRUTH's majestic dome,
 By WISDOM framed, by VIRTUE proved, in that, their sacred home,
 I bid thee, muse, these pages guard from FLATT'RY's glowing strain,
 Whose tones fall soft on BEAUTY's ear; but ah, a fatal train
 Of faults the traitor, VANITY, admits to woman's heart
 When REASON sinks in slumber, 'neath FLATT'RY's magic art!

And let not FOLLY's hand, O muse, profane these leaves of thine,
 Let sparkling WIT, with golden shaft, repel him from each line!
 Let WISDOM's eloquence be here, and VIRTUE's winning lay,
 And woo thy sisters Nine, where sad by Helicon they stray,
 To smile upon these pages pure—in gentle tones declare
 The vot'ress who presents them, APOLLO's chosen fair!

My task is done! Uncouth, alas, the lay
 Which at thy bidding flows, O maiden fair!
 Trembling I offer it!—Ah, did I dare
 To ask a guerdon!—But my heart, a prey
 To doubts and fears, forbids my lips to name
 The precious boon:—I from thy presence roam,
 And to the daughter of the ocean foam
 My supplications urge; and pray'rs I frame,
 That he, whose golden shaft I bear in vain,
 May teach thee, nymph, to know LOVE's heart-consuming pain!

“A. B.”

GRAY HAIRS.

A SKETCH.

BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

ONE glorious spring morning, the peerless Horace Danvers was seated in a comfortable *fauteuil*, having just despatched a most unexceptionable *déjeuner*, which had contributed in no small degree to the equanimity of a temper too often prone to manifest sundry bellicose inclinations, but which was now reduced to a state of unruffled calmness; probably subdued by the nice exactness with which Gaspard had buttered his toast, and boiled his egg. So much is our moral peace affected by our physical comfort! I have known many a man whose mental happiness (at least for a day) has been totally annihilated by a deficiency of ingredients in the composition of some newly invented sauce with a tongue-excruciating appellative, or the non-arrival of a cherished *ragout*; not meaning to insinuate that Horace Danvers bore the most distant resemblance to that gross and sensual thing called gourmand! far was I from making so vile an accusation. No, no, Horace was only a fastidious amateur of delicacies, and among others an egg claimed an especial share in his affections. We all know that a great deal of art is required in the preparation of this exquisite *morceau*, and Gaspard had that morning (as I have before observed,) succeeded *à merveille*. Now Horace Danvers was dashing, agreeable, and handsome, could talk sentiment by the hour, and possessed elegance of form which was the envy of half the youth in town, who, ambitious of attaining an equal degree of excellence, seemed to forget that this faultless symmetry was the result of the indefatigable exertions of the most *recherché* of tailors.

O, what do we not owe to ye, knights of the shears! What would be the most exquisite of *élégans* without your aid! What the countless multitude of masculine bipeds who hourly throng the *paré*, exulting in the Apollonian width of their shoulders, without the assistance of your mighty incisive engine! Potent enchanters that ye are, ye can raise us to the very acme of felicity, or plunge us into the depths of despair. 'Tis yours to acerbate the most amiable of tempers, to unhinge the best regulated of minds. But to return to Danvers, who, though possessing the before mentioned agreeable qualities, was not perfect, for alas! he was vain. Now a certain quantum of vanity is necessary to our well being, but Horace was blessed with a larger portion than is usually allotted to every day mortals, for you could not have convinced him by the most subtle reasoning that he was not one of the most fascinating specimens of the human race then extant. Danvers was singular, and moreover single, being of so refined and fastidious a taste, that he had never yet discovered the being whom he could think worthy of a place in his affections—no personification of a Hebe, the delight of every eye, the theme of every tongue, no exquisite compound of beauty, refinement, intellect, and all those thousand nameless elegancies absolutely indispensable in the lady whom he could allow himself to introduce to the world as his wife. Not being able to find perfection, he resolved to remain a bachelor, until fortune should kindly compassionate him, and throw in his way one worthy of bearing the exalted title of Mrs. Horace Danvers; so he dashed into society, proof against the black, blue, and gray *coups d'œil* which were continually scintillating round him with a vain hope of softening the most obdurate of his sex. People wondered, as they are apt to, why Danvers did not marry, and many an anxious mother fondly deceived herself, by mistaking the polite attention shown to her daughter for a warmer feeling, and long and vainly waited for proposals that alas never were made. At length Danvers became tired of society, of mothers, daughters, fathers and sons, and began to be annoyed by that inquiet restless feeling, to which all bachelors are said to be subject—manœuvring mammas, forward, insufferably conceited daughters, who unfortunately fail where most they wish to succeed, quondam merchant papas, round whose portly forms still hangs the aroma of spices and coffee, and shallow minded sons, whose ideas range not beyond the senseless twaddle to be heard at *café*, race, or ball, and whose ambition is bounded by the possession of a neat turn out.

We are never willing to acknowledge in ourselves those disagreeable qualities (not to call them vices) which we so readily condemn in others, and Horace became disgusted by that very selfishness and vanity of which himself possessed no inconsiderable portion, and would have come to the

determination of turning misanthrope had not mature reflection taught him how unpleasant it would be, to be at war with his fellow creatures. Think, ye gods! of a misanthropical bachelor! The very essence of exquisite selfishness! A being who knows no pleasure save that of being miserable, (a not irreconcilable paradox) who fancies himself the recipient of all the thousand "ills that flesh is heir to." A creature alone in the world, who laments, bewails, and denounces the very evils to which he chooses to subject himself. But Danvers looked into the mirror, and could not help thinking how very badly such a character would accord with his luxuriant *moustache* and waving ear-locks. No, no, he would be neither misanthrope or bachelor, but where to find the future Mrs. Danvers, this diamond of the first water, in what rich mine to seek for this *ne plus ultra* of gems, for with no other would he ever unite himself; being strong in the assurance that did such a being exist, she would be but too happy to accept that honorable distinction. *Entre nous* gentle reader; when Horace next looked into the glass, he discovered a *gray hair*! Alas! what a pang did that little silver messenger of time cause him! It whispered one of the many unpleasant things of which we poor, vain, weak mortals are obliged to acknowledge the truth, and which, coming home to us like a moral at the end of a tale, gives rise to a thousand sad reflections, causing one to take a retrospective glance over one's shoulder, and if one has any conscience, making one feel not too well pleased with one's "thick coming" recollections.

But Danvers saw not so much to dread in the past as the future. What! was that faultless form, at whose reflection he was wont so fondly to gaze; ever to become bent with age? Were palsied limbs and "eyes purging thick amber gum," to be his portion? No, no, his should never be the fate of every plebeian who chances to live long enough; he surely was exempt from such a fate; and he angrily abstracted the obtrusive little monitor from among its raven companions. That very afternoon saw Horace Danvers, disgusted with the world in general, and himself in particular, (for when we are at war with one the other is sure to fall under our displeasure,) driving rapidly towards the pretty village of B——, determined to try what effect the country air would have on his irritated feelings. But the nauseous effluvia that assailed his olfactory nerves in the outskirts of the town, the endless sight of squalid wretchedness, the filthy, ragged, neglected children, whose only enjoyment seemed to consist in shrieking their misery into happier ears; dogs, dirt, dye-yards, factories, and stagnant ponds, only served to add another drop of acid to the lemon of his temper, which resulted in a no very guarded application of the lash to the sides of his high spirited steed, who flew like the wind, surrounding himself and his unfortunate driver with a perfect halo of dust.

On they went, and after having passed through a double file of picturesque (that is to say tumble down) cottages, whose frail damp-stained walls and crazy doors and windows, covered with insect-engendering vines, kindle the imagination of the artist, and freeze the bodies of their unhappy inmates, turned down a broad green lane, charmingly shaded by graceless poplars, whose trunks bore evident traces of a recent visit from the white-wash brush! Horace tossed some money to the rosy boy who opened the gate, and drove up the long carriage sweep strewn with fragrant magnolia leaves, whose delightful odor amply compensated for the detestable perfume he was previously obliged to endure. In another moment he alighted at the door of his aunt's *maison de campagne*; and after this long digression we will return to the breakfast table, at which we found him seated, looking out on the lovely landscape, over whose bright green undulating hills the broad shadows of the clouds swept in quick succession, while the morning air, fragrant with the breath of his aunt's gorgeous *parterres*, came fresh and healthful through the open windows. There could not be a greater contrast than that of the emotion he then experienced, and his irritated feelings of the previous day; but as we have before remarked, a good breakfast is an admirable sedative. Gentle reader, did you never feel a strange, unaccountable calmness steal over you—a perfect child-like happiness, a very rejoicing in your existence, a momentary lifting up of the soul as it were, causing a voluntary and thankful acknowledgment of the endless blessings we are permitted to enjoy, when all nature seems to have donned a holiday suit, and the countless myriads of bright insects that people the air seem, like yourself, to rejoice in their existence, and sport merrily in the glowing sunshine, drinking in new life from his beams?

Now much as Horace's thoughts were, as I have said, occupied by himself, he would sometimes allow them to wander towards external objects, and was not always insensible to the endless beauties of nature; so there he gazed and gazed, completely absorbed in the lovely picture of sun, and cloud, and wood, and water, that lay before him, until his aunt, who sat near him, busy with the mysteries of the needle, now raised her head, wondering at his long silence, and observed, "Why, Horace, you seem to like the prospect from that window."

"Like it, dear aunt!" sighed he, as if regretting the pleasant dreams she had broken, "ah, if you lived in the eternal bustle, heat, and confusion of a city, you would learn to appreciate this exquisite freshness and repose as I do; oppose to a barrier of glaring red bricks, these hills of living emerald—to a close poisoned atmosphere, this pure and fragrant air—to harsh discordant cries, the gushing melody of birds, at this hour so calm, so soothing, so"—

"Go on, go on, Horace," laughed his aunt, "excellent, admirable, very pretty, indeed; I see you have not yet forgotten the style *à la Danvers*, but *sans* jesting nephew, do you really admire Rose Hill?"

"Candidly, and truly then, I think it a most lovely spot, and would willingly spend the season"—

"A week, a week, Horace, not beyond that. If this were woodcock season, and you had your gun, then perhaps—but bless me," continued the excellent lady, whose eyes, unhappily for her nephew, had lost none of their youthful quickness of perception, "bless me, my dear Horace, are you aware that you are getting *gray*?"

With a rapidity of action terribly inconsistent with his habitual *repose* of manner, (that is, we believe, the word now used to express the fashionable condemnation of all natural emotion, and without which no man is supposed to be initiated in *les bienséances* of society,) he hurriedly passed his hand through his hair, in order to conceal effectually the delinquents which had lain *perdu* to rise and blast him, and muttering something about the effect of light, removed to a more distant lounge.

"No, indeed, Horace, it is not the effect of light," continued his aunt with commendable perseverance, "no, indeed, do not flatter yourself so much as to suppose so. I observed it when you were here before, and remember remarking something about it to your mother at the time. It is astonishing when once they make their unwelcome appearance, how very rapidly they"—

"Oh, aunt," interrupted Horace, who seemed suddenly to have taken an extraordinary degree of interest in a little pencil sketch that lay upon the table, "who may this have been done by? no common pencil, a bold, free touch, quite masterly!"

"O, that is the work of a little friend of mine, who occasionally spends an hour or two with me; but that has nothing to do with your silver-tinged locks, nephew mine; do you know I am quite concerned about them; let me see, next August, either the second or first, will be your birth-day, which will make you just!"

"But your little friend," quickly interrupted her unceremonious nephew, "do tell me of her, I should like to know her; is she fair, or dark, tall or short, fat or thin, rich or poor? At least she is talented!"

"Thirty-six," purposely pursued Mrs. Tevis, in a triumphant tone of voice, and with a mischievous light in her eyes. "But now to satisfy your questions. Emily Grey is one of nature's own darlings:—a little fairy of perfection; neither fat or thin, fair or dark, short or tall, rich or poor, (there's a combination of negatives for you) but one of the most charming girls I ever met with. You never saw so beautiful a figure, or such a beautiful pair of eyes; her *tout ensemble* a world of intelligence and beauty. She is from the south, and is staying with the Palmerstons, who live in that yellow house whose chimneys you can just see above the trees. She seems to have taken a decided fancy to me; frequently spends her mornings with me, conversing, reading, drawing, or amusing herself with my goldfinch, whose cage, as you see, is still hung with flowers of her gathering."

Horace listened eagerly; he was delighted; at length he had found the being for whom he had so long and so vainly sought. Emily Grey was Mrs. Danvers in perspective. "Dear aunt," said he, carefully rolling up the pretty drawing, and calmly taking possession of it, "this young lady I must see; you will take me to Palmerston's and introduce me. In the mean time I will stroll over the grounds, and see what improvements you have made since last I saw you," and bowing to the gentle widow, (for a widow she was,) Horace walked forth in search of the picturesque, or, as it might be, with a hope of encountering the beautiful Emily Grey.

Neither looking to the right or left, but with arms folded, and eyes bent on the ground, Danvers continued to walk slowly onward, nor was aware of the irregular path he had taken, until he had completely circled Rose Hill, and found himself immediately in front of the house which his aunt had pointed out to him. And a very pretty house it was too, with its pointed roof and broad sloping eaves, its nice little diamond-paned casements, its long, low vine-laced piazza, and its garden well filled with a rich load of crimson, purple, and orange flowers; the whole delightfully shaded by a noble cluster of elm trees. In fact, it pleased Danvers marvellously. It was exactly the sort of cottage *ornée* that he would have chosen; every thing was in such admirable taste, such perfect keeping. The Palmerstons were assuredly people of refined taste, since it seemed to harmonize so nicely with his own. He leant upon the garden fence, and peeping through the hedge of snow berries, indulged in a prolonged survey of this charming little retreat.

In one corner of the porch stood a garden chair, which had doubtlessly been occupied by Emily Grey, for near it lay a guitar and shawl; the hall door was open, and Horace seeing a lady descending the stairs, drew back, and concealed himself behind the trees, from whence he continued to observe her, hoping that it might be the little southerner herself. But he was doomed to disappointment, for no sooner had she approached, than he discovered her to be one of those who have reached an age at which a fondness for parrots and French poodles, is usually discoverable, and who so lace those dull hours which are not employed in cutting up flannel, and scolding the servants, by the musical commotion of these delightful companions. Scarcely had this lady made her appearance, before a clear rising laugh announced the approach of a younger and somewhat wilder spirit, and in another moment, a light and graceful figure bounded across the piazza, closely pursued by a youth, whose risibility also appeared to be much excited, and who, seizing the hand of the maiden lady seemed anxiously to solicit her influence in his behalf.

"Only think, Miss Palmerston," cried he, "I have been trying to persuade your little friend here,

to part with one of her pretty curls, and she will not listen to me. Only one," continued he, turning beseechingly towards the younger lady, who stood still laughing, and shaking a negative, while she gathered up her hair and pressed it close to her throat, so as to prevent the escape of a stray lock, "only one little curl! What, you will not grant me this little favor, when our ship sails to-morrow, and I may never see you again?" and he ceased laughing, and looked quite grave.

Now Horace (who by this time felt persuaded that the laughing girl was no other than Emily Grey,) was not a little mortified at this otherwise interesting scene; for the youth, he was forced to acknowledge, was exceedingly handsome, and moreover, wore the naval button, a distinction which he knew to have so much weight with the gentler sex.

"He was her cousin, perhaps?" Cousin! the very word sounded harsh. "What, must he lose the accomplished, the refined, the elegant, whom he had so fully determined to conquer! It could not—no, it must not be," and he again turned his eyes and ears towards the trio in the piazza.

The young lady was binding up her beautiful tresses, and trying to frown most fiercely over a pair of fine gray eyes, that fairly danced with mirth, while she vainly strove to compress the pretty red lips into an expression they were all unused to wearing. Next her stood Miss Palmerston, laughing in a very un-old-maidenly manner, and twirling upon her finger nothing more or less than a pair of scissors, while the youth in the uniform now gallantly stooped to kiss her hand, and now gazed with evident delight upon the soft brown ringlet, she had so fortunately secured for him.

"A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Miss Palmerston," cried he, "a thousand thanks for this little treasure. When I am far, far away from you all, I shall never look at this without thinking of the charming head it once adorned, or of her who so kindly procured it for me. And now I must bid you adieu," and then tenderly and gently approaching the blushing Emily, he took her hand and asked in a scarcely audible voice, "you have forgiven, dear Emily?"

What Emily replied, Danvers could not hear, but he saw him press her trembling hand, he saw the half smiling, half sad expression of her fair face, and while Miss P—— was deafening the young sailor with an infinitude of charges to take charge of his health, and all that sort of thing, Horace deemed it most prudent to leave his concealment, and retraced his way to Rose Hill.

Did you ever, (youth, or maiden, or whoever you may be, who have deigned to follow the footsteps of my hero thus far,) did you ever, I say, with a comfortable degree of self-confidence, march boldly towards the consummation (as you thought) of any little project you had mentally resolved upon, and find, by certain pleasant coincidences, that you were altogether wrong in your hasty calculations? If you have, you can perfectly comprehend why Horace gnawed his lip, as he walked along, and nervously rolled and rerolled Miss Grey's unoffending little sketch, and why numberless field daisies and yellow butter-cups were remorselessly crushed under his feet; and why, after he had walked some six or seven yards from the gate, he turned to look once more towards the cottage, and seeing a young gentleman coming down the gravel walk with a very joyful expression of countenance, he with a degree of ungentelemanly vehemence, made use of a no less elegant ejaculation than that of "Confound the fellow! what can Miss Grey find to admire in that thread-paper in uniform? However, she is too young to know her own mind yet, and before another month is over they will have forgotten each other. She is deuced handsome though. Laughs rather loud to be sure. Ah ha, Horace Danvers, she has not yet seen your incomparable self, and I marvel if your *air distingué* will not speedily eclipse yonder harmless young sea monster. You who are the admiration of *le beau sexe* and the envy of your own—you, who have hitherto been without a rival, whose heart has remained unscathed for thirty odd years, now to permit a boy to interfere where you have determined to conquer! Impossible!"

The next evening Mrs. Tevis, like an obliging and discerning woman, as she undoubtedly was, called on her excellent neighbors, the Palmerstons, accompanied by her attentive nephew, who could not cross the piazza without looking round him as though expecting again to see the interesting group that had occupied it the previous morning; and as they entered the room in which the family usually assembled, he glanced his eye over its inmates, and recognised in the fair girl who was seated at a piano, which she appeared to touch with no ordinary skill, the merry maiden whose parting interview with the young sailor had somewhat ruffled the equanimity of his temper.

"Do tell me, dear aunt," whispered he, unable to restrain his impatience, "is not that lovely girl Miss Grey?"

"Miss Emily Palmerston," replied Mrs. Tevis, as the lady came forward "my nephew, Mr. Horace Danvers."

Now this discovery tended marvellously to restore his wonted placidity by holding out a hope of the disengaged state of Miss Grey's affections. But where was Emily? Impatient for her arrival, he listened with polite attention to the (to him) uninteresting conversation of papa and mamma, who soon after joined them, and replied with becoming *empressment* to the lively sallies of their pretty daughter, whose spirits appeared to be in no way affected by her recent separation from her lover, but whose musical laugh still rang as like a silver bell as when he was by to listen and admire.

But in spite of Miss Palmerston's pretty face and delightful animation, Horace had turned his eyes fifty times towards the door, and given sundry indications of a restless spirit, when at length the fair object of his anxiety entered the room.

When in picturing to ourselves any thing long looked for, we have allowed imagination to run away with reason, disappointment usually follows, but Danvers was an exception to the general rule, for Miss Grey appeared to him, to be the long sought *desideratum*—perfection. Beautiful and graceful he saw she was, and as her conversation soon assured him, sensible and well informed—her manner so piquant, yet so thoroughly lady-like, her voice so sweetly modulated, her laugh not a thought too loud, and then to crown all her evident appreciation of his own ultra elegance and brilliant colloquial powers, for Horace could clothe his thoughts in very pretty language, and by the aid of a retentive memory which assisted him to sundry borrowed odds and ends of prose and poetry, really appeared to be one of the most eloquent of men. In fact between his admiration of Emily Grey and his entire satisfaction at the manner in which he had acquitted himself, the evening passed delightfully, and when his aunt rose to take her departure he could not help thinking her a terrible economist of time.

"There is nothing that tends more to elevate the mind than the contemplation of the ever-varying face of nature," said Danvers to his aunt, as they were returning towards Rose Hill. He did not appear to recollect how much depends upon the medium through which we see her, and that every thing just then was tinged with the *couleur de rose* of his own agreeable thoughts, "how beautifully," he continued, "how beautifully the moonlight mellows the distant hills, how profound their shadows in yonder lovely stream! Behold that noble group of trees, all laced with tangled vines, bathing in silver light! Oh who that has a soul can fail to be moved by so exquisite a scene! Ah dear aunt, I feel, I feel that if I remain among these sylvan shades much longer, I shall sow my wild oats, and become a quiet, peace-loving, country gentleman."

"All of which grand burst of enthusiasm," coolly rejoined his aunt,—"being translated, if I mistake not, would run thus—There is nothing tends more to elevate the mind than the contemplation of a lovely face; how beautiful the graceful contour of that classic head and throat; how soft the bloom upon that ivory cheek; how bright the radiance from those deep blue eyes! Why who that has a soul can be insensible to so charming a picture? I feel, dear aunt, I feel that if I remain here much longer, I shall throw aside my bachelor's button, and become—a quiet, home-loving, married man."

"A very fair translation, aunt Tevis," laughed her nephew, "I will candidly acknowledge that you have but done justice to your fair young friend. I shall dream of nothing to night but those gentle eyes, and that sweet low voice;" and in truth he was right, for no sooner was he overcome by "tired nature's sweet restorer" than his busy waking thoughts resolved themselves into the most fantastic visions, in all of which Emily Grey played a conspicuous part. Indeed so completely was he absorbed in the fancied contemplation of the fairest creature he had ever seen—so wholly was his mind occupied by the all-engrossing idea that she would one day become his own—that when he awoke he could scarcely persuade himself that what he beheld was but the work of a tantalizing dream. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, turning on his side, and vainly endeavoring to recall the bright image which had haunted his pillow. "I should not mind being one of the seven sleepers, if such exquisite visions attended my slumbers;" but the glorious sunlight streaming through the windows, and the strong shrill clarion of a neighboring farm yard's chancicleer, fully aroused him to day, and to reality.

'Tis needless to say that Horace saw Emily that day, and the next, and the next, and the next, and that each hour he spent in her society seemed to bring forth new beauties, both of mind and person, and to confirm his aunt's and his own exalted opinion of her; in short he began to discover that his happiness was mainly dependent on his chances of success as a suitor—that where he had resolved to conquer, he was himself subdued; that Horace Danvers' heart, a fortress hitherto deemed impregnable, had yielded at once to the unaffected graces and unassuming virtues of little Emily Grey. Now there was one question which never once suggested itself, which was, whether the young lady was equally well impressed in his favor. But pshaw! a doubt of that would have implied a doubt of his own peculiar powers of attraction, and a firm reliance in their unfailing efficacy prevented any little misgivings which would naturally have arisen in the mind of any one less conceited than himself.

One morning, out of the many that saw his visits to pretty Palmerston Cottage, a morning (as a poet would say,) smiling under the bright influence of the glorious sun, he threaded his way through the wilderness of bright flowers that filled the little garden, and entered the well known room now become interesting to him from the fact of its having been hourly graced by the presence of the fair southerner, and felt as he did so, how much there is in local association. The books she loved to read, the music her sweet voice so often sang, the flowers she had gathered, and sketches traced by her own fair hand,—all spoke of her.

As his eye wandered round the room, he chanced suddenly to encounter the reflection of his own goodly person in an opposite mirror; and as these polished luxuries had from his earliest years possessed a singular fascination for him, he approached it, and gazed at himself with feelings of peculiar satisfaction, occasionally running his fingers through his redundant locks, now to the right, now to the left, as fancy dictated. Vain as he was gentle reader—largely as the bumps of self-esteem were developed on his cranium,—I do not think, nay, I am sure, that he would not have let any one know exactly what his thoughts were at that moment, but I happening to have an intimate acquaintance

with them, shall not hesitate to give them to the world. The first was, "What a confounded handsome fellow I am, to be sure!"—a fact which seemed to strike him more forcibly than ever on that particular morning—then twisting his face into a variety of strange contortions, now raising, now depressing his eyebrows in order to ascertain whether a smile or frown was most becoming, he continued, "Where can be found any one in whom as great personal and mental perfections unite? where greater elegance and refinement? Superior personal attraction, intellect and an ample sufficiency of this world's wealth,—find me a woman insensible to *these*! and I will find you one without curiosity, and am I to pay Miss Grey so poor a compliment as to suppose her deficient in judgment? No, no, beautiful Emily, you cannot be less vulnerable than the rest of your sex," and with this comfortable assurance, he was on the point of reseating himself, in order to await patiently the arrival of some member of the family, when the sound of voices conversing in suppressed tones outside the window, whose closed *jalousie* concealed the speakers from view, arrested his attention. Where he stood he could not avoid hearing every word that was uttered, and as the voices were those of Miss Emily Palmerston and Miss Emily Grey, he would not for the world, by moving to a more distant part of the room, have lost a single tone.

"What an absurd idea," laughed the little southerner, "you should have known me better than to suppose that I should feel flattered by the attentions of the person to whom you allude."

"It seems I did not know you at all," rejoined her friend, "for I positively thought that I should soon have been obliged to send to town for blond and white satin. A fine, dashing, *distingué*, eloquent, moonlight-loving, poetry-quoting youth!"—

"Who," added Miss Grey, in a tone somewhat heightened by indignation, "is more decidedly in love with a looking-glass, than any thing else, and whose boasted eloquence only serves to impress his hearers with a deeper sense of his marvellous conceit, and boundless confidence. No, no, dear Emily Palmerston, be assured that true love must be based upon *esteem*, and I trust you will soon learn to know that Emily Grey can never look on Horace Danvers as any other than the self-sufficient, heartless egotist he is. Beside, the youth, as you facetiously call him, will soon be as gray as your papa."

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the feelings of the unfortunate Horace, as these astounding words reached his ears, at this new illustration of the somewhat homely proverb, "that listeners never hear any good of themselves." Completely overcome with astonishment and mortification, he sank powerless into a chair with his eyes staring vacantly through the open door through which he expected every moment to see the young ladies enter. Not for the world would he have them witness his great discomfiture. But how to avoid them? He knew they must soon discover, from the agitation it was impossible for him to conceal, that they had been overheard. What should he do? Was there no friendly outlet by which he could make his escape, unseen? They spoke again laughingly to each other, as they crossed the hall. Nearer and nearer came their light footsteps—in another moment they would be before him. He could not support it. With one blow he dashed open the shutter and sprang through the window.

Rising from the sad wreck of tulips and roses stalks and leaves, which his descent had made, he hurried to Rose Hill with wonderful celerity, ordered his stanhope and drove to town, while a gentle anathema rose to his lips, as his eye wandered for the last time towards the yellow chimneys of Palmerston Cottage.

When next aunt Tevis heard of poor Horace, he was keeping bachelor's hall—had sworn eternal enmity to all woman kind;—had sold his gray mare,—dyed his gray hairs, and tried his utmost to banish from his memory the sad mortifications associated with the name of Emily Grey. E E.

Philadelphia, March 5th.

--- LINES ON WOMAN.

IN REPLY TO A SLANDERER WHO CONTEMPTUOUSLY COMPARED WOMEN TO WEATHER-VANES.

THE jest by feeble malice sped,
Recoils upon the slander's head:
If weather-vanes the sex resemble,
I'll tell thee how!—Give ear, and tremble!

Like yonder object of thy mirth,
Woman, though resident on earth,
In native virtue tempest-proof,
From all that soils keeps high aloof;

Summer and winter, night and day,
Though thunders roar and lightnings play,
Calm in her station she remains;
That sacred eminence maintains;
There practising submission still,
To every breath of heaven's will,
By faithfulness in danger tried,
Becomes man's monitor and guide.

B. B.

A CHAPTER
OF
FIELD SPORTS AND MANLY PASTIMES.
BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DOG
IN ALL HIS VARIETIES.



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE Newfoundland Dog is of the largest Arctic breed, that is to say, of that of the Northern frozen climes. In the head, countenance, and pendulous ears, he resembles both the hound and the spaniel, and in his nature, partakes of the qualities of both. He has the long shaggy hair and web feet of the water dog, and may indeed be almost pronounced amphibious; no other of the canine race being able to endure the water so long, or swim with so great facility and power. His tail is curled, or fringed, and his fore legs and hinder thighs are also fringed. He is not at all remarkable for symmetry in his form, or in the setting on of his legs, whence his progression is somewhat awkward, and loose, and by consequence, he is not distinguished for speed; a defect which might be remedied in breeding, were an improvement, in that particular, desirable.

No risk is incurred by pronouncing this dog the most useful of the whole canine race, as far as hitherto known, upon the face of the earth. His powers, both of body and of intellect, are unequalled, and he seems to have been created with an unconquerable disposition to make the most benevolent use of those powers. His services are voluntary, ardent, incessant, and his attachment and obedience to man, natural and without bounds. The benignity of his countenance is a true index of his disposition, and nature has been so partial to this paragon of dogs, that while he seems to be free from

their usual enmities and quarrelsomeness, he is endowed with the most heroic degree of courage, whether to resent an insult, or to defend, to his last gasp, his master or companion when in danger. His sagacity likewise, surpasses belief, as do the numerous and important services rendered to society by this invaluable race, in lives saved, persons defended, and goods recovered, which by no other possible means could have been recovered. The list of his qualifications is extensive indeed: he is one of the ablest, hardiest, and most useful of draught dogs; as a keeper or defender of the house, he is far more intelligent, more powerful, and more depended upon, than the Mastiff, and has been frequently of late years substituted for him, in England. Indeed, he may with much propriety, entirely supersede that breed, the old Ban dog being now nearly or entirely worn out. As a water dog, and for his services upon navigable rivers, none can come in competition with the Newfoundland; and various sportsmen have introduced him into the field, and shot to him with great success, his naturally kind disposition, and great sagacity, rendering his training an easy task. The usual fate attends this generous race, among us: they are too often degraded and deteriorated by inferior crosses; one piece of good fortune however attends them—they are not, in this country, bred beyond the demand; thence, we do not, with respect to them, witness the disgusting sight of abandonment and starvation in the streets.

Habitually inclined to industrious employment, such dogs are as useful to the settlers of the coast from which they are brought, as our ponies and galloways are to us. It is easy to accustom them to daily labor. From three to five of them are harnessed to a sledge or other vehicle, containing a load of wood or lumber, amounting to three or four hundred pounds, which they steadily draw for miles with ease. This they do without the aid of a driver, when they are acquainted with the road, and having delivered their burden, they return home to their master, and receive as a reward for their labor their accustomed food, which generally consists of dried fish, of which they are said to be extremely fond.

The Newfoundland dog seldom barks, and only when strongly provoked; it then appears like an unnatural and painful exertion, which produces a noise between barking and howling, longer and louder than a snarl, and more hollow and less sharp than barking, still strictly corresponding to the sounds expressed by the familiar words how wow; and here he stops, unless it ends in a howl, in which he will instantaneously be joined by all the dogs within hearing. This happens frequently, and, in a calm, still night, produces a noise particularly hideous.



THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN DOG.

Whether the numberless breeds of dogs, which are the companions of the human race in every region of the globe, were originally descended from one common stock, and owe their infinite varieties solely to their complete domestication, the modifications by which they are distinguished having been gradually produced by the influence of circumstances: whether, on the contrary, they are derived from the intermixture of different species, now so completely blended together as to render it impossible to trace out the line of their descent: and whether, on either supposition, the primeval race or races still exist in a state of nature, are questions which have baffled the ingenuity of the most celebrated naturalists. Theory after theory has been advanced, and the problem is still as eagerly debated as ever, and with as little probability of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. In the investigation of this difficult subject, however, as in the search after the philosopher's stone, many curious facts have been brought to light, which would otherwise in all probability have remained buried in obscurity;

and the causes which are continually operating to produce a gradual change of character, both in outward form and in intellectual capacity, among the brute creation, have received considerable elucidation. It is thus that theories, however erroneous in themselves, are frequently made subservient to the advancement of science, by the important facts which are incidentally developed by their authors in the ardor of their zeal for the establishment of a favorite hypothesis.

It is by no means our intention to enter upon the discussion of so extensive a question. But while we purposely abstain from inquiring what was the original dog, before he was reclaimed (if such a period ever existed) to the service of man, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in the specimen now before us we have him in that condition in which he may be supposed to approach most nearly to a state of nature. From the observation of the characters, physical and moral, which he presents in this first stage of cultivation, some idea may perhaps be deduced of what a dog would be without any cultivation whatever; but it should always be borne in mind that even amongst the most savage nations the dogs are as distinct in character as the tribes they serve, and that their degree of intellectual development frequently outstrips that of the masters who hold them in subjection.

Dr. Richardson suspects that the original North American Indian dog is the breed now in the possession of the Hare Indians and other tribes frequenting the banks of the Mackenzie River and Great Bear Lake. It was, perhaps, formerly generally spread over the northern parts of America; but being fitted only for the chase, it has since the introduction of guns, gradually given way to the mongrel race sprung from the Esquimaux, Newfoundland, and this very breed, with occasional intermixture of other kinds.

The Hare-Indian dog is not so large as the prairie wolf, but exceeds the red American fox; and yet it bears a greater resemblance to the former than to the latter. Its muzzle is narrow, elongated, and pointed; its ears broad at the base, pointed at the tip, and perfectly erect; its legs rather long and delicate; and its tail thick, bushy, and curved slightly upwards, but not by any means with the decided curl of the Esquimaux. Its body is covered with long straight hairs, the ground-color of which is white, marked with large irregular patches of grayish black intermingled with various shades of brown. The ears are covered on the outside with short brown hair, which becomes blackish towards the margin and at the base; that of the inside is longer and white. On the muzzle the hair is white and very short, as also on the legs, but becomes thicker and somewhat longer on the feet, and is continued to the very extremities of the toes.

The Hare-Indian dog has neither courage nor strength to fit it for pulling down any of the larger animals; but its broad feet and light make enable it to run over the snow without sinking, if the slightest crust is formed on it, and thus easily to overtake and tease the moose or reindeer, and keep them at bay until the hunters come up.



THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

This is the species which Buffon selected as the foundation of his hypothesis, and which he assumed to be the archetype of the canine genus, the Adam of dogs, from which every species and variety has descended. Other speculators have supposed the sheep-dog derived from the wolf, a conjecture in all probability, founded on appearance merely, and indeed not of the most fortunate kind, the very opposite dispositions of the two animals considered; that the shepherd's-dog is the most ancient race of the genus, is well ascertained from history, and at the same time, the most universal; the shepherds of all nations of the old world, having been provided with dogs of similar species and qualification with those we now describe.

If we may give credit to the position which seems to have passed current through a number of books, this dog is a heaven-born genius, coming into this world fully qualified by nature for his business, and requiring no training whatever, like other animals. The truth we apprehend to be, that this race has a strong natural instinct or predisposition to keeping, or watching and preserving any thing that comes under its observation, which joined with its patience, mildness, and gentleness of disposition, indicated to the inquiring faculties of man their use as keepers of sheep. Their sagacity, docility, and powerful attachment to home and to their master and protector, aided by their grand natural propensity, render the teaching them their duty an easy and pleasant task, that which with other breeds of dogs, is generally so laborious, and attended with such disgusting severity. The young sheep dogs, in truth, will generally be entered and instructed by their elders, with very little extra instruction from the shepherd. The drovers' dog, is a race of animals well known in England, a sort of mixed breed between the shepherd, cur, mastiff, and lurcher, a very useful breed no doubt, but of qualities varying in proportion to their mixture of breeds, and considerably different from those of the parent stock.

The shepherd's dog is said to have been preserved in its original purity of species, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in the most uncultivated parts of Wales. In fact, such is most likely to be the case, in all open countries, where the sheep husbandry necessarily predominates, and where this dog is of the greatest account, his services being indispensable, and the trust reposed in him so great. He is truly a wonder of his species; with an appearance of somnolency, of heaviness and indolence, he is all alive, and active, and energetic, when inspired by a sense of duty, or directed by the commands of his master, the slightest indications of which, are sufficient for his ready comprehension. He is the most contented of all the canine race, the least given to wandering, or attention to strange pursuits or to strangers, his whole faculties appearing completely absorbed in that employment to which he is destined. Without external signs of robustness, he is able to endure the greatest hardships, defying hunger, wet, and cold, and the shivering blasts of winter, in the wilderness, upon the mountain, and in those dreary wilds, where if the shepherd ventures, he treads with cautious and perilous steps.

This species has generally, but not universally, one or two supernumerary toes upon the hinder feet, sometimes on one foot only. The same peculiarity attends some of the larger spaniels and pointers. These spare toes are quite useless, being void of muscular power, and hanging from the hinder part of the leg. They are somewhat of an impediment, and likely to be torn by briars; it is well, therefore, to clip them off with sharp scissors, before the whelp can see.

IT WAS A DREAM.

BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN.

I stood beside the river—sweetly singing
Its tranquil stream,
Seem'd thy loved voice unto my fond ear bringing,
It was a dream.

I gather'd flowers, like those we fondly cherish'd
In days gone by,
Buds, that upon my heart in sorrow perish'd,
Blooming to die.

I heard sweet tones, like fairy music playing
Upon the air,
As tho' thy voice's echo had been staying
In some nook there.

I heard along the woods, a footstep stealing,
It seem'd to twine
'Mong fallen leaves, 'till its clear sound revealing,
Heralded thine.

River, and flower, and gentle voice were nigh me,
And years were past,
And thou, in all thy gentle truth wert by me,
In peace at last.

Our old familiar haunts in brightness smiling,
Did gladly seem;
But sleep, my sicken'd heart had been beguiling,
It was a dream.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Indecision, a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems. By J. K. Mitchell, M. D. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart.

We have read this volume with feelings of unmingled gratification. We recognise in the chaste and classical style of the principal poem, the harbinger of a new era in poetry, or rather a return to those purer models in this most elegant and most difficult of the fine arts, whose influence on the public mind has been shaken and loosed, but not destroyed, by the predominance of that school whose characteristic is a morbid and turbulent excitement. It is refreshing, after being drenched with a flood of all sorts of imitations of the popular faults of Byron, to meet with a poem on which the mind can repose—a poem of which the style is unforced, natural, quiet; relying upon truth, moral beauty, and naïveté, for interest; and upon harmony of numbers, and purity of language, for effect. In reading "*Indecision*," one is more strongly reminded of Crabbe, than of any other English poet. Whether it be some peculiarity in the rhythm, or a certain elevation in the moral tone of the poem, which produces this effect, we are not able to say; but certain it is, that any reader, at all familiar with that great Coryphæus of the moral poets of Great Britain, will instantly recognise in the writer of "*Indecision*" a kindred spirit.

That we may not be supposed to be speaking without authority on this point, we will now submit an extract or two, in which will be seen not only the polished diction and high moral tone of our favorite, but the same masterly power of description, graphic and truthful to the minutest details.

Take the following description of a contest with a panther:—

But Ella's prayer of faith, when hope had failed,
Though short and broken, fearfully prevail'd;
For, just as groping for the mortal part,
The fiend had really found poor Norman's heart,
And rais'd his arm to deal the deadly blow,
He paus'd to listen to a growl so low,
That only practis'd ears like his could hear—
For nothing sharpens sound like guilty fear.

"Hist, Hector! pup! where are you! down!
lie still!"

A deeper growl made every fibre thrill.
A sudden rush—a spring—the panther's cry,
In savage grandeur, echo'd through the sky.
The kneeling figure caught the prowler's view,
And on his prey his massive form he threw.

The cry—the crash—destroy'd the sleeper's
spell,

And up he sprang, as down the felon fell.

It was a fearful struggle. Now the steel
Made, as his yell express'd, the monster feel;
And now, the fasten'd tooth-hold rous'd the cry
Of that hard man's reluctant agony.

Above, below, as force or fate prevail'd,
Each, in his turn, his struggling foe assail'd.
The grinding fangs, the knife's vindictive crash,
The rending claw, the eyes envenom'd flash,
The growl, the groan, the curse, the hissing breath,
The long wild howl—and all was still as death.

At length, with cautious step, and searching
eye,

Bewilder'd Norman slowly ventur'd nigh,
Halloo'd, but vainly; nearer still he drew;
Halloo'd again,

"Ho, Harden, is it you?"

I'll try my foot; but yet 'tis hardly wise,
A wounded panther crouches to surprise."
Again he call'd—and then, with cautious dread,
Impell'd his foot against the panther's head—
It mov'd not, for the fiery beast was dead.
More cautiously he sought for signs of life
In Harden's frame.—It was a fearful strife.—
He answered not the call; no mutter'd curse
Follow'd the blow—it was his last reverse.

Now look at the group of dead as they lay the next morning after the contest:—

She wildly woke and kiss'd his ghastly cheek,
And bounded off, the promis'd buds to seek,
While horror-stricken Norman could not rise,—
He saw the flash of madness in her eyes,
And anxiously observ'd her as she fled
Straight to the spot where lay the bloody dead;
Unconscious of their presence, till her foot
Was placed, as if to spring across the brute.

She stood spell-bound by Harden's stony face,
Where every deadly passion kept its place;
Not living signals floating, each alone,
Expression changing with the varied tone
Of that bad mind; but like the painted leaves,
Which to the earth the fading forest heaves,
The passions mingled, not confounded lie,
Rage in the frown, and malice in the eye;

Contempt for goodness in the reckless sneer,
 And hatred of whatever man holds dear
 Thron'd on the curling lip, while fiercely shown,
 The serr'd teeth express'd revenge alone;
 And strangely over all, the marble smile
 Was veil-like cast, by his unceasing guile.
 The knife, hilt-deep, obey'd his stiffen'd clasp,
 The monster's tongue yet wrinkled in his grasp:
 His knees were forc'd against the dinted chest,
 His wary feet the hinder claws repress;
 And in his mouth remained the gory wreck
 Of skin and hair extorted from the neck.
 His reckless courage failed him not in death,
 And self-possession clos'd with closing breath.
 The panther's blood bedew'd his clammy face,
 The panther's arms bestow'd the last embrace;
 He died, as he had liv'd, a brutal "brave,"
 With none to close his eyes, with none to mark
 his grave.

While Ella, terror-stricken, scann'd the face,
 In whose stern features madness' self might trace
 The harden'd marks of passion, now no more,
 As lavas frown, where mountains flamed of yore;
 Across her face, confus'd emotions rush,
 Now terror's chill is there, now triumph's flush,
 As foamless waves contrasted shadows take
 From sunset-skies, when stirs the breezy lake.
 Her tender frame the strife could ill brook,
 And painful languor grew in every look;
 Until the calm of mere exhaustion cast
 A quietness across her face at last;
 And feebly mirror'd in her countenance,
 Was seen again the spirit's conscious glance.
 The very waves that wreck'd his bark before,
 May cast the struggling seaman to the shore;
 And passion's sudden tempests, tho' they blind
 The shatter'd reason, oft restore the mind.

We decline to give an analysis of the story, such a process being always as distasteful to us as that of deliberately pulling to pieces a beautiful moss rose in order to point out its botanical characteristics. The poet should, at least, be allowed to develop the action of his piece in his own way—to lift the silken curtain, and disclose the fair scenes of his own creation at the moment when his fancy prompts, unanticipated by the bungling interference of an uncalled assistant. The more perfect the artist's own adjustment of time, place, and circumstance, to the precise effect which he intends to produce, the more completely is this effect destroyed by blurring out beforehand a clumsy outline of the story. No, no! Give us chapter and verse, in the old fashioned way, just as it is set down in the book; for, with reference to poetry, we still retain the feelings of the child, who will not bear to hear the catastrophe of the fairy tale till he comes to it in the regular course of the narrative—"the story, the whole story, and nothing but the story," for our money. Our readers will, therefore, excuse us from attempting any outline. But we cannot take leave of this exquisite poem without one more extract, which we have chosen for its happy delineation of rural, or rather forest life in the far west.

At first he spoke of olden time, when there
 They fought the Indian, and subdued the bear;
 And, in the log-built temple, knelt to pray,
 While rifles, loaded for the sudden fray,
 The door-way cluster'd; when the ploughman's
 eye
 Now mark'd the furrow, now the coppice nigh,
 For profit or for foes; and children, taught
 The early use of weapons, bravely fought
 To save a mother's home. Such dangers drew
 Near to each other's hearts the faithful few,
 Who swept before the axe the fruitless gloom
 Of forest shadows, and enrich'd with bloom
 Of field and garden, that enchanting land,
 Where gleams no more at night the prowling In-
 dian's brand.
 He trac'd the progress of the "settlement,"
 From when he pitch'd amid the woods his tent—
 And mark'd the trees, which stand aloof to show
 The faithful record of the axe's blow,
 Unerring landmarks—to the present hour,
 Of wealth and safety, happiness and power.
 He sought occasion, as events arose
 Along his tale, the virtues to disclose
 Of old and young, forgetting not the brave,
 The wise and good, whom valor could not save,
 Nor conduct rescue from an early grave.
 The various peril of the infant state
 Gave scope some wondrous action to relate,
 Of all who listen'd. Each had had his share

Of public service, or in peace, or war,
 And most had borne an office, all could show a scar.
 Though much the patriarch himself had serv'd
 The common cause, on that alone reserv'd,
 He scarcely glanc'd, but did not fail to tell
 How often Norman hush'd the fearful yell
 Of savage foes, and turn'd the deadly flood
 Of desolation back upon the wood:
 How oft he track'd, with keen, unerring ken,
 The tender infant to the forest-den,
 And pluck'd it from the red man's iron hands,
 When fierce tormentors heap'd the burning
 brands;
 And spite of thronging foes and whistling lead,
 And blood from recent wounds profusely shed,
 Eluding native skill and tireless hate,
 He fainted—only at the white man's gate,
 Where, pale with hope deferred, the weeping mo-
 ther sate.
 The speaker barely hinted many a deed
 Of well-tim'd kindness in the hour of need,
 Lest envy, wak'd by wounded pride, should start
 From slumber, and possess the hearer's heart.
 He rather dwelt on good received, not given;
 How each for Norman's growing fame had
 striven;
 And how, until his late reverses, he
 Disparag'd not their tried sagacity.
 He drew the picture of his palmy state,
 The lot that seem'd beyond the reach of fate,

Built on the people's love, an honest heart,
And wisdom, destitute of selfish art;
Health, time, and treasure, for the public use,
And arduous office, long without abuse.
He then portray'd his present desolation,
The loss of wealth, respect, and friends, and station,

And wonder'd what could cause the fearful fall
Of one so much, so long esteem'd by all.
He saw around him men both good and wise,
Who look'd not out with inconsiderate eyes;
Who, train'd by trials, taught by hopes deceiv'd,
In Norman's often tested truth believ'd,
And yet believ'd; for while his fortune, thrown
To worthless men, had been his loss alone,
He yet, with signs of deep disgust, withdrew
From other converse with the hateful crew.
A dread delusion only could explain
The sudden drag of fate's disastrous chain,

And that delusion was——

"My daughter, tell,"
He cried, "to those good neighbors what befel
Last night, and how the hoarded secret, wrung
By you from Norman's too reluctant tongue,
Demands our sympathy, and not our blame;
Come, daughter, vindicate a husband's fame!"

The simple, eloquent, affecting tale,
In trembling beauty's language, did not fail
To touch most deeply, hearts, whose cords of love,
Attemper'd by the Master-hand above,
Were yet responsive; for the world had not
Its brood of heartless passions gather'd to the spot.

'Twas balm to Ella's bosom, as she heard
From each successively, a soothing word;
And hope, who long had left invading care
To plough his furrows o'er her forehead fair,
Return'd to plant her own sweet flowrets there.

The Ruins of Athens, Titania's Banquet, and other Poems. By G. Hill. Otis, Broaders, and Co. Boston.

Mr. George Hill, who dates from the City of Washington, has given this volume to the public as his credentials to the right of a niche in the temple of Apollo. Mr. Hill may demand a very respectable standing among the poets of the present day; and, if we mistake not, will eventually earn unto himself a name and a fame of some considerable magnitude. His writings teem with all the essentials of poetry; he has at command a graceful flow of eloquent and appropriate language; classical allusions gem every page, and genius and taste "imbue the sterling verse." The first poem in this collection, "The Ruins of Athens," pleased us with such intensity, that we caught ourselves marking every verse for quotation; and, after a second reading, we are unable to select from it a specimen of the author's talents, for each succeeding verse seems to excel its predecessor. "Titania's Banquet, a Masque," is of a lighter but not inferior nature. The following description of the fairy queen's attendants is remarkably good.

One would think

She'd of their henchmen robbed the courts of all
The shadow-kings 'twixt here and Mariban.
There's one that wears a feather in his cap,
Plucked from the gray hood of a Lapland owl,—
Look! with a snow-flake on it, The bright shell,
Wherewith yon dwarf Elf bonnets his swart brow,
Is from a shoal of Muscat; and the robe,—
Spangled with gold and strung with small, white pearls,

The Spirit of the brown and buskin'd leg
Trails at his sunburnt knee,—was once the ear
Of a small mouse, that burrows in an isle
Washed by the Amazon.

FIRST FAIRY.

What's that she holds in a silken string? a beetle?

SECOND FAIRY.

The same. She bought him of a sailor from
The Cyclades, to be her trumpeter.
She prized him for his spots. The dolt! there's no
More music in his horn than in the bark
Of Scylla's sea-dogs. Yet he swears he has
Heard Phœbus sing, and into silence charmed
The harp of Memnon; nay, unsphered the Moon
To meet Endymion.

Titania's orders for the course of her banquet are fairy-like and rich:

TITANIA.

I would have all things rare and delicate:
Wines in old jars, stamped with the seals of kings
Whose bones are dust; liquors in crystal cups,
Whose blush would shame the morning's, and
whose sparkle
Dim the tear she lets fall upon the rose,
Or the dissolved pearl that Cleopatra
Drank to Mark Anthony,

ASPHALT.

I know of such,
That have so long been buried in the vaults

Of inhumed cities, they would drink the light
As sands do water.

TITANIA.

Spices I'll have from Ceylon, such as scent
The sea-air for a thousand leagues; incense
Of gums of Afric, sweeter than the lip
Of Cupid moist with Cytherea's kiss,
Or Hebe's sprinkled by the cup of Jove;
Fruits from all climes within the signs that bound
The sun's march, ripening on their branches,
brought

In vases moulded of transparent earth;
Syrups of Hybla and the bags of bees
That thrud the alleys of Cashmere. Away!

[*Exeunt Puck and his troop.*]

FAIRY.

Shall we have music?

TITANIA.

Music? such as shall
Unsphere the Pleiades.

FAIRY.

I know a bower—it is in Thessaly,

Where the Athenian with the nightingale
In singing strove and broke her heart. There do
The wing'd musicians at this hour resort.
Startling the midnight silence till each leaf
Seems a melodious tongue. Thither will I,
And so bewitch them with a song I heard
A star sing to a Mermaid as she lay,
Her white arm floating like a moonbeam on
The still sea-wave, that they shall hither flock
Like Tritons to the shell of Proteus.

We give the first two verses of "The Song of the Elfin Steersman," regretting that our limits will not allow us to present the whole of this excellent poem to our readers.

One elf, I trow, is diving now
For the small pearl; and one,
The honey-bee for his bag he
Goes chasing in the sun:
And one, the knave, has pilfered from
The Nautilus his boat
And takes his idle pastime where
The water-lilies float.

And some the mote, for the gold of his coat,
By the light of the will-o'-wisp follow;
And others, they trip where the alders dip
Their leaves in the watery hollow;
And one is with the fire-fly's lamp
Lighting his love to bed;—
Sprites, away! elf and fay
And see them hither sped.

A l'Abri, or, The Tent Pitched. By N. P. Willis. One volume, pp. 172. S. Colman, New York.

We speak advisedly when we say that we consider this book to be the best specimen of polished and familiar composition in the English language; and yet we observe that an editor of our acquaintance complains of its affectation and obscurity of phrase. Quintilian, we beg the rhetorician's pardon for the comparison, accused the clear and elegant Livy of provincialism; we must therefore excuse the maker of paragraphs for his inappreciation of the "pure well of English undefiled," which flows from *under a bridge* in the valley of the Susquehannah.

Virgil, the sweetest of the classics, after journeying through the fairy lands of the Italian provinces, pitched his tent at a small farm in the village of Petiola, near Mantua, and studied the philosophy of Epicurus. It was there, on the banks of the Mincio, that he composed the harmonious blendings of agriculture and poetry, the Georgics, and penned his Eclogues to his friend Varus, of whom we know nothing. N. P. Willis, "after many years travel in Europe and the East," has pitched his tent in a farm on the banks of the Owega, some eighty miles above Wyoming. In the beautiful shades of Glenmary, he planned "A l'Abri," which only requires the halo of antiquity to be cast around its name to attain the classic splendor now attached to the rusticities of Maro. Willis's "Letters" are addressed to Dr. T. O. Porter, of New York, a gentleman worthy the public's regard. The friends are co-editors of *The Corsair*, a new literary paper of well-deserved repute.

We have made strong assertions respecting the merits of this our most favorite book; and as partial quotations afford no material for the judgment of our friends, we request them to obtain the work, and correct us if we are wrong. But we are constrained to indulge in a wish—an earnest desire—to present a short extract which we have marked for insertion. Read it, and confess that you are unable to point out a passage in any contemporary author which may successfully compete with it in elegance of imagery and polished chasteness of style.

"As I look out from under the bridge, I see an oriel sitting upon a dog-wood tree of my planting. His song drew my eye from the paper. I find it difficult, now, not to take to myself the whole glory of tree, song, and plumage. By an easy delusion, I fancy he would not have come but for the beauty of the tree, and that his song says as much, in bird-recitative. I go back to one rainy day of April, when, hunting for maple saplings, I stopped under that graceful tree, in a sort of island jungle, and wondered what grew so fair that was so unfamiliar, yet with a bark like the plumage of the pencilled pheasant. The limbs grew curiously. A lance-like stem, and, at regular distances a cluster of radiating branches, like a long cane thrust through inverted parasols. I set to work with spade and pick, took it home on my shoulder, and set it out by Glenmary brook, and there it stands to-day, in the full glory of its leaves, having just shed the white blossoms with which it kept holiday in June. Now the tree would have leaved and flowered, and the oriel, in black and gold, might perchance have swung and sung on the slender branch, which is still tilting with his effort in that last cadenza. But the fair picture it makes to my eye, and the delicious music in my ear, seem to me no less of my own making and awaking. Is it the same tree, flowering unseen in the woods, or transplanted

into a circle of human love and care, making a part of a woman's home, and thought of and admired whenever she comes out from her cottage, with a blessing on the perfume and verdure? Is it the same bird, wasting his song in the thicket, or singing to me, with my whole mind afloat on his music, and my eyes fastened to his glittering breast? So it is the same block of marble, unmoved in the caves of Pentelicus, or brought forth and wrought under the sculptor's chisel. Yet the sculptor is allowed to *create*. Sing on, my bright oriel! Spread to the light and breeze your desiring fingers, my flowering tree! Like the player upon the organ, I take your glory to myself; though, like the hallelujah that burns under his fingers, your beauty and music worship God."

The Croppy. A Tale. By the O'Hara Family. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

A powerful, well-written novel, from the pen of Banim, one of the best writers of fiction in the present imaginative age. "The Croppy" exhibits fresh instances of the wrongs and sufferings of the Irish peasantry, detailed with an eloquence and force of language peculiarly the characteristics of the author, who has added materially to his fame by the production of this work. He has the tact to weave so much fact amongst his fiction that we are frequently tempted to style his writings, "The Romance of the History of Ireland."

"The Croppy" originally appeared in the pages of the London Metropolitan Magazine. It is strange that the best novels and tales from the pens of English writers have been published in chapters in some twenty or thirty consecutive numbers of various of the periodical works, not only to the profit of the writers and the satisfaction of the public, but to the advantage of the booksellers, who would sooner publish a work which has already acquired a fame, than risk the venture of a novel entirely unknown. But here, if the editor of a periodical continues a tale beyond two or three numbers, he has to endure the grumblings of a host of "patrons," who require a dish of amusement that does not impose the necessity of continuing a chain of thought from one month to another. Unfortunately for the sound and sterling readers, who care not for the length of an article if its value is of a corresponding extent, the "go-ahead" class of subscribers is of an extent that renders attention to their wishes a matter of positive necessity—consequently, the works of American novelists never can appear in the pages of an American periodical.

Births, Deaths, and Marriages. By the author of "Sayings and Doings," "Maxwell," "Jack Brag," etc. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This novel is not one of the best of Mr. Theodore Hook's numerous productions, nor is there a sufficiency of merit about it to warrant that extent of popularity which every one of his works seems fated to enjoy. The incidents are meagre, the characters common-place, and the *working-out* of the plot most laboriously tedious and uninteresting. The *ad captandum* nature of the title, which, by the way, is equally applicable to any other tale, and the talent evinced in the author's other novels, warranted the reprinting of this affair, which, we are satisfied, will never become a popular matter with the generality of American readers.

Horace Vernon; or, Fashionable Life. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

A very superior work, deserving a better title. "Fashionable Life," is, in fact, a misnomer; for, in the circles of fashionable life in England, the heroes and heroines of our novelist would not be allowed to intrude. But he has given us a well-drawn picture of human nature, and deduced an excellent moral from the vagaries of frail mankind. "Horace Vernon," is, in fact, the most interesting novel of the day.

The Idler in Italy. By the Countess of Blessington. Two Volumes. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

This work is the journal of a tour performed in 1822 and 1823 by the Countess of Blessington, through the southern provinces of France and "the sunny climes of fair Italia's land." The book is written in such a life-like tone of earnestness, and with such a total absence of affectation, that the reader may sit in his easy chair, and fancy that he is absolutely experiencing the most delightful tour that can be made, in the most charming company that the world can afford. Every person

who desires to be conducted by the accomplished Countess through the most interesting portion of Europe, to hear her opinions of the formation of continental society, of the *chef d'œuvres* of ancient and modern art, of various of the eminent men of the day—to some of whom a personal and particular introduction is given—let him hasten to secure "The Idler in Italy," and we stake our critical reputation that he will thank us for the hint.

The Adventures of Robin Day. By the author of "Calavar," "Nick of the Woods," etc. Two Volumes. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Prolific authors are frequently reduced to the necessity of repeating themselves—of giving a warmed-up hash of their best joints, trusting to some little difference in the cookery, some variety in the seasoning and tone of the same, to disguise the matter from their customers. Walter Scott was a painful evidence of this fact—his Meg Merrilies ran through several aliases, and always figured in his most hasty and immature productions. Boz delights in portraying fat, abrupt, rude old men, and Dr. Bird has given us another version of Roaring Ralph, in the person of Captain Hellcat, the hero of Robin Day's narration. Indeed, we have the Roarer in a two-fold capacity in the same volume, with the simple alteration of a name, merely—for Skipper Duck is a perfect counterpart to Captain Hellcat, and it is difficult to say which swears the loudest, or commits the most reprehensible actions.

It is well for Dr. Bird that his literary reputation is of that established basis that he can afford to put forth such a work as Robin Day—a publication that would ruin a parvenu, and drag down to the depths of perdition half a score of fledgling scribblers who have not such works as Calavar, The Hawks, and Nick of the Woods, to fall back upon, and exhibit as the standards of their reputations. There is neither originality in the conception, or novelty in the characters, or interest in the plot of Robin Day. A grossness of language and violation of the proprieties and probabilities of human nature characterize every chapter; the world never produced such a born ass as Robin Day, and the very worst state of society never impudently allowed the doings of such infamous scoundrels as Hellcat and Duck.

Whilst fearlessly mentioning the heavy faults of this last production of a popular and powerful writer, we cheerfully bear witness to its excellent variety of incident which rapidly attracts the attention of the reader, and its occasional beauties of description, which make us the more regret the deficiencies already enumerated. The scene wherein Robin Day is made to personate an Indian magus, and the scoundrelly Captain officiates as bear leader, is outrageously laughable and graphic—but its enjoyment is marred by the heteroclite stupidity of the narrator, and the continuance of the heartless villany of the concocter of the scheme.

The general reader will be apt to assimilate "Boy Tom" with Smike in Nicholas Nickleby; and discover a vast resemblance in the sloop life of Tom and Robin to the aboard-barge days of Jacob Faithful.

If Doctor Bird, in the full possession of powers which, if fairly exercised, would entitle him to one of the highest places in the modern Parthenon, will scribble away his fame, and, anxious only to be considered as a ready and a voluminous writer, publish such unconsidered crudities as "Robin Day," he must not be annoyed at the severity of criticism which such carelessness of true fame will inevitably bring upon him. We are too proud of the talents of our fellow citizen, and too honestly jealous of his reputation, to allow him to commit such a suicidal act without a fitting and a due rebuke. Ten years hence, Dr. Bird will wish to cancel every copy extant of "The Adventures of Robin Day."

The Phantom Ship. By Captain Marryatt. E. L. Carey and A. Hart, Philadelphia.

However popular, in any certain or uncertain sense, the writings of Captain Marryatt have already been or may be, we believe that the opinion formerly expressed of them by Mr. Willis—

To him the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered—

was but the echo of the private idea entertained by every reasonable critic in Christendom.

Let us give the devil his due, and accord the author of *Snarleyhow* what credit he may desire for a very equivocal fertility of invention, displayed in a copiousness of incident pervading his entire writings. Let us also award him the somewhat higher praise of an air of truthfulness, naturalness, and *bonhomie* in the individual case of Peter Simple—admitting at the same time that no better nautical adventures are to be met with than we find in this the best of his novels—and we have them.

said every thing that can conscientiously be said in his favor. *Per contra*, we have evidence, upon every page of the numerous volumes with which he has surfeited the public, of a miserable mental inanity, a positive baldness of thought, an utter absence of all lofty imagination, an *inconsequence* of narration, and a feeble childishness of manner which would be unpardonable in any school-boy of decent pretensions. His English and his method of putting it together betray too unquestionably a deficiency in the ordinary education of a gentleman. To his common style the expressive epithet *flat* is the only one very positively applicable. In short, Captain Marryatt seems born to show the age the abundant falsity of that old dogma which esteems the popularity, or, more strictly, the circulation of a book, a proper and sufficient test of its merit.

The Phantom Ship has been too long before our readers to need an extended notice. The old legend of the Flying Dutchman (a legend, by the bye, possessing all the rich *materiel* which a vigorous imagination could desire) is worked up with so many of the pitiable *niai-cries* upon which we have commented, that few persons of disciplined intellect will derive from the medley any other impressions than those of the ridiculous and *outré*. The story, however, is by no means the worst from the pen of Captain Marryatt, and thus far we most unequivocally recommend it. At all events it is a somewhat more creditable production than that unfortunate *Diary of a Blazé*.

Military Magazine, and Record of the Volunteers of the United States. In Monthly Numbers.

This publication, issued by William M. Huddy, No. 84, Noble street, Philadelphia, is devoted to the history and pictorial display of the various Volunteer Companies of the United States. The military illustrations are lithographed with spirit, and the work is, in every sense, worthy the patronage of the officers and men of the different corps. Five dollars will secure twelve numbers; each number contains two or three plates, with letter press explanations. The Magazine will extend to four volumes, royal quarto.

The Reviewer of Mrs. Emma Willard Reviewed: Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, and American Monthly Review, February, 1839, page 124 to 128 pp. 29.

The readers of this Magazine will remember that in our February number we reviewed, at some length, a recent pamphlet, by Mrs. Willard. We controverted some of the positions assumed in that production, and endeavored to present a fair estimate of Mrs. W.'s abilities as a writer. Our remarks have provoked a most rabid replication, which has been given to the world in a pamphlet of 29 pages, whose title stands at the head of our present article.

Happily for our safety, there is little in this furious broadside but noise and smoke. The balls, if there were any in the charge, fell harmlessly before they reached the mark at which they were aimed. The best defence we could make against these twenty-nine pages, would be, had we space for such a purpose, to present them entire to our readers. In all sincerity, we submit to this chivalrous "Vindicator," who ever he or *she* may be, whether before he again attempt a similar labor, it would not be better to allow the fiery effervescence of his wrath to subside a little. He would then stand at least a better chance of making his style, according to the canon of John Denham, whom he so much admires as a literary law-giver, "strong without rage;" and he would be more likely both to wound his adversary and propitiate his readers. "Something rankling *here*," as Colonel Hayne, pointing to his heart, once said to Mr. Webster on the floor of the United States Senate, always makes havoc of the strength of the most vigorous champion.

If the reader will have the goodness to remember, we animadverted, in our review of Mrs. Willard, upon her *advice* to her young ladies *ALWAYS* to teach some one subject, with which they were not previously acquainted. We contested the expediency of giving this principle so broad an application, but admitted that there might be circumstances in which its application would be quite proper. This, we believe, is the fair construction of our language; certainly, it was the extent of our meaning. Now see what a speck the knightly Vindex has conjured out of this last harmless view:—

"What next? He [the Reviewer] clearly begins to quail. The lady, forsooth, is *partly* right. She might have told her teachers, says he, 'that under *peculiar circumstances* they *might occasionally*'—do what? Nothing short, indignant readers, of that which he has before, with great flourish, told us is *wrong per se*! From this, I take it, we are to understand our 'educationist' to say, *young ladies may be 'advised'* that, under *peculiar circumstances*, they may, *occasionally*, transgress a little! Friends of youth, is this safe doctrine? Guardians of female honor, is this safe doctrine? Is this doctrine found in the code of morals taught in the sermon on the mount? For the consequences and effect of his argument, it is of no avail to him whether the position assumed by the lady be right or wrong. He asserts it to be wrong; and from that position he reasons, and his reasoning

leads him to the conclusion that young ladies may be taught that, under the pressure of circumstances and occasions, they may sin a little!"

This fairly distances every thing we ever met with except the madness of Don Quixotte. Let no one ever again laugh at the imaginary Dulcinea or the fancy that could convert windmills, barbers, flocks of sheep, and a hundred other common objects into mailed knights and towering giants, when a writer, claiming to be imbued with a philosophical spirit, perceives in the simple expression of an opinion that what is not expedient as a general thing may become so occasionally by circumstances, an invitation to the whole female sex to libidinous indulgences. We do not believe that the Lancasterian plan of mutual instruction is the best system of education *intrinsically*, but have no doubt that it is often the best under the circumstances of the case. Are we, therefore, subverters of the Christian doctrine, and enemies of the public morals; assailing the strongholds of female honor, and luring innocence to its ruin? "Vindicator" says yes, and this answer is an average sample of his fairness, or want of fairness, throughout his twenty nine pages. The question at issue was not a question of morals at all; and his virtuous horror and indignant appeals to an outraged community are about as apposite in the connexion where they stand, as would have been the barren names Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

Having favored our readers with a specimen of Vindicator's *candor*, we must now give them a slight taste of his *strength*. This consists entirely of a liberal interlarding of his pages with such choice epithets, applied to us and our article, as the following:—"Hater of purity"—"covetous huckster"—"voluntary traducer"—"thief"—"debased mind"—"mind familiar with gross delinquencies"—"lurking defamer"—"weak and wicked judge"—"Hun"—"Goth"—"barbarian"—"vain, pedantic, half-instructed, self-styled educationist"—"loose moralist"—"low-breeding"—"detestable in spirit, principle, and sentiment"—"false and foul-mouthed scandal"—"disreputable bill-gate"—"vulgar, slanderous, skulking attack"—"worthless, cavilling, pedantic hypercriticism"—"unworthy motives"—"indiscriminate vituperation"—"tarriff of vituperation"—"petulant mocking and scurrilous ribaldry"—and so on, "even down to the end of the calendar." We beg pardon of our readers for soiling our pages with so long a string of phrases fit only for the vilest party prints, but the quotation is necessary in showing the strong points of our Reviewer's pamphlet. If these pungent spices had been left out of the dish, it would have been as insipid and harmless a bowl of water-gruel as was ever concocted.

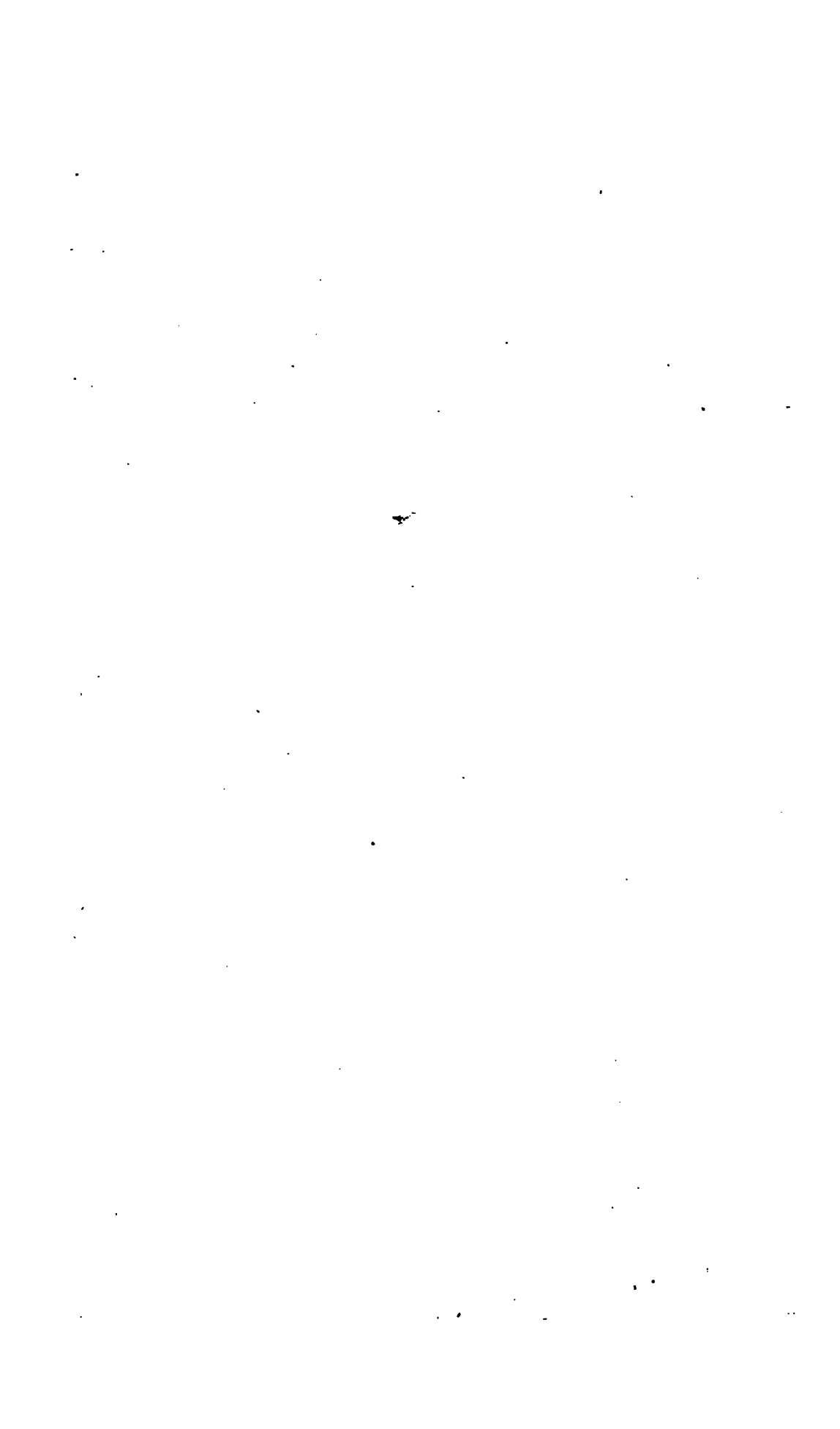
What will the many respectable gentlemen, proprietors and teachers of ladies' schools, think of themselves, when they learn from "Vindicator" that they are little better than a race of seducers, and that there never has been or will be a good male instructor of females, *unless* he fortunately chance to be under petticoat government himself? What will the tens of thousands of teachers, male and female, say, when they learn from the same infallible authority, that teaching is *per se* an *unmanly* occupation, and therefore unfit for the stronger sex?"

The challenge to a trial of skill with *any* six of Mrs. Willard's former pupils, in the "Latin and French languages; in geometry, and the higher mathematics; in natural philosophy and drawing; and in grammar, geography, and history," is really too much for mortal gravity. The cause must be desperate which requires the use of such weapons.

"Vindicator" insinuates that it was dishonorable to criticise a "friendly, confidential letter," "intended for the private consideration of such of Mrs. W.'s pupils as had left her institution for the purpose of filling the station of teachers." In this language he describes her pamphlet. Such it should have been, as we took occasion to say. But we never dreamed that this was its character, and have only to add, that the pamphlet reviewed is the first CONFIDENTIAL letter we ever saw or heard of, that was printed and published, with an announcement that the "copy-right had been secured according to the act of Congress!"

* It will not be credited that such a doctrine is proclaimed by any one, unless we give his own words. Here they are:—"He seems to imagine that if he can discredit and bring contempt upon one half of those in the field of instruction, and those, too, who are by far the most talented, and best qualified;—then those who might otherwise be discarded, himself among the number, being unfit for *any* MANLIKE occupation, might hope to be employed in THIS." p. 24.











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